THE LITERARY DIGEST

PUBLIC OPINION (New York) combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST

Published by Funk & Wagnalls Company (Adam W. Wagnalls, Pres.; Wilfred J. Funk, Vice-Pres.; Robert J. Cuddihy, Treas.; William Neisel, Sec'y) 354-360 Fourth Ave., New York

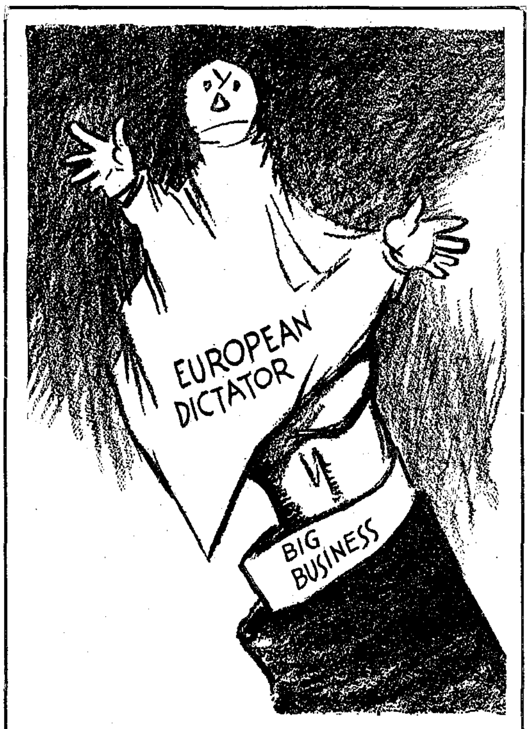
Vol. LXXIX, No. 3 New York, October 20, 1923 Whole Number 1748

TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

(Title registered in U. S. Patent Office)

GERMANY AS VICTIM OF THE WORLD'S BLACKEST SWINDLE

NEVER IN THE WORLD'S HISTORY was so huge a swindle perpetrated on a nation by its own leaders as the German people have suffered in the deliberate destruction of the mark by the German industrialists and politicians. This seems to be the gigantic fact that looms behind the nightmare of political, industrial and financial mystery which has bewildered all other nations about Germany during the long months of the reparations controversy. The great German mark swindle, as it is called, found victims in other countries also, and those in the United States alone are said to have lost more than a billion dollars. In what some consider an official confession, Herr Raumer, a former member of the Stresemann Cabinet, is quoted in a New York *Times* dispatch from Berlin as saying: "At first we lived off the losses which foreigners suffered in consequence of the depreciation of the mark; then we lived off the capital of the holders of our public debt. Thus while the German industrialists paid their workmen's wages in virtually worthless paper marks, deposited their gold in foreign countries, and enlarged their plants by means of unbelievably cheapened labor, the masses of the German people learned to stand in line for hours on the chance of being able to exchange some hundreds of thousands of paper marks for an ounce of butter or an ounce of meat.



FURNISHING THE BACKBONE

—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*

On Monday, October 8, the frenzied inflation of the German currency had reached a point where one United States cent would buy six and a quarter million paper marks; on Tuesday the same small copper coin was worth fourteen million marks; during Wednesday morning it could buy twenty-five million marks; and by Wednesday afternoon, sixty-five million. At this price, says the New York *Times*, "the German paper mark was worth less than one-seventh of the Russian Soviet ruble." This situation, we are told, which spells disaster for the German people, brings the men who are responsible for it, the great German industrialists, ever nearer to their goal. That goal, according to a host of political correspondents and observers, is the complete domination and control of the German nation, which the Stinnes group would run "as one big factory."

Hugo Stinnes, leader of the German industrialists, has long been recognized as the financial and industrial dictator of Germany. Now, as Berlin dispatches interpret the situation, he comes into the open as political dictator as well. According to *Germania* (Berlin) he intends, by working through his political puppets, to abolish the eight-hour day and reorganize Germany as an industrial feudal State. He broke with Chancellor Stresemann when the Chancellor would not agree to the abolition of the eight-hour day, which has been called the only gain that German labor had to show for the World War. He initiated independent negotiations with the French authorities concerning the resumption of industry in the Ruhr district. Says Arno Dosch-Fleurot in a Berlin dispatch to the New York *World:*

> "Germany's smokestack Napoleon has entered upon a double game of sabotage toward the Government's programs. In the Ruhr he has announced he is ready to work with them, and even willing to permit formation of a Ruhr-Rhineland republic, provided his enterprises are not unduly loaded with taxation and reparations dues.
>
> "To the reactionaries in the unoccupied territory he has given his support for a program calling for nullification of the Treaty of Versailles and for refusal to pay the French even one obsolete mark.
>
> "Thus he is given a free hand for the uninvaded territory, while he hopes to escape easily in the Ruhr by separate negotiations with the French."

The German Miners' Federation has demanded of Chancellor Stresemann that Hugo Stinnes and his associates be arrested and tried on charges of treason, a Berlin correspondent of the New York *Tribune* tells us; and he further reports that the German Chancellor has indirectly warned the French Government "against Stinnes's intrigues, one purpose of which is a new war against France."

"The darkest of all the dark forces in Germany to-day are the great corporations headed by Hugo Stinnes, Teutonic Napoleon of industry," declares the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. How this group perpetrated upon the German people "one of the most colossal frauds the world has ever seen" is thus told by Representative A. Piatt Andrew of Massachusetts, who has been an assistant professor of economics at Harvard, and also an Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, in a Duesseldorf dispatch to the New York *Times:*

> "I visited the Krupp plant at Essen day before yesterday, and was shown over a considerable part of it by one of the officials. I had express great wonder and admiration at the incredible

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variety of things manufactured in this single establishment, when the amiable Krupp official accompanying me added, with evident pride:

"'This is not all Krupp's has produced. We even have our own printing-presses and print money to pay the wages of the employees.'

"That chance remark is the key to the situation in the Ruhr. What Krupp has been doing, Thyssen has been doing, and all the other great industrial mining magnates in the Ruhr. It is indicated by the paper money issued by scores of Ruhr firms which I obtained at the Dresdner Bank. It is evidenced also by the scores of mines and cokeries and foundries which I saw in traveling through the Ruhr, which are producing nothing to-day, but in whose plants one sees vast new chimneys and factory walls rising in process of construction.

"In order to prevent Belgium and France from getting reparations the German industrialists in the Ruhr ceased to turn out merchandise, but have turned their employees into new construction work, into work adding to their capital. And to pay their employees during the long period when income has not been forthcoming they have, with the authority of the Government in Berlin, printed and issued fabulous quantities of unsound and unredeemable paper currency.

"This policy seems to have been followed, not only in the Ruhr, but throughout the length and breadth of Germany. The National Government has built, extended or improved canals, railroads and public works. The municipalities and other local governments have built schools and other public buildings. Great corporations have built new factories and large foundries, improved docks, constructed ships, erected immense apartment houses, stores, office buildings and long rows of dwellings. On almost every street in German cities, and especially in industrial towns, one sees building operations going on.

"There has been no unemployment, no shutting down. The whole German people has been feverishly active adding to the country's capital, but not creating immediate income or produce that could be taxed, and the workers have been paid in currency that likewise could not be taxed for reparations, since it has little or no value beyond the German frontier. They have been paid in currency printed and issued without limit by their employers, irrespective of whether the employers were national and municipal governments or owners of factories, foundries or mines.

"As wages have not been raised in proportion to the falling value of the currency, the working people generally find themselves not only confronted by the annihilation of all that they have ever saved, but also by a fabulously mounting price-level to which their wages are very slowly and inadequately adjusted. Carfare or a newspaper to-day costs 10,000,000 marks, and everything else in proportion. In a fortnight they will probably cost twice as much, but wages are readjusted only once a fortnight, or perhaps a month, and then but partially.

"What is true of the wage-earner is even more true of salaried men and women—clerks in offices, banks and stores, teachers in schools and universities, clergymen and government officials. Their pay, being for longer periods, is still more tardily readjusted, and their wage is still further behind in the dizzy upward flight. The collapse of the value of money has brought them not merely hardship, but humiliating poverty and often abject misery.

"On the other hand, what the many have lost the few have gained. By so much as some have been made poor, others have been made rich. For the real wealth of Germany remains to-day all that it was before. In fact, it has been steadily increasing through additions to the country's capital in new buildings and construction, which have gone hand in hand with the country's diminished consumption. The old factories, foundries and mines, ships and docks, office buildings and stores, mills and farms are still there, and somewhat larger than before. Only their ownership has changed. Their owners are no longer encumbered with mortgages, bonds or promissory notes, for with the depreciation of the currency all debts have been wiped out. The land-owning classes, whether those who owned great country estates or those who owned land and buildings in mining companies, need think no more about paying capital or interest on their bonds. Whatever income formerly went to the bond or mortgage holders will hereafter be retained by the stockholders.

"Business men and manufacturers who have carried on or extended their business with borrowed money now own the properties they have controlled with virtually nothing to pay for other people's money that they borrowed. Stockholders in all sorts of enterprises have not only gained in this way, but they have also reaped another profit, because the prices of goods which they sell have risen far more rapidly than the wages and salaries they pay."

Without exception, every Berlin administration since the Armistice has favored the big industrialists at the expense of the great mass of the people, writes Isaac F. Marcosson in *The Saturday Evening Post*, and he goes on to say:

"The whole German taxation system, or, rather, lack of system, which is another cause of the mark debacle, was framed to humor the rich. Here is an example: In June one-third of the whole revenue collected by the German Government was derived from income tax deducted from salaries. This gives a hint of what is paid, or, rather, what is not paid, by the overlords of agriculture and industry who do not derive their incomes from salaries. The underpaid clerks and stenographers must submit to a tax deduction before they get their wages, but the great industrialist can sell $5,000,000 of goods abroad and keep that money in a foreign bank, where it not only appreciates in principal value and earns more money, but does no work for the German people at home. No wonder the tide of indignation against the rich in Germany is rising."

"The evil genius of the German Republic" is the way Hugo Stinnes is characterized by Georg Bernhard, in a bitter attack published in his Berlin *Vossische Zeitung*. This German editor accuses Stinnes of "stabbing Stresemann in the back." He says, as quoted in a dispatch to the New York *Times:*

"The fortress of the first Stresemann Government could only be taken by treachery. The traitor is Stinnes. He is still a member of the German People's party and therefore is still a danger to the existence of the big coalition.

"The fight of the Stinnes clique was particularly directed against two Ministers, the old Cabinet Economics Minister, von Raumer, and Finance Minister Hilferding. Raumer was an industrialist Minister if there was ever one. The first attempt to place the fixing of coal prices under control ended with the fall of this Minister. And from coal prices, too, proceeded the fight on Hilferding. . . . But Hilferding did not want to sacrifice the coal tax as one of the few taxes that yielded anything still remaining to the Government. As a minimum price for giving up the coal tax he demanded a guaranty that the coal price be made correspondingly cheaper. And Hilferding was guilty of a second crime. He placed a draft of a new law before the National Economic Council (wherein both Stinnes and his accuser, Bernard, are members) the object of which was to place taxes on a gold basis (so Stinnes, et al. could not procrastinate tax-paying, then pay with depreciated marks)."

Analyzing Stinnes's alleged sabotage measures, Mr. Bernhard continues:

"When an attempt was made to save the mark the Stinnes men said the mark could not be saved without covering the budget deficit. When an effort was made to try to cover the budget deficit, the Stinnesites declined the funding of taxes on a gold basis necessary to covering the budget deficit, saying one could not place industrial guaranties at the Government's disposal for the interim of solution without first knowing how the whole reparations problem would be regulated. And when one attempted to tackle the problem of regulation of reparations, they would express doubts as to Germany's ability to pay.

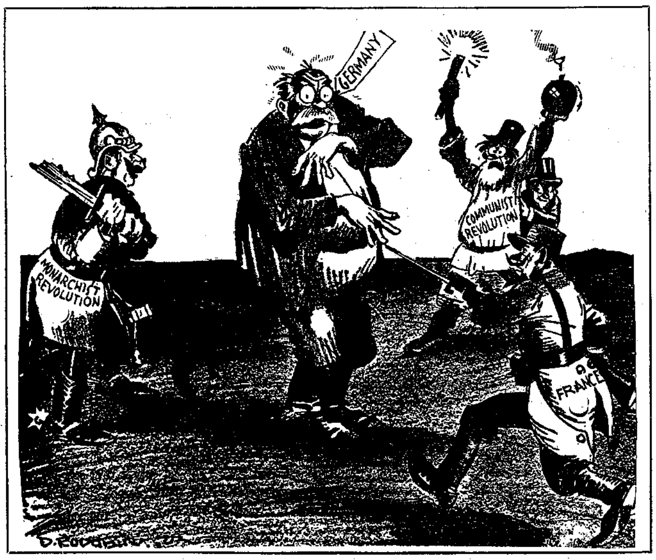
"Above all, they emphasized that financial measures alone would avail nothing if the German people did not work more. The very regulation of the reparations question was made more difficult in that those who attempted to bring about an agreement between Germany and France were charged with being unpatriotic. A fight which under the cloak of patriotism served the nakedest business interests that ever sought a triumph.

"This fight has achieved the goal. The paper mark is worth nothing any more. The debts with which concrete values were piled up have become mere paper, they have been written off by the ruin of the middle classes, whose fixt interest in investments is ruined.

"If France now extracts its reparations from the Rhineland and Ruhr, Germany's labor, through increased work will pay the bill for the whole of reparations performances flowing from the Ruhr and Rhineland, and reparations would exclusively be paid by the broad masses of the non-possessors of wealth.

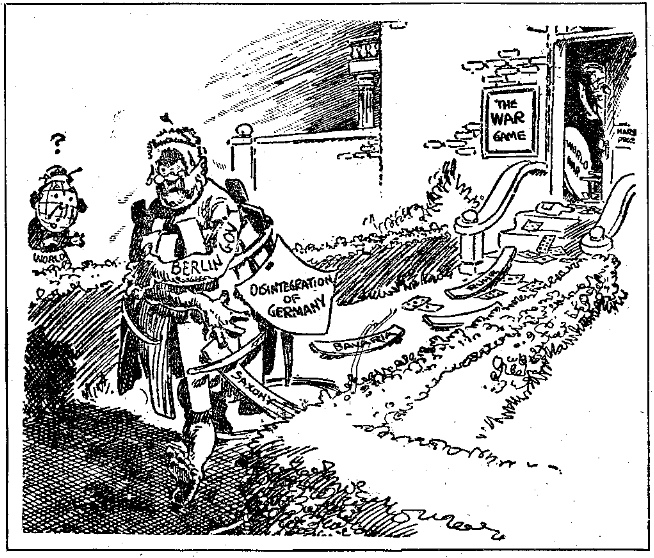
"That is the crux of the fight of the last few days that was wrapt in the toga of parliamentary intrigue."

To this attack Hugo Stinnes replies in his *Deutsche Allgemeine*


GERMANY
MONARCHIST REVOLUTION
COMMUNIST REVOLUTION
FRANCE
D. Rodger

TO THE RIGHT, LEFT AND FRONT

—Rodger in the San Francisco *Bulletin*.


?
WORLD
BERLIN GOV'T
DISINTEGRATION OF GERMANY
BAVARIA
SAXONY
RUHR
THE WAR GAME
WORLD WAR

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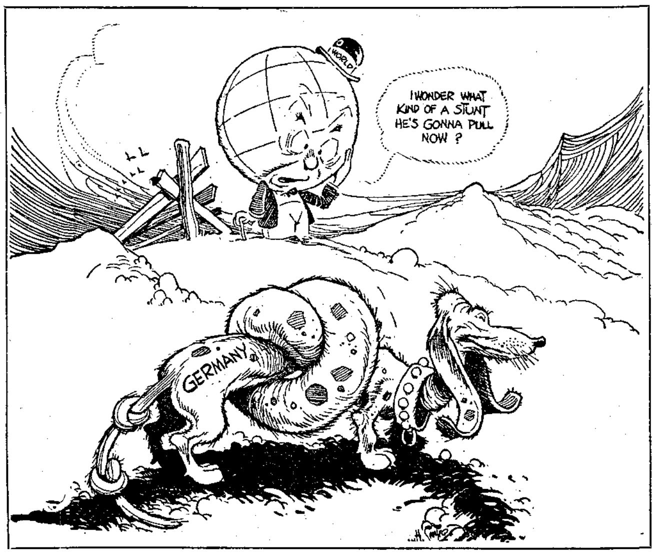
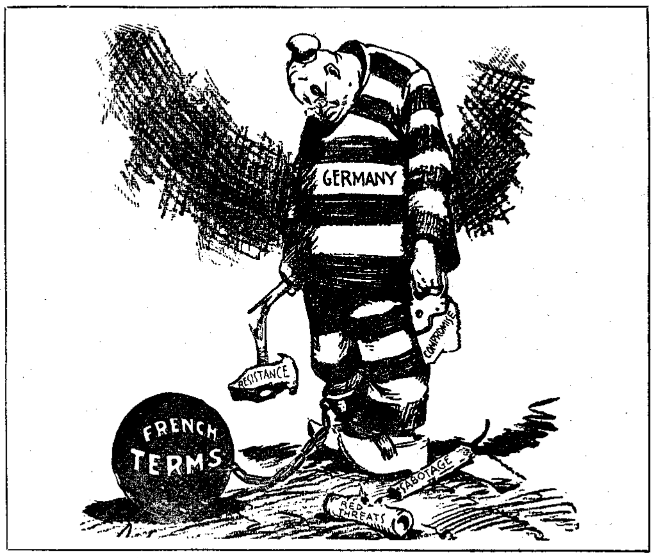
SITUATION GROWS MORE EMBARRASSING

—Orr in the Chicago *Tribune*.


WORLD
I WONDER WHAT KIND OF A STUNT HE'S GONNA PULL NOW ?
GERMANY

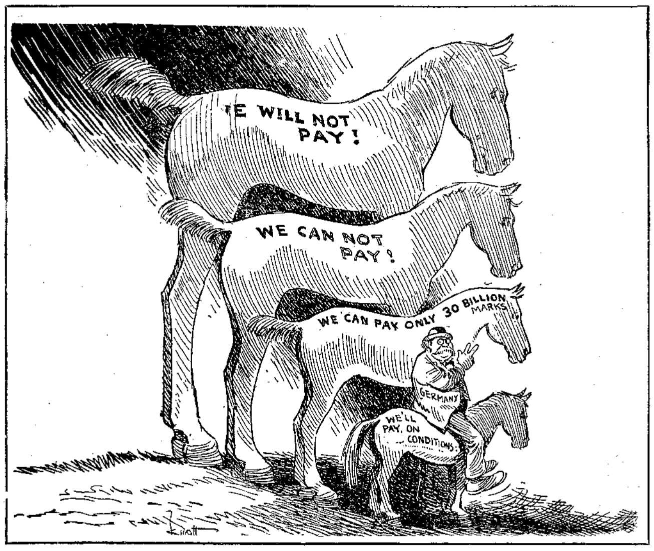
THE TRICK DOG

—Smith for the N. E. A. Service.


GERMANY
RESISTANCE
COMPROMISE
FRENCH TERMS
SABOTAGE
RED THREATS

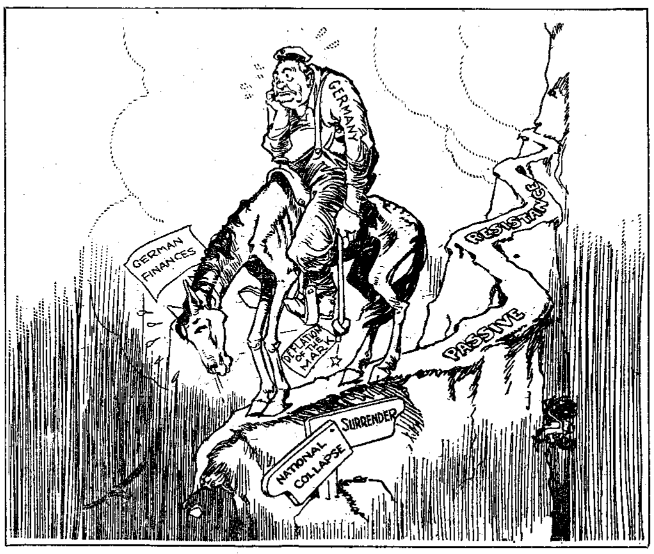
ALMOST PERSUADED

—Sykes in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*.


E WILL NOT PAY !
WE CAN NOT PAY !
WE CAN PAY ONLY 30 BILLION MARKS
GERMANY
WE'LL PAY, ON CONDITIONS
Knott

COMING DOWN GRADUALLY

—Knott in the Dallas *News*.

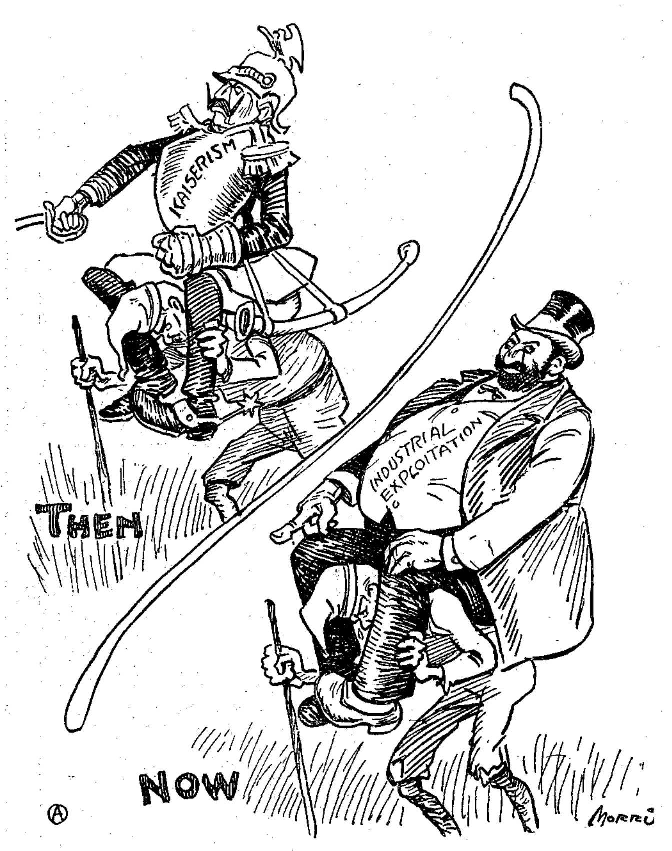

GERMANY
GERMAN FINANCES
DEFLATION OF THE MARK
RESISTANCE
PASSIVE
SURRENDER
NATIONAL COLLAPSE

AT THE END OF THE TRAIL

—Armstrong in the Tacoma *News-Tribune*.

THE EMPIRE THAT ESSAYED TO RULE THE WORLD

Zeitung, repudiating the "Stinnes legend" which represents him as a superselfish cur and post-war profiteer. Mr. Stinnes declares that his program for the reorganization of German industry had originally the indorsement of Chancellor Stresemann himself. He exonerates Stresemann of blame for the necessity of giving up passive resistance in the Ruhr, and says that "the blame rests on the Cuno Cabinet, which pursued an irresponsible financial and foreign exchange policy without simultaneously forcing increased labor in unoccupied Germany, which alone would have made possible obtaining the foreign exchange and foreign credits necessary for holding out, and which alone would have made Ruhr resistance possible."



MUST THE GERMAN PEOPLE BE RESCUED AGAIN?
—Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service.

Herr Stinnes declares also that "In the framework of measures vitally, absolutely essential for maintaining German economic life there is no place for a coal tax and none for a tax on the operation of plants which, especially in the coal-mining industry, has the effect of an unendurable, insupportable preburdening of German industry."

Stinnes has plenty of defenders in the ranks of the People's party, and among his associates in big business, according to a Berlin Associated Press correspondent, who states their position as follows:

> "They contend that his views are actively shared in quarters which, after all, are responsible for the rehabilitation of Ruhr economics, and that the industrialists and mine operators alike are wholly disinclined to lose further time through the indecision and inaction which characterizes the Reichstag's treatment of the nation's most urgent problems.
>
> "'The job of getting Germany back on her feet is both too complicated and too urgent to be left entirely to the judgment of quarreling Reichstag factions or committee-room bickerings, and Stinnes's ideas on this point are shared by us,' said one of the magnate's industrial associates to-day. He believes that Herr Stinnes has made the mistake of permitting himself to be made a legendary figure at home and abroad, and that his program calling for 'more production' is one based on obvious fundamentals of post-war economics as they apply to Germany."

WHY LLOYD GEORGE IS HERE

AN EX-PRESIDENT, seemingly a spent force in politics, went abroad in 1909 for a year of travel and sport, whimsically remarking as he sailed, "Wall Street expects every lion to do his duty"; he came back, after lunching with kings, and lecturing democracies, to receive a more than enthusiastic welcome, and to become again the central figure in the political arena. So the statesman who guided Britain through war and peace, removed from his high office, the recognized head of only a small minority party, also spoken of in the press as "a spent force," crosses the ocean to travel and to speak in Canada and the United States. Will Lloyd George, like Roosevelt, stage a "return from Elba" when he goes home after having once more had the eyes of the world focused upon him? The question arises the more irresistibly, as our press writers note the striking points of resemblance between the two Twentieth Century statesmen. "A silver-haired revivication of Theodore Roosevelt flashed through New York State and Vermont to-day, and electrified their people as T. R. used to," wrote one correspondent on the train carrying Lloyd George from New York to Montreal. In his delight over the greetings accorded him, his personal magnetism, his singling out of individuals for attention, the Welshman "might have been T. R. campaigning." And others emphasize the rare gift for apt and picturesque phrase, characteristic of the two men.

After the first greetings were extended to the guest, editors turned to ask themselves, "Why is he here?" And reasons both personal and political were promptly suggested. English writers in our papers tell us that Lloyd George may have come here "to learn rather than to teach." As Frank Dilnot suggests in *The Independent*, Mr. Lloyd George wishes to know America at first hand, and "in his determination to learn and understand even more fully than hitherto the feelings and mental processes of Americans at home, he will find a great mission." Another Englishman, Mr. P. W. Wilson, writing in the New York *Times*, is convinced that the Welshman "has come to the United States to collect ammunition." "He will use this country and its institutions as a weapon with which to discipline certain people nearer home." We are reminded that it was after such a tour in Germany that Lloyd George in 1910 "evolved his national insurance against sickness, injury and unemployment," and to-day the former Prime Minister is seen as "a pilgrim in search, first, of a program, and, secondly, of a portfolio":

> "To the future of the liquor traffic in Britain, and perhaps in Europe, it will make all the difference whether Lloyd George does or does not come to the conclusion that the Eighteenth Amendment is a success. To the Labor Party at Westminster it will make all the difference whether or not Lloyd George approves of the open shop as he finds it in American industry. To the peace of Europe it may matter a great deal that Lloyd George should see for himself how completely the United States has demobilized and disarmed.
>
> "Is there to be chaos in the Old World, or is there to be cosmos? Is Europe to be Mexicanized or Americanized? David Lloyd George is crossing the Atlantic in order to study at first hand what the Declaration of Independence calls 'the pursuit of happiness.' It is quite within the bounds of possibility that, faced by the militarism of ancient Christendom, he may thunder forth the alternative gospel of automobiles, moving pictures, elevators and ice-cream sodas."

"A program and a portfolio"—a number of our press writers are certain enough that a search for the latter is involved in Lloyd George's tour. Lloyd George's political enemies at home, we read in a New York *Herald* dispatch from London, "are fearful of the sentimental interest which will be aroused here by the honors which will be showered upon Mr. Lloyd George on the other side of the Atlantic." Some of the former Prime Minister's political friends, we read in a New York *Tribune* dispatch, "have for a long time advised that to pull out of the political game for a month or two in order to get fresh bearings would be the best possible action looking toward eventual come-back." Already, writes William G. Hosie in the Brooklyn *Eagle*, the British are beginning to wonder if they had not better put Lloyd George back again. The Baltimore *Sun* makes the same point, after remarking that his visit appears to be "but a single move in a somewhat intricate but nevertheless effective political game" in which the people of this country are the pawns and "the prize is the Prime Ministership of Great Britain." After Lloyd George fell, his prestige seemed irrecoverable. But, the Baltimore paper points out—

> "Time and the inexorable logic of events have been working for him. Under his régime the prestige of Great Britain—a thing dearer than life itself to most Britishers—had been maintained almost intact. He did not solve the reparations question, nor, indeed, any of the great problems which beset his distraught country. But he did manage, by his supreme agility, his quickwittedness and his power as a political strategist, to hold England in as high esteem as she had ever been held. Even the French, tho they hated him, dared not ignore him.
>
> "Since his fall matters on the Continent have gone from bad to worse. The reparations tangle, far from being settled, has become a problem of even greater import."

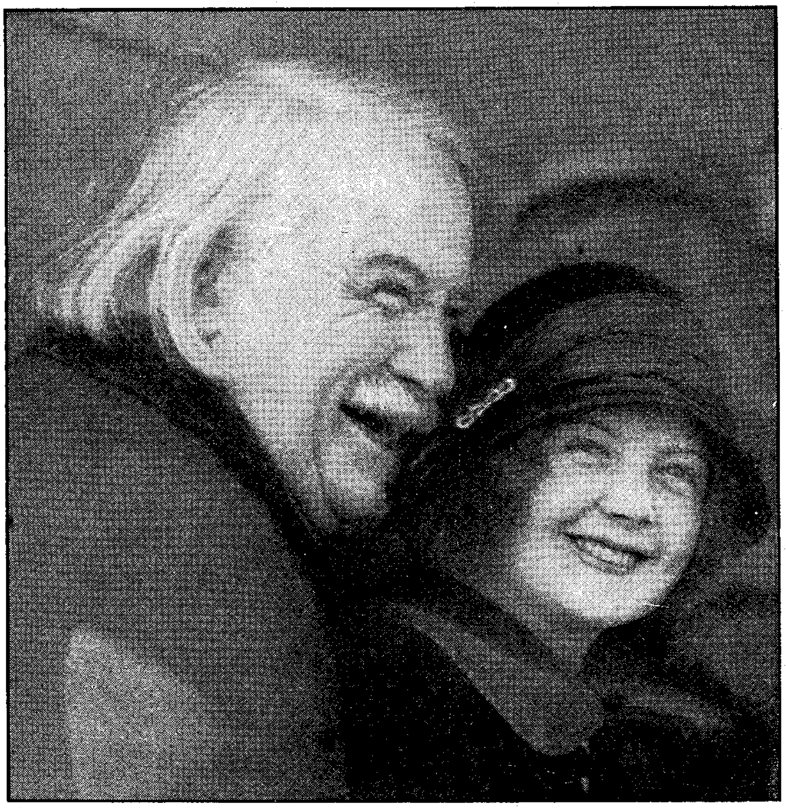
It is small wonder, we read further, "that Englishmen have begun to take renewed interest in their late hero." The Baltimore paper finds it easy to "imagine with what interest and pride the English people will watch his course through this country." They will also see a definite service to the Empire in the warm friendship being won in this country by the popular visitor, for they know "that the friendship of America is the most weighty asset upon the imperial ledger." And so "Lloyd George, when he goes back will go back to a people ripe for a change and inclined to look upon him as a possible savior."

But "a wider and greater reason" for the Lloyd George pilgrimage is seen by the New York *Journal of Commerce*. It considers Mr. Lloyd George's visit both timely and appropriate, because he radiates that spirit of cooperation among the nations that won the war and must be revived if they are not to lose the peace. In the Middle West the Oshkosh *Northwestern* agrees that the underlying motive of the Lloyd George visit is a desire to plead for unity. A more definite statement of the same idea is made by a United Press correspondent who sees Lloyd George turning his holiday into a missionary crusade for international cooperation in the interest of world stability and peace. He has, we read, converted his tour "into a demand that the Allied Governments accept the United States plan for settling the reparations problem." To further quote from this dispatch, which is found in the New York *Leader:*

> "From now on that is the note Lloyd George will sound unceasingly upon this Continent. He knows that land wires and cables are carrying to the millions of America and Europe his views about the wisdom of accepting the Hughes plan for a commission of economic experts to examine Germany's condition and decide her capacity to pay reparations.
>
> "Lloyd George has, within the past two days, injected himself anew into British politics, and has probably created a political issue for 1924 in the United States."

A characteristic remark of Mr. Lloyd George on the Hughes plan is reported as follows from an Ottawa speech:

> "The Hughes plan is a wise, common-sense plan. I sincerely hope it will be taken up at once. Nobody doubts that Germany should pay, but after you have obtained your verdict of damages against a man, you have got to decide whether to smash him and get nothing, or to take whatever is practicable to get. The latter course is the Hughes plan, based on an expert examination of Germany's capacity to pay. It is the plan of the present and the former German Government.
>
> "Europe is in a bad way. But you should not abuse Europe. If given a chance, it will settle down and once more become as good a customer as ever of the United States and Canada. The Hughes plan points the way."



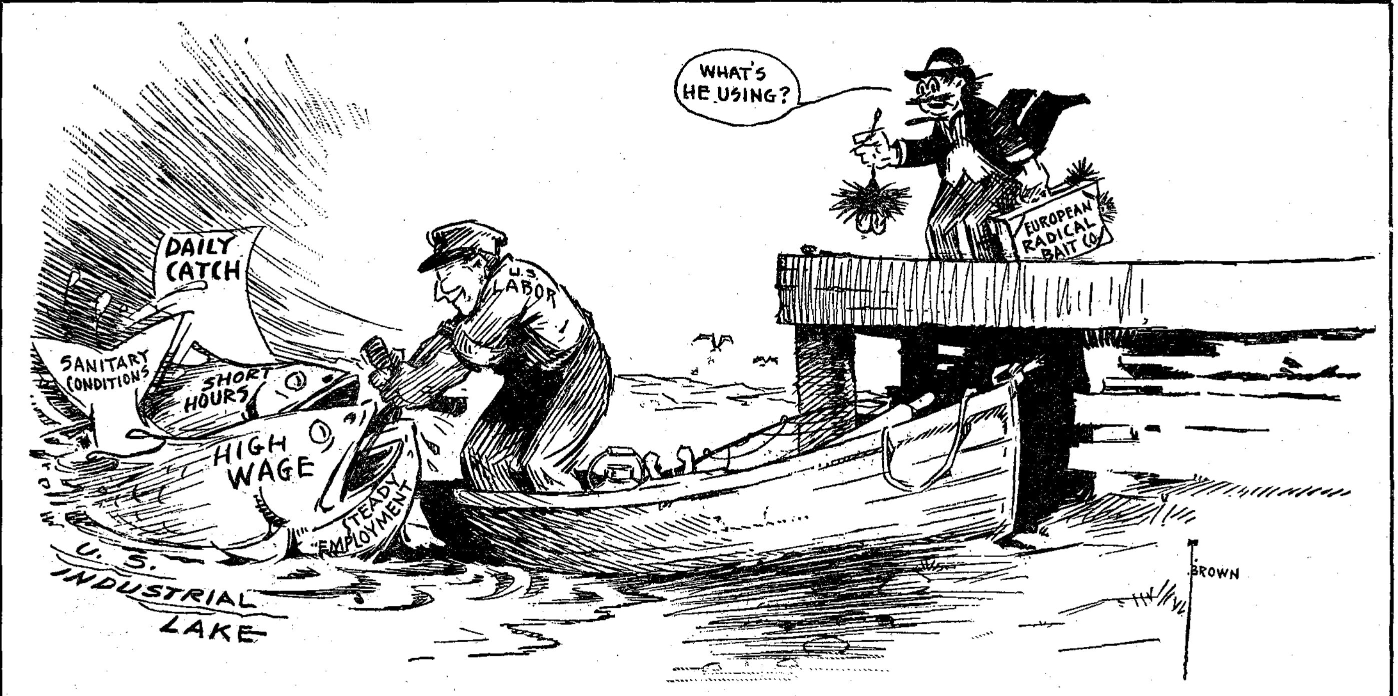
International Newsreel photograph

"DELIGHTED!"

Nobody heard them say it, but if looks mean anything, that's the way David Lloyd George and his daughter Megan felt as they looked at New York from the pilot-house of the tug *Macom*, which brought them, together with Dame Lloyd George, from the *Mauretania* to the Battery on the first visit to these United States.

From such statements as this the New York *Tribune's* correspondent with the Lloyd George party comes to the conclusion that "his basic idea is to advocate a definite intervention by a combined British Empire and a United States of America in the European chaos." A similar suspicion brings from anti-League papers, like the Albany *Journal*, warnings to our distinguished guest that he can not lure the American people into any such international entanglement as the League. Other warnings come from the New York *Tribune* and Troy *Record*, which insist that American opinion supports the French policy in the Ruhr, not the British. Henry Ford's Dearborn *Independent* attacks Lloyd George as "the creature and later the companion of the Jews." The most thoroughgoing denunciation of our visitor as "an undesirable alien," appears in *The Freeman* (New York), which after outlining his record as head of the British nation, says he "has spent eight busy years in the deliberate and purposeful organization of mendacity, murder, robbery, arson, oppression and famine; and it is sheerly on the strength of his success in these elevated pursuits that he prseumes to come among us."

But such words are in striking contrast to the general chorus of newspaper welcome. Some editors like Lloyd George because he is "so much of an American," some because "he is a first-class little fighting-man," some because "he knows more about the World War than any other man, living or dead" and is "the outstanding political figure of the World War," others because of his fight for liberalism in his early career, or because of his



THE BAIT PEDDLER —Brown in the Chicago *Daily News*.

romantic personality. This is no ordinary human being, remarks the New York *World*. For—

> "He has held high office longer than any man of his generation. He has dealt with more different kinds of problems than any other living man. In sheer volume of work done, there is no one who can be compared with him, no one who for so many years has carried anything like the weight of his responsibilities. Nor is there any one who for so long a time has dealt with questions on such a scale as he, no one else who was placed as he.
>
> "This man has lived on crises, gone to bed and got up with emergencies, gambled in empires. When you judge him, remember that. Remember that there are no precedents by which to judge him, for no statesman of any age, and none other even of this age, has had so many times to act so quickly at awful risk amid so many complications."

In the Baltimore *Sun* a writer reminds us of the famous Lloyd George declaration that the war with Germany must be a "fight to a knockout." And Lloyd George's use of colorful language for our benefit began before he left London on his present trip. "I shall be neither a missionary nor a bootlegger," he said in a speech at a "send-off" luncheon; "I shall never preach sound doctrine nor smuggle bad whisky." In the same speech he spoke of Europe, "like Nehemiah, rebuilding each shattered habitation with trowel in one hand and sword in the other." On October 5th, when he landed in New York he struck a responsive chord by voicing his suspicion "that the man who really established the British Empire as it is to-day is George Washington." From New York Mr. Lloyd George went to Montreal and there in a great speech before a huge gathering he extolled Canadian valor, declaring that the maple-leaf is "embroidered forever on the banner of human liberty." He explained the difference between the problems confronting the British Empire and the United States by describing the former as a building made of separate blocks of various kinds of stone, each contributing its individual color or texture to the edifice; and the latter as a rock-crusher grinding down rocks of all sorts into one mass of concrete, "a common nationhood." He also compared the Empire to a casket of many kinds of metals enshrining the liberty of the British citizen. In Toronto he told Canadians that more fortunate than the man born with a silver spoon in his mouth, is the man born "with the golden spoon in his mouth, the man who belongs to a nation that has demonstrated its manhood by great deeds."

THE "NEWER FREEDOM" FOR LABOR

THERE IS FOOD FOR THOUGHT, not only for labor, but for business and the general public as well, in the recent annual report of the Executive Committee of the American Federation of Labor, if we accept the word of the New York *Herald* and half a dozen other widely read papers scattered throughout the country. "Reduced to simple terms," remarks the Manchester *Union*, "the program outlined at the Portland convention of the Federation calls for entire freedom for labor; it must not be restrained by 'incompetent lawmakers.' As far as the Federation is concerned, it is a heads-I-win-tails-you-lose proposition that the Committee lays before the American people." Moreover, adds the Wichita *Beacon*, "by divesting the report of its camouflage and fair-sounding verbiage, and reading between the lines, one can discover a sinister inner meaning." "It is a curious mixture of sanity and radicalism," agrees the Chicago *Journal of Commerce*, while the Boston *News Bureau* does not pretend to understand it at all. According to this financial daily, "the report contains some sound doctrine and a good deal of mystifying language. On one hand it seems to advocate private enterprise and less political interference with business, and on the other to favor the establishment of some sort of labor entity that shall be immune from the control of the State." As the Milwaukee *Journal* sums up the document: "The Committee wants less government where the tendency seems inimical to the interests of labor; more government where the tendency seems favorable to labor."

In not a single editorial among scores that come from every State in the Union is the program of the Executive Committee of the Federation upheld in its entirety. Yet, as the Boston *Post* observes, "the Gompers way of changing things is so different from the way of half-crazy Bolshevists and half-baked 'parlor Reds' that it is refreshing to read about." Organized labor's stand against child labor; against radicals and Communists and their "boring from within" tactics; against the Ku Klux Klan; against a third, or labor, party; for the organization of working-women and the enactment of a minimum wage-law that will be sustained by the Supreme Court; the restriction of immigration; its avowed loyalty to the Government; and its open antagonism to general revolutionary movements among organized workers—all these things are heartily indorsed in the majority of editorials. As the El Paso *Times* puts it:

"We may disagree with many of the planks of the Federation's report; but it is reassuring to know that those who drew them for the most part realize the questions facing them are economic ones—not to be cured by Sovietism, ultra socialism and the like. They place their faith in the fact that the social struggle can be worked out through the agency of American institutions by Americans who, however conflicting their interests seem to be, remain Americans.

"The Federation remains an essentially American organization, with an eye to the principles on which it was founded, and refuses to let its aims be prostituted by socialism and all of the other isms which have gained such a hold on European countries."

The salient point in the Executive Committee's report appears to be the following:

"The threat of State invasion of industrial life is real. Powerful groups of earnest and sincere persons constantly seek the extension of State suzerainty over purely industrial fields. Such ignorant encroachments as the Esch-Cummins Act and the Kansas Industrial Court are examples of what all industry has to fear.

"The continued clamoring for extension of State regulatory powers under the guise of reform and deliverance from evil, can but lead into greater confusion and more hopeless entanglements.

"We must find the way to the development of an industrial franchise comparable to our political franchise. Labor stands ready for participation in this tremendous development. It has long offered conference as a substitute for conflict, resorting to the folding of arms in idleness only as the last resort."

It is "refreshing" to the Providence *Journal* "to see this influential group of labor leaders uttering such essentially sound doctrine as this." Continues this paper:

"The Federation's report contains much that every good American can heartily indorse. 'The largest freedom of action, the freest play of individual initiative and genius in industry,' says this document, 'can not be had under the shadow of constant incompetent political interference, meddlesomeness and restriction.' To that statement there will be hardly any intelligent exception. There is too much Government in business, and it is time to call a halt.

"It has frequently been pointed out in these columns, as elsewhere, that the railroad business has suffered from over-regulation at the hands both of Congress and of our forty-eight Legislatures, and there can be no doubt that the current proposal to put the coal industry under the supervision of a division of the Interstate Commerce Commission will fail to arouse public enthusiasm."

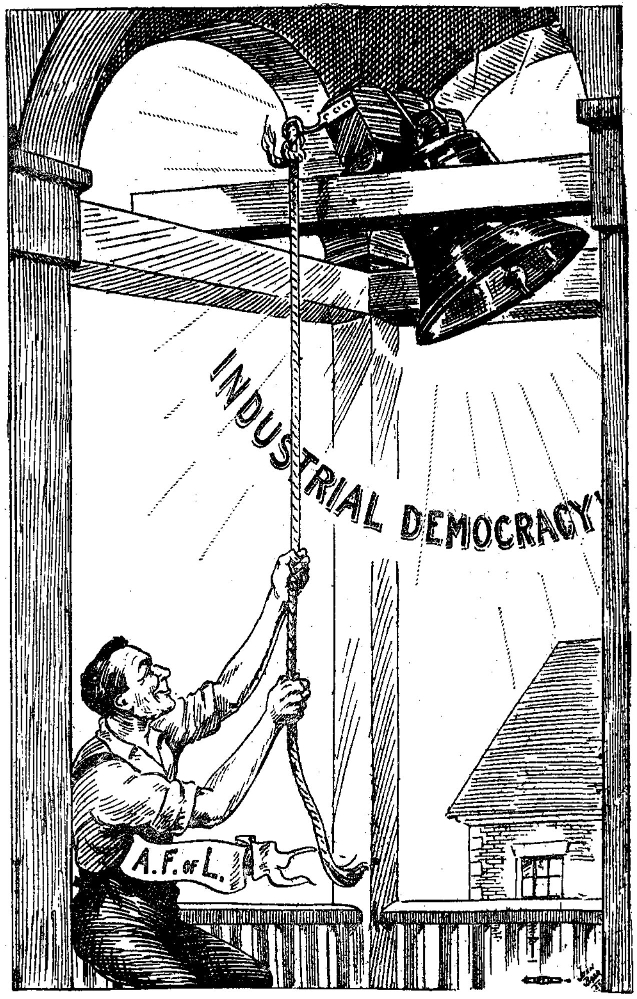
"It only remains for the trades unionists to live up to the implications contained in the report," points out the Brooklyn *Eagle*, which reminds us that "the Federation was never stronger than it is at present, and it was never more conservative." Finally, observes the New York *Herald:*

"Employers may not like union methods and aims when they meet them in the conduct of their own businesses. Nevertheless, in the long run they must find them preferable to State control."

But State control does not seem to hold any terrors for the great majority of editors. "Some constructive thought in the realm of political theory, a liberal sentiment carefully drest to avoid the stigma of radicalism, and a number of vague and contradictory suggestions to organized labor" are found in the Baltimore *Sun's* analysis of the report. But the part of the document recommending "industrial democracy," with an industrial franchise "comparable to our political franchise," is the new and outstanding feature of the Federation's program. For the most part, notes the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*, "the report consists of a warning against the disposition of the State to invade industry, which is to be interpreted that labor is strongly opposed to so-called laws regulatory of industry." Continues this paper:

"But the power of the State wielded in the form of law, repugnant as it is when opposed to what the Executive Committee conceives to be the interest of organized labor, becomes a beneficent invasion when it is in the direction of what so-called industry wants. For example, all of the latter half of the Executive Committee's report is devoted to reciting the demands of the Federation in the form of law. It wants a child labor law and it wants a law which will abridge the power of the Supreme Court to protect individual rights against legislative encroachment. It demands 'legislation favorable to labor' with no mincing of words, including in the category a further restriction of immigration to tighten the labor market. In short, the report is strongly opposed to regulatory law that it does not want, and clamorous for the kind of regulatory law which makes for its advantage."

To the Memphis *Commercial Appeal* the Federation's program may be compared to that of the farm bloc, the isolationist bloc, or the radical bloc—a political party formed for the sole purpose of serving a certain group. Instead of being representative of all the people, the Memphis paper points out, we are to have under the Federation plan a new bloc representing a certain section of the population. Moreover, "if we are to have a government by groups, the interests of the general public must suffer." Continuing along this line, the Kansas City *Star* says:



THE NEW FREEDOM

—Baer in *Labor* (Washington, D. C.).

"If there is to be an extension of bloc legislation, the outlook is not encouraging. Since the Adamson Law was enacted, in which Congress was intimidated and coerced against its will, there has been a lively assertion of other classes to 'get what they want.' That is why the bloc system of legislation is vicious, and should not be extended. Laws should be made for all, not a class."

And the New York *Commercial* says of Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor:

"He is the head of a great machine which, while small in numbers as compared with the total population of the United States, yet wields a remarkable power because of the methods of force, violence, intimidation, and acts of terrorism employed. Gompers wears, where all can see it, the robe of purity and Americanism, but what is underneath? He has been just as pronounced in his preachments against this Government as has Foster. He has denounced the courts and urged strikers not to obey injunctions. Foster, using the methods of a dictator, would proceed to secure control of industries by a revolution; Gompers, using the methods of a dictator, employs the clever system of going to the people with false statements, half-told truths, and inducing the people to turn over industries to his tender mercy without such a revolution."

"If Mr. Gompers sincerely wishes to promote 'the largest freedom of action,' let him clean house in his own organization," suggests the Chicago *Journal of Commerce.* And it goes on:

"The Federation is under no necessity to roam far afield if it wishes to remove some evil that checks the largest freedom of action and the freest play for individual initiative. Under the check-off in the mine industry, for example, the individual miner is deprived of one of his most essential liberties—the liberty to draw the full pay which his labor has earned. It is notorious that the miner is a puppet in the hands of union politicians. If he attempts to act as a free man, he is robbed of the opportunity to earn a living."

It is the Wichita *Beacon*, however, which, after a close examination of the Executive Committee's report, finds such expressions as these:

"'Henceforth the movement of organization of the workers into trade unions has a *deeper meaning than mere organization of groups for advancement of group interests.* (The italics are ours.) Henceforth the organization of the workers into trade unions must mean . . . the rescue of industry also from the domination of incompetent political parties.

"'The largest freedom of action, the freest play for individual initiative and genius in industry can not be had under the shadow of constant incompetent *political* interference, meddlesomeness and restriction. . . . The threat of *State invasion of industrial life* is real.'

"It must make Trotzky and other disciples of Karl Marx chuckle to see such an utterance in the annals of the American Federation of Labor, which has continually claimed to oppose stoutly the doctrines of the philosophical radicals.

"The passages which are italicized are buried cunningly in the midst of fair phrases about 'industrial freedom,' the 'enfranchisement of the producers,' etc., but they voice the precise aims of Karl Marx, who held that political government must go and must be superseded by an economic government. Political government, in the sense used by Marx, means government by the general vote of the people. Economic government means government by the workers alone—assuming that some way can be devised of telling who are workers and who are not.

"The report specifically denounces a number of legislative measures devised to regulate industrial relations because, it is held, the State has no right to interfere in such matters.

"The general implication of the whole utterance is that the State should have no power to protect the people against strikes or other industrial disorders, that the labor unions shall completely control all the activities in which they are interested, no matter if those activities seriously interfere with the lives and welfare of the people at large. This is the conflict between the economic state and the political state. The economic state, in its broad sense, includes both capital and labor. It has to do entirely with production. It does not include the general public.

"The political state represents all the people, voting as individuals and with equal rights. This is 'inadequate' according to the report, for it permits the general public to have something to say about how capital and labor conduct their affairs.

"In the American system of government there can be no such thing as a 'purely industrial field' or a 'purely capitalistic field.' The very life of the Republic depends upon the supremacy of the State over all fields and activities, especially in so far as those activities are likely to cause suffering or distress to the people at large."

As George W. Hinman writes in the New York *American:*

"What would be the consequence of industrial democracy? In the writer's opinion, it would be business chaos. Democracy means equality. Industrial democracy means industrial equality. Factory democracy means equality in the factory.

"Industrial democracy was tried in the factories of Russia early in the Bolshevist revolution. It was attempted in several factories in Italy before Mussolini came. With what result? Business chaos. Industrial democracy, industrial equality, was then abandoned."

A NEW WRINKLE IN CLOTHING

IN CHICAGO, THIS WINTER, the father who is so fortunate as to belong to the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America need not fear that his children will starve or freeze if unemployment comes. For Chicago has set up a landmark in our industrial history, not in granite, but in the form of a new unemployment insurance plan. This has been worked out by the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America and the clothing manufacturers of the city. While in England, for example, the Government gives one-third to such funds, and requires employers to contribute another third, under the Chicago plan the fund is raised by joint contributions from employers and members of the unions. Moreover, remarks the Chicago *Daily News*, "there is no reason why any industry sufficiently organized to provide for such benefits should look to the State for assistance." As we are told in the New York *Times:*

"Under the insurance fund plan the employees each week pay 1½ per cent. of their earnings into the fund and the employers contribute an equal amount. The money is paid to a Board of Trustees, which administers the fund.

"Contributing employees entitled to unemployment benefits will receive such benefits at the rate of 40 per cent. of the average full-time weekly wage, but in no case in excess of $20 for each week of unemployment."

The contract between employers and the union says, among other things:

"It is agreed that benefits shall be paid only for such involuntary unemployment as results from lack of work, and that no benefit shall be paid to an employee who voluntarily leaves his employment or to an employee who is discharged for cause, or who declines to accept suitable employment.

"It is further agreed that no benefits shall be paid or distributed for unemployment that directly or indirectly results from strikes or stoppages, or any cessation of work in violation of the trade agreement now in force."

The new plan is expected by the Chicago *Post* to have "a healthy influence on the clothing industry generally." Moreover, continues *The Post:*

"The agreement is markedly different from the unemployment insurance bill which was introduced at the last session of the Wisconsin legislature. That bill made the employer the sole contributor to his employee's support during a lay-off, imposed no limitations on the length of time an employee must be in service before being eligible to its benefits, and was otherwise so loosely drawn as to impose an unjustifiable burden."

In Chicago, continues *The Daily News*, the 35,000 organized clothing workers have felt for some years the need of employment insurance. So, we are told—

"Their leaders obtained several months ago a provisional agreement with the more important clothing manufacturing firms whereby through contributions from both sides, a species of insurance has been provided. This plan is feasible only because of the peace and good understanding that have prevailed of late in the clothing industry. The somewhat radical notions of many officers in the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America have not prevented them from displaying tact and fairness in their dealing with employers."

A committee has been appointed, we are told further, to submit recommendations

"for rules and regulations relating to the transfer of contributing employees from one manufacturer to another, the return to employment of contributing employees temporarily withdrawing from industry, the proper basis of calculating benefits in the case of short-time employment, the proper reduction of unemployment or short-time employment because of overtime, employment of contributing employees, the proper limitation to be placed upon the amount of weekly benefits to be received by any contributing employee during any one season of unemployment, a proper waiting period between the beginning of unemployment in any one season, and the accrual of weekly benefits hereunder, and other matters."

WOOD'S SETBACK IN MANILA

IT WAS A FAMOUS VICTORY, perhaps, when Ramon Fernandez, Manuel Quezon's candidate, won that Senatorial election in Manila the other day, but the real meaning is somewhat difficult to find in the press comment, except that it is evident enough that the controversy over Governor-General Wood's policy in the Philippines is far from being settled. The first headlines proclaimed the election of this candidate of the Independence and anti-Wood parties as a distinct defeat for Wood. But the Philadelphia *Inquirer* points out that nothing has really been changed, inasmuch as the party led by Manuel Quezon already had a two-thirds majority in the House and a safe margin in the Senate, and other papers profess to believe that the real significance of the election lies in the fact that the defeated pro-Wood candidate polled so large a vote, about 42 per cent. of the total. The Filipino leaders who have been agitating against the Wood policies all summer have no doubts on the matter, however. One of them says "the forces of freedom emerged victorious," and he expects the defeated party to "join in our national undertaking to overthrow the autocracy of Governor-General Wood, and in the achievement of the earliest possible independence for our country." The Philippine Press Bureau in Washington thinks the result shows a popular repudiation of the Wood administration. Manuel Quezon, the Independence party leader, has, according to the dispatches, declared his purpose to reduce the Governor-General to "a mere figurehead." And a definite program carrying out such a policy was announced just before the opening of the present session of the legislature by a majority leader, as follows:

> "The legislature, or at least the Coalition majority, will disregard entirely all recommendations Governor-General Wood may make in his message to that body. We will not pass any measure he recommends, because he has disregarded the Council of State and has not asked the advice of the department secretaries in preparing his message."

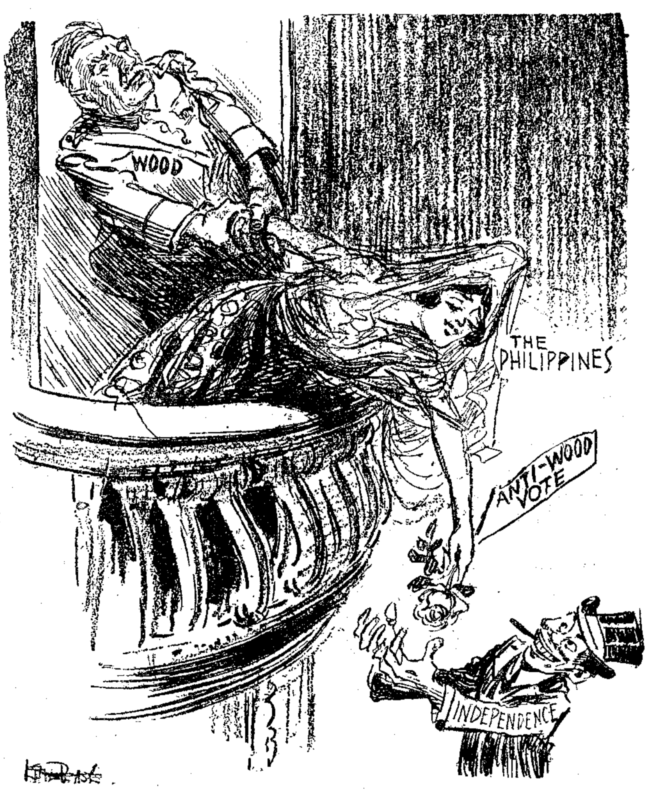
When Americans give thought to what is going on in the Philippines, it appears to the Brooklyn *Eagle* that they line up roughly into these three groups:

> "(A) Those who agree with General Wood in regarding the Filipinos as a sadly backward people needing continued tutelage, who think of the 'non-Christian tribes' as worse savages than our red Indians, and of the Tagalog politicians as shrewd, tricky, corrupt and unfit to have the part they have been taking in administrative affairs; who deny absolutely that exploitation has been the central notion of Americans; who admire with reason the school system now flourishing; and who point with pride to industrial and economic conditions that are manifestly not unwholesome.
>
> "(B) Those more or less academic enthusiasts who see in Wood's defiance of local sentiment an exact parallel with the spirit displayed by royal governors prior to our own revolution; who would cheer Quezon in an exclamation like Patrick Henry's 'If that be treason make the most of it'; and who only differ among themselves as to whether statehood or independence would be best for the islands.
>
> "(C) Those who take a middle view, wishing to see the *status quo* retained with gradual enlargement of autonomy as the years go on; who recognize the importance of the Philippines as 'an economic hinterland' for the United States, especially in the matter of rubber production; who see reasons to fear the purposes of Japan or other Powers in the Far East; and who refuse to believe that orderly government of all the tribes by the Tagalogs of Manila is possible at the present time."

And so we find the New York *Evening Post* convinced that the issue in the Philippines is "between Filipino Liberals trying to increase the measure of self-government and General Wood acting to contract it"; the New York *Evening World* certain that "all that is needed is a firm wise hand that will remove Governor-General Wood to activities better suited to his temper and training"; and the Des Moines *Register* speaking thus sympathetically of the purposes of the dissatisfied Filipinos:

> "The point is that in their fight for self-determination the Filipinos are making their struggle against what they agree to call a military autocracy, and that the policy which Wood stands for—putting the Filipinos in their place and keeping them there—is precisely what Americans would call by the same name if they were the people affected."

The election of the anti-Wood Senator seems to the Baltimore *Sun*, New York *World*, Newark *News*, and Charleston *News and Courier* sufficient proof of the real strength of the independence movement among the Filipinos. On the other hand, the New York *Tribune*, Manchester *Union*, and Philadelphia *Public Ledger* are just as confident that the large vote cast for the pro-Wood candidate shows that the masses are not with Messrs. Quezon and Osmema. The Troy *Record* makes this point:



IN SPITE OF THE GENERAL

—Pease in the Newark *Evening News*.

> "While Quezon and others are making all the trouble they can, advices declare that the Moros recently pulled down the Filipino flag at Keithly garrison and issued a warning against raising it again. The Moros say they will recognize none but an American Government, and that they do not want a Filipino governor, which they now have. The attitude of the Moros, a warlike people, shows that the natives are not united in the effort of the Filipinos to secure control of the government."

But some of the responsibility for recent troubles in Manila, it is suggested, must be placed on the laws under which the Philippines are governed. In a recent speech in Manila, Justice Malcolm, of the Philippine Supreme Court, pointed out that the Jones Law presents these difficulties:

> "The Government is such that the laws of Congress and the orders of the President do not operate thereon directly, and the representatives of the Filipino people have the right, unrestricted by outside power, to make their own laws. The source of danger is that the Jones law has placed in the hands of the people control of their domestic affairs, and at the same time assures the exercise of the rights of sovereignty by the people of the United States. Where Philippine autonomy begins and ends, and where American sovereignty begins and ends is not clear, and one or the other is liable constantly to trespass on the shadowland between the two."

PINCHOT'S "BAR-HUNT"

Courtesy of the Philadelphia "Public Ledger"

THE "BAR HUNTER" AND ONE OF HIS AIDES

Governor Pinchot and Mrs. Mabel W. Willebrandt, Assistant United States Attorney-General, who personally is in charge of the campaign to close Philadelphia's 1,300 saloons.

ONE OF THE PLEDGES OF GIFFORD PINCHOT when running for the governorship of Pennsylvania was that, if elected, he would drive the saloon out of the State. And this pledge, believes the Pittsburgh *Post*, accounts for the many sudden and dramatic moves that recently have been made by Department of Justice agents and State police against the saloons in several Pennsylvania counties, and some 1,300 in Philadelphia alone. Thus a double-barreled gun is brought to bear for the first time against the violators of State and Federal enforcement laws. It seems that the method followed by Department of Justice agents and Pennsylvania State troopers, working in pairs, is to serve a saloon with a peremptory notice to stop business and to remove all saloon paraphernalia, on the ground that such a saloon is a common nuisance. If the saloon-keepers refuse to obey the notice to close, they are summoned before a United States Court on injunction proceedings. Failure to obey that injunction, we are told by the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, will result in the closing of the property for a year. In that time the building can not be operated as a soft-drink emporium, nor can any other business be conducted in it. Said the Governor in the closing order affecting Philadelphia:

"There is a new era in law enforcement in Pennsylvania.

"Acting in concert with the United States, the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania is formally serving notice upon the owners and tenants of buildings equipped and maintained as saloons in defiance of law, to cease selling in violation of the Eighteenth Amendment and of the laws of the United States and the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

"The law is supreme. The Department of Justice of the State and nation will duly proceed to see that it is recognized as such when saloons defy it until the whole sixty-seven counties of Pennsylvania have been brought under the mantle of law enforcement. We mean business."

Under the new plan, points out the Philadelphia *Inquirer:*

"The procedure is designed to be productive of quicker and more wide-spread results than any criminal action. Saloon-keepers will be taken before a judge. There will be no delays due to jury trials. If the evidence produced by the Department of Justice and the State is sufficient to show defiance of the law, the house will be sealed and kept under constant supervision."

But a Philadelphia dispatch to the New York *Tribune* says:

"There is not the slightest evidence that the spectacular descent on liquor-shop owners yesterday by Department of Justice agents and State police has been taken seriously by them. Saloons operated by men regarded as flagrant violators of the law remain open to-night. Bar fixtures and brass rails ordered removed have not been disturbed. Every barroom visited in a two-hour tour of the Philadelphia tenderloin to-night was crowded with patrons. They were served beer or whisky on demand without a pretense of concealment."

The chief fault with the notices, thinks the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, is that they are not endowed with enforcing power. Continues this Philadelphia paper:

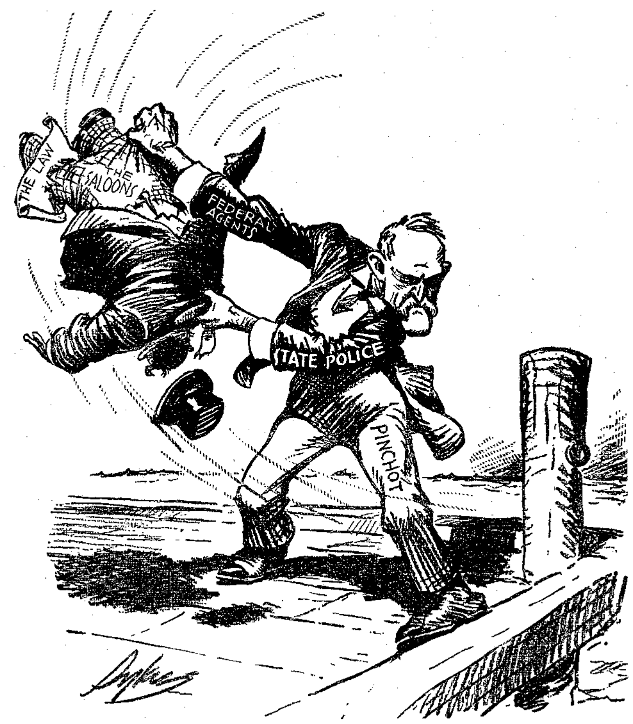
"The effective step is the application to the Federal Court for an injunction, but even this step is preliminary to the consideration of a permanent injunction. This will take time, particularly if individual proceedings shall be required for every open bar in the city, and the time may be prolonged by dilatory appeals. Judging by the rush of trade reported following the delivery of the warning notices, the barrooms can continue to 'make hay,' not merely while the sun shines, but while the storm clouds are gathering."

At the rate injunctions were being obtained in the first week of the campaign, a member of the United States District Attorney's staff at Philadelphia estimates that it will require four years to close by injunction all of the city's 1,300 saloons. Another obstacle, seen by the Newark *News*, is that injunction orders may be held up by appeal. Still another is a provision in the Volstead Law permitting judges to allow places found to be nuisances under the law to continue in business by giving a bond that they will no longer sell liquor. Furthermore, points out the Philadelphia *North American*, which emphasizes the fact that "Commissioner Blair, not Commissioner Haynes, is responsible for the enforcement failure":

"Philadelphia breweries have been running overtime making and selling high-powered beer, enjoying virtual immunity in their illicit operations, because Commissioner Blair's rulings make it well-nigh impossible for enforcement officers to obtain evidence in the breweries."

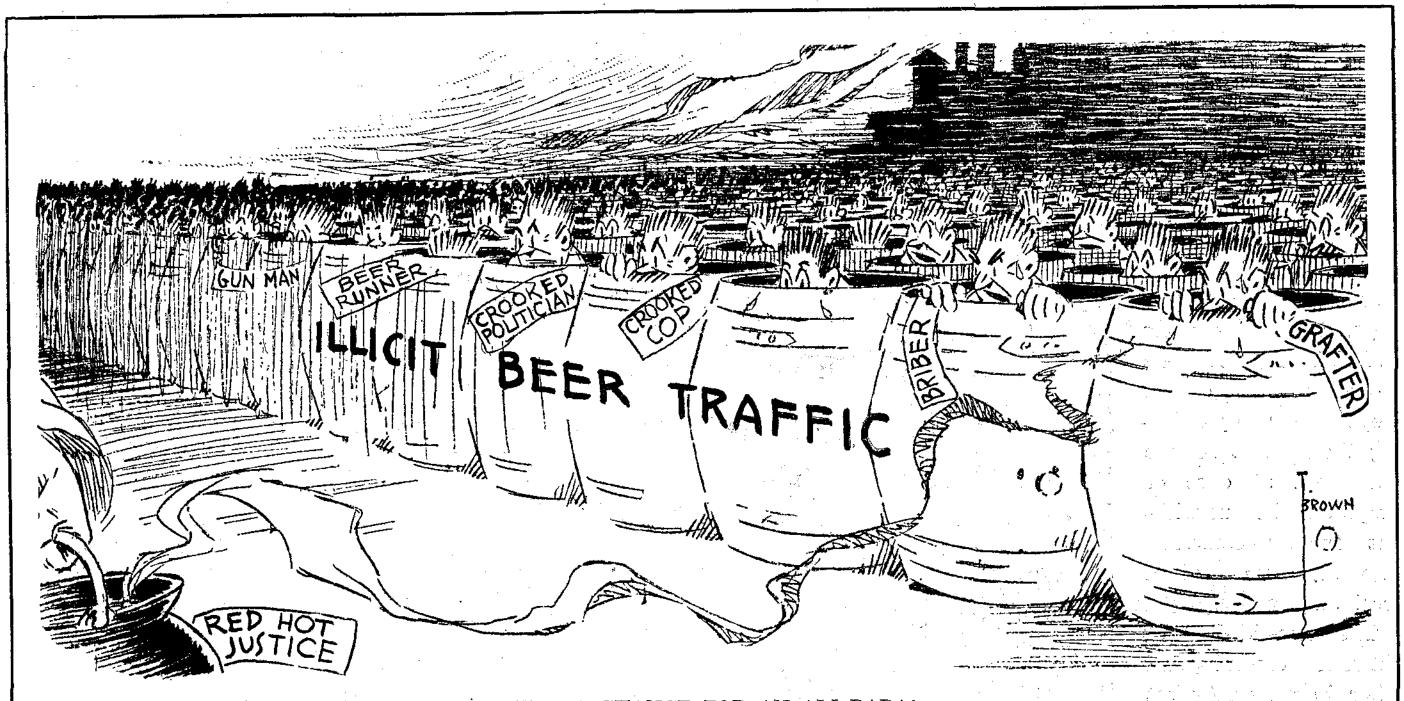
In view of all this, observes the Boston *Globe:*

"Why should the Federal and State law agencies drop in on



FAREWELL FOREVER

—Sykes in the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger.*



WHAT A CHANCE FOR AN ALI BABA! —Brown in the Chicago *Daily News*.

law-breakers engaged in fracturing the Federal Constitution and tell them that, really, they must stop? How long is it since gentle roaring, as of official suckling doves, was substituted for the act of arrest? Are the authorities going to tell burglars, to-morrow, to be nice and join the Society for Christian Endeavor, when they catch them rifling homes of silverware?

"Either these saloons were operating illegally, or they were not. If they were, why *billets-doux* instead of police warrants? If they were not, why the ukase at all? This is all the latest act in the Prohibition Enforcement farce, a comedy which is enjoying a record-breaking run."

Another Eastern paper, the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*, has a few pithy remarks to make regarding the Pinchot drive against the saloon:

"Just why there is such violently sudden action against liquor on the part of the Governor is not certain, unless it is that 1924 is a Presidential year.

"Pinchot is known the country over as a rabidly dry man. But Pinchot didn't act precipitately in the matter of cleaning his own house. Philadelphia was known far and wide as an oasis in the desert, a place where John Barleycorn resided in all his old-time dignity and affluence. Everybody knew the city was 'wide open.' Apparently, Pinchot did not know it. But you never can tell. There is a great deal in doing things at the psychological moment. And, for Presidential candidates, action now is action at the psychological moment."

On the other hand, the Washington *Star* is sure that the test is a timely one, and that it "will determine whether the Federal Government and the government of a State, working in conjunction, can be defied with success." "The Governor is pursuing the right course," believes the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger*, for, as the Pittsburgh *Gazette Times* remarks, "law enforcement is the most important subject before the American people to-day." "The challenge of Pennsylvania's rum-sellers is one that no Governor could ignore," declares the Manchester *Union*, "and it is now up to Governor Pinchot and the Federal authorities to make good the threat implied in the order to shut up shop." "This may mean the turning of a new leaf, and the beginning of a determined campaign to enforce the dry laws in wet areas," notes the *Evening Public Ledger* in another editorial, while the morning *Ledger* says of the Pinchot plan:

"It is all beautifully simple. No Prohibition enforcement agents, no delays, no trials, no indictments. The violator is brought face to face with naked reality and the stark intent of the law. It is one thing to face a grand jury's indictment, but dealing with the United States Department of Justice and the Attorney-General of Pennsylvania is something else.

"If it works—and some of the best legal minds are convinced it will work—then the saloon in Pennsylvania is doomed. Adverse public sentiment in a given district is a matter of indifference under this plan. The arm of the law reaches down from Washington and from Harrisburg and does the business, without wrangling, pettifogging or delay.

"If this injunction be violated, there is the solid shot of the penalties for contempt in the locker. Some rampant advocate of personal freedom to sell liquor will find himself on the inside looking out."

"The outcome of Governor Pinchot's drive will be noted throughout the country with keen interest," thinks the Springfield *Republican*. For, it goes on:

"In this country to-day there exists, probably, the most gigantic conspiracy in American history against the enforcement of a particular set of laws. Evidence of this in Philadelphia is seen in the brazen attitude of the saloon-keepers. They belong to the Retail Liquor Dealers' Protective Association, which employs counsel to advise them on legal questions, and his advice in this case is to ignore the authorities while the issue is contested in the courts. The incident would not in itself be indicative necessarily of an organized campaign of obstruction to law enforcement among interests notoriously hostile to it from selfish motives; yet so wide-spread is the open campaign by specially organized bodies like the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment and by the newspapers that consistently discredit by every available means all efforts at enforcement, that conspiracy seems a word wholly without exaggeration in its moral implications.

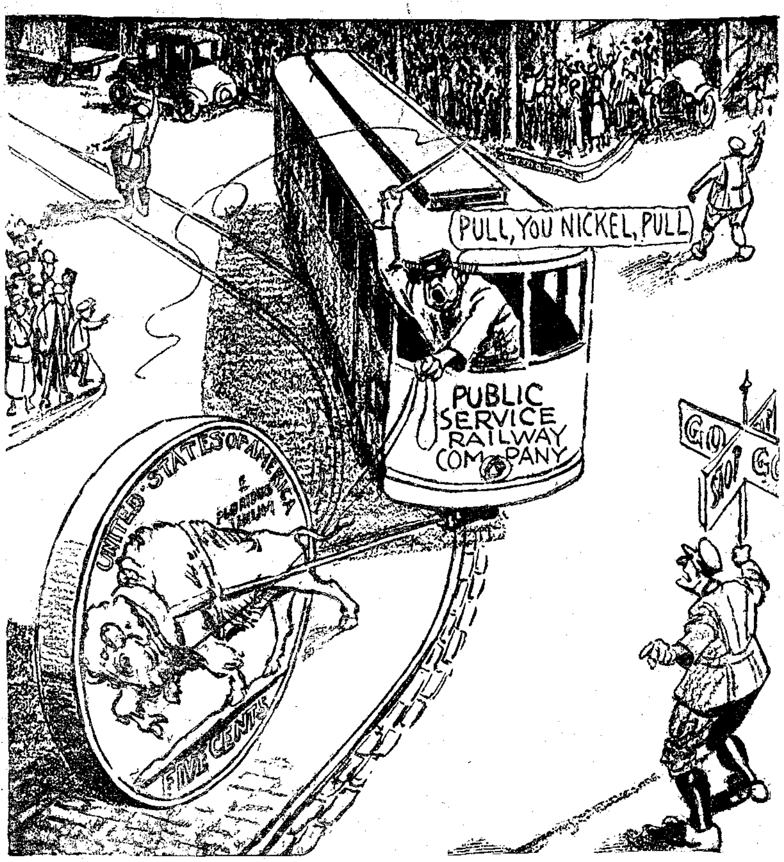
"In a time when efforts to break down the morale of the body of public sentiment that has supported a fair trial of Prohibition assume the most formidable dimensions, it is enormously to the credit of Governor Pinchot that he should so courageously begin an offensive against the intrenched but lawless rum trade."

In the opinion of the New York *Evening Post*—

"Governor Pinchot is showing what can be done by the energy of one man when backed by the best moral sentiment of the community. He himself put the drastic enforcement law through at Harrisburg. The appropriation for enforcement which he asked, and which he wished to use in ferreting out the 'higher-ups' in State bootlegging was refused, but he promptly obtained a citizens' fund. First the anthracite region and now the metropolis are cleaned up. It is a showing that will encourage believers in law enforcement the country over. Other States in which the wets are as strong and as lawless as in Pennsylvania could be purged by the same methods."

JERSEY'S BLOODLESS TROLLEY WAR

THE MOST SPECTACULAR FIGHT ever precipitated in this country among the three groups concerned in labor disputes—capital, labor, and the general public—in the opinion of the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger*, is "the fight between the people of New Jersey and the Public Service Railway Corporation." Normally serving 149 communities in the northern part of the State, with a "fast line" service from Newark to Trenton, the company had kept its cars idle for 52 days, when Chancellor E. R. Walker, the State's highest judicial officer, stopt the fight by ordering the lines to resume operations at once or prepare to be put without further ceremony into the hands of a receiver.



HOPING TO GET BACK AND ON

—Pease in the Newark *Evening News*.

The two-sided fight between capital and labor began on August 1, when the company's "platform men" demanded a 20 per cent. increase in pay. President Thomas N. McCarter, however, reminded the striking employees that his pay-roll had practically doubled since 1917, and that for three years the company had not paid dividends. How, then, he argued, was the company to "break even" if a wage increase necessitating additional annual revenue amounting to $2,500,000 were granted? The successful operation of rival "jitney" lines was also a source of worry to the officials. In short, the traction officials refused to grant an increase. As George Currie tells the story of the 52-day battle in the Brooklyn *Eagle:*

> "If the Public Service Railway decided to sulk, New Jerseyites decided to patronize buses. It was here that the real fight began. Governor Silzer felt called upon to take a hand in the muddle. He therefore called upon Attorney-General McCran to bring proceedings for a mandatory injunction compelling operation of the trolley cars.
>
> "Chancellor Walker is a kindly jurist. To the surprize of everybody, he granted the injunction, and in granting it he said: 'It is not a defense that the company can not operate at a profit; that is not the test; the duty resting upon a quasi public corporation must be performed, or its privileges and franchises must be surrendered; it can not discharge its duty on and off as it may find it profitable to do so.'
>
> "The company resumed operation. The men got their raise. The situation regarding buses remains the same as before the strike. The buses continue to cut into P. S. C. receipts. The only hope, in the company's eyes, is the Public Utilities Commission.
>
> "The company has won nothing as yet. The men have won a 20 per cent. increase in wages, but they have also lost 52 days' wages. The public at the moment is the big winner. If the 10-cent fare is granted, it stands to be the great loser.
>
> "One thing alone has been settled. It has been ruled that if a trolley company—the P. S. C. is the trolley company of New Jersey—does not keep its cars running, the proper recourse is to go into bankruptcy."

The victors in the New Jersey traction fight seem to be the motormen and conductors, who received the increase they asked for, and the "short" riders in northern New Jersey cities, who for the first time since the beginning of the war period, according to the Newark *News*, pay a five-cent fare within city limits, with an additional five cents for the suburban area, and five cents more if the passenger then transfers to a branch line. This rate of fare is to be given a four-months' trial, at the suggestion of the State Utilities Board, while a ten-cent fare is to be charged on many interurban lines which operated before the strike on a straight eight-cent fare. In this way, the Board believes, the "long" and "short" riders will be made to pay proportionately for the service rendered them. "The experiment will demonstrate whether the flat five-cent fare will pay the company as well as the passengers," observes the Newark *News*. The Jersey City *Journal* believes increased patronage will offset the reduction, and that "buses will have to come down to a five-cent rate to continue in business." Already, we read in this paper, the bus men of Jersey City have been requested to show cause why they should not have their legal bus fares cut from ten to five cents. In the opinion of the Newark *Sunday Call*, "buses have been licensed in numbers beyond the requirement, while at City Hall there has been a bitter hatred of the Public Service Company and unscrupulous readiness to cripple it."

The State Utilities Board, on the other hand, declares that the rates in force before the strike are adequate, and Governor Silzer is on record with the assertion that the Public Service can pay the new wage rate and still make money. But the main conclusion reached by the Jersey City *Journal* is that "the State is still supreme," and that "a quasi-public corporation, such as the Public Service Company, is the creature, not the master, of the State." Continues this paper, published in the city perhaps most deeply affected by the recent strike:

> "After years of conflict in Trenton, where bill after bill to strangle the bus and jitneys were introduced, the trolley company decided that if its lines could be tied up, there would be created such a public clamor in favor of the restoration of the service that the people would be glad to have the service resumed under any terms. But this was just another instance where the trolley company had miscalculated. The scheme looked well on paper, but it did not work out as the trolley officials had expected. The threat of a receivership and the conviction that public sentiment was turning against the company with irresistible force led to its surrender.
>
> "The end of the trolley controversy is not yet, but the main fight has been settled."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

(*An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press"*)

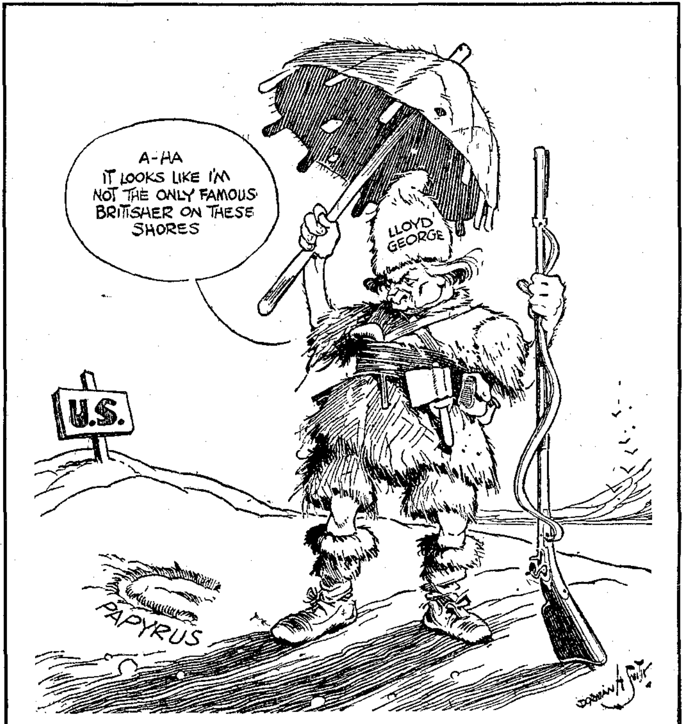
In spite of the fact that the cost of living is going up, people will insist on having it.—*Punch* (*London*).

Indications are that Mussolini's sword isn't the only thing in Europe that is rattled.—*Richmond News-Leader.*

Memory is a wonderful thing. It is all that stands between Europe and another great war.—*Wenatchee* (*Wash.*) *World.*

Constitutional amendments can't hope to get established in a day. Think of the Ten Commandments.—*Tacoma Ledger.*

The Prince of Wales's incognito reminds us of McAdoo's denial that he is a candidate for the Presidency. — *Dallas Times Herald.*


A-HA
IT LOOKS LIKE I'M NOT THE ONLY FAMOUS BRITISHER ON THESE SHORES
LLOYD GEORGE
U.S.
PAPYRUS

GEORGE CRUSOE'S DISCOVERY

—Smith in the Jersey City *Journal.*

Quantity production tends to cheapen almost everything, including laws.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

What puzzles the Old Guard is that if wheat must drop, why does it have to drop on the Republican party?—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

One of their Massachusetts friends says Mrs. Coolidge once knitted Cal a necktie. Otherwise, their home life has been happy.—*Tampa Tribune.*

No wonder Coolidge looks so unhappy. We can imagine no more miserable state than being a politician with a New England conscience.—*Quebec Telegraph.*

Kemal Pasha, opposing the restoration of the Turkish harem, says one wife of the new-woman type is sufficient. Absolutely, Mr. Pasha.—*Columbus Dispatch.*

Chicago bootleggers are getting so disorderly the police are threatening to close the saloons.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

The *Westminster Gazette* reminds us that the Silly Season is now over. Does Signor Mussolini know of this?—*Punch* (*London*).

Senator Smoot now proposes a luxury tax. Fine, Senator, if you will get a reduction on the necessity taxes.—*Natchez Democrat.*

The design is to be changed on a lot of our small bills, but Europe will have the same old designs on our money.—*Chicago American Lumberman.*

King Alfonso has six children. Now maybe you can understand why he doesn't jeopardize his job by speaking curtly to revolutionists.—*Louisville Times.*

Why deplore the passing of the dime novel? They are still published, the only difference being that you have to pay two dollars for them.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

A New Jersey court has held that a man has a legal right to rule his home. Yes, and he also has a legal right to fight a buzz-saw.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

Every American is a 100 per cent. American or no American at all. There is no such thing as a counterfeit dollar that is good for fifty, sixty or eighty cents.—*Toledo Blade.*

One of the chief discoveries made by the Coal Commission in its recent extensive investigation is the fact that considerably more investigating would be useful.—*Tacoma Ledger.*

Illinois has a magazine edited by a boy of twelve. From the few U. S. magazines we have casually glanced at it seems there are editors in that country still younger.—*London Opinion.*

A Congressman is suing for breach of promise. Supposing constituents started doing that!—*Detroit News.*

The Puritans were a queer lot, but they didn't put on masks to go witch-hunting.—*Parkersburg* (*W. Va.*) *Sentinel.*

Now let's have a secret society solemnly pledging its members to mind their own business.—*Walla Walla* (*Wash.*) *Bulletin.*

You can get a government bulletin on the eradication of almost all nuisances except fool laws.—*Roanoke World News.*

"Live and learn" may be a good motto, but so many people find it necessary to live and try to unlearn. — *Natchez Democrat.*

Autumn styles are here. One season a woman's waist chokes her and the next it trips her.—*Tacoma Times.*

Now that Ireland is in the League of Nations, something tells us Italy had better be careful how she gets funny.—*Dallas News.*

It's a good thing that American relief ships got unloaded before Russian ports were congested with wheat for export.—*Winnipeg Free Press.*

Dr. Hornaday says the automobile has destroyed wild life, and all the time we had been supposing it was making life more wild than ever.—*Sacramento Star.*

The peeved London financier who says that America fiddles while Europe burns might at least have mentioned that Europe started the fire. —*Macon Telegraph.*

When the bride promises to obey, she waives her rights; but it isn't a permanent waive.—*Arkansaw Thomas Cat* (*Hot Springs*).

Judging from the conduct of some of the elders, the age of discretion is childhood.—*Asheville Times.*

"I am grown up. What must little children suffer?" says Dr. Frank Crane. Fortunately they can not all read.—*Punch* (*London*).

If he dodges jitneys, he is a pedestrian; if he dodges taxes, he is a financier; if he dodges responsibility, he is a statesman.—*Everett Herald.*

A scientist predicts that in ten years' time there will be no servant girls. He appears to be just ten years behind the times. —*London Opinion.*

Italy wants to annex Fiume because so many Italians live there, but we have not heard that Palestine was going to try to annex New York.—*Charleston Gazette.*

We agree with Mr. Bryan that at least it is hard to find in playful monkeys the beginnings of the long story that man has written in blood and tears.—*Boston Herald.*

The police are trying to track down a Continental gang which is supposed to be making money in this country. Business men would like to have the recipe.—*Punch* (*London*).

The Bible is said to have been translated by a Chicago man into language that Chicagoans can understand, and we suppose every chapter begins with "Say, listen!"—*Tacoma Ledger.*

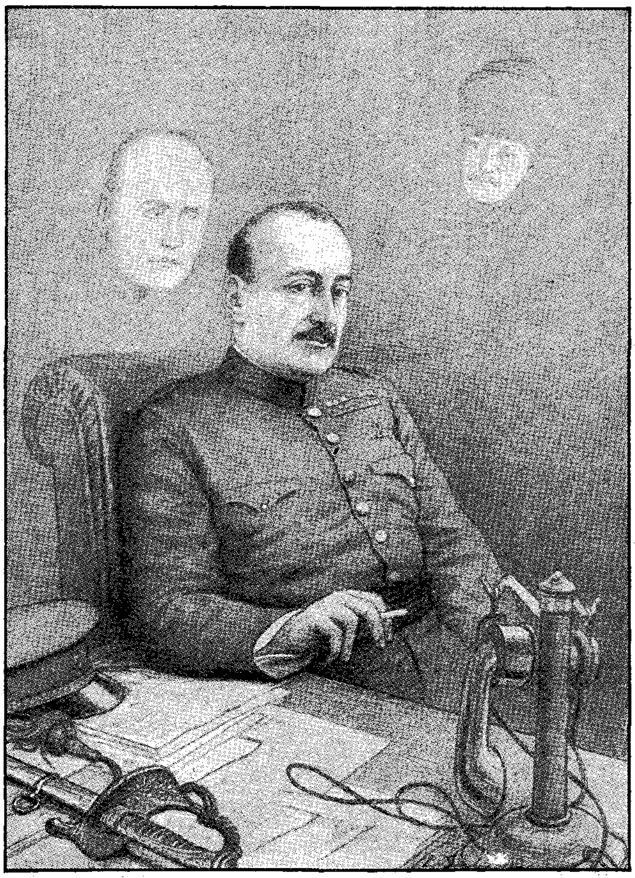
The American Consul at Berlin reports that Germany is in a critical state. Most of the outside world, when discussing Germany, is also decidedly critical.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

THE SPANISH BRAND OF FASCISM

A CERTAIN DREAD appears in the comments of some European editors on the military *coup d'état* in Spain through which General Primo de Rivera, the Marquis d'Estella, becomes the "big boss" of a country said to have been politically bled for years by incompetent leaders. These editors have no wish to see Fascism spread beyond Italy, believing that "one Mussolini is more than enough for Europe." On the other hand, there are those who say it is easy to exaggerate comparisons between the sudden shift of events in Spain and the rise and dominance of Fascism in Italy. In France the *Progres du Nord* remarks that the coming of a Mussolini always inspires imitators, and this daily thinks it was quite natural the military party in Spain should have "exploited to its profit the popular discontent caused by the irresolution of the Government." Says the *Echo du Nord:*

"As the dictator of Rome, so the military chiefs of Barcelona consider it their first duty to repress vigorously the agitation of the Communists. It seems very natural they should do this, when we remember the violence of the fighting and the number of assassinations that have taken place in the capital of Catalonia. Brutality always brings a reign of force in its train."



A FRENCH VIEW OF THE SPANISH COUP

"The Mediterranean contagion has caught Captain-General Primo de Rivera, who, emulating Mussolini and Mustafa Kemal, has become head of Spain's Military Directorate."

—L. Sabattier in *L'Illustration* (Paris).

A Madrid correspondent of the Paris *Temps* relates that the population are submitting to the Military Directorate with good grace, because it has made life safer by quelling the terror of the Syndicalists and the Separatists of Catalonia. It is also going after the profiteers who have kept the cost of living so high, and this French informant writes: "The price of bread has already gone down in many localities, and the Military Directorate in consequence has acquired increasing popularity with the masses."

The London *Nation* points out that altho General Primo de Rivera's *coup d'état* is independent of the Separatist movement in Catalonia, or of the "perpetual disturbances in Barcelona," it is by no means unrelated to them, and it adds:

"The Catalan movement is very complicated. On the one hand, the high protective tariff of Spain is devised purely in the interests of the Barcelona industrial districts—the only big industrial center in the country. By virtue of this tariff a group of Catalan magnates have something very like a monopoly of the Spanish markets, and a proportionate interest in maintaining the connection of the province with the Madrid Government. On the other hand, these same Catalan magnates have a traditional dislike for the Castilian, and for the very centralized methods of government which subject them to the capital. They have, therefore, been liberal patrons of the literary movement which has played a large part in promoting Separatist tendencies.

"The result is that the district is a hatching-ground of vehement, tho conflicting, sentiments; and the chronic labor troubles have increased the ferment. The monopoly enjoyed by the industrial magnates has rendered them indifferent to all progressive tendencies, and the discontent arising from bad housing, bad workshop conditions, and capricious rates of wages has always been fanned by the swarms of casual laborers who flock to the port from all quarters of the Mediterranean in the spring and autumn.

"These circumstances have greatly assisted General Primo de Rivera. In the first place, Barcelona is the natural starting-point for any revolutionary movement; in the second, the need of keeping the Separatist movement in check, and of preserving order in Barcelona, has always obliged the Government to keep large forces in the province, with the result that, when he struck his blow, the Captain-General probably had more troops under his command than any other military governor in the country."

This London weekly goes on to say that the military stroke in Spain will not be felt much abroad because it is "a domestic matter which has nothing to do with the political problems arising out of the peace treaties of 1919," and we are told further:

"With regard to the great problem before the country—Catalan independence—the director's policy will probably be in favor of Spanish unity, possibly with some modification in the direction of regional autonomy. He is an Andalusian noble, of a family which at one time was sufficiently powerful to marry with the Dukes of Infantado; and has thus no tie of interest or sympathy with the Separatists."

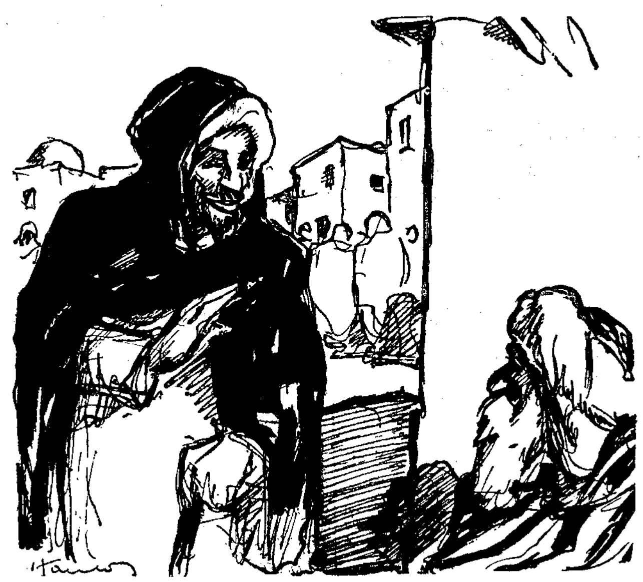
A Barcelona correspondent of the *Echo de Paris* tells us that one of the first acts of Spain's Military Director was to have the King sign a decree against the Separatists, which, for one thing, forbids the display of any flag except the Spanish flag at public assemblies. This Barcelona observer also reports the closing of Separatist clubs in that section of Spain and various other indications that the fight against Separatism has been "vigorously begun." He quotes General Weyler, formerly Captain-General of Catalonia, as saying on the eve of his departure for Madrid: "First of all we must rout out Separatism." But the fight against Separatism does not mean a fight against regionalism, according to this Barcelona correspondent, who quotes the Military Director-General Primo de Rivera as saying:

"I shall make a new administrative, judicial, political and even military division of Spain. I wish to build up strong districts, to cut down offices and employees who are unnecessary, and render the State important services through the aid of the provinces. But all this must be done without any loosening of the national bonds or any discussion of them. The idioms of language of various regions will be respected, but we shall do all in our power to spread the scope of the Castilian tongue."

In the London *Spectator* it is pointed out that the present Military Directorate splits Spain into regions, each commanded by three generals—one of infantry, one of cavalry, and one of artillery. But this weekly adds that "this Cromwellian scheme is not intended to be permanent, and an early assembling of Parliament is promised." We read further:

"The new Government, however, will stand or fall, not so much by its domestic policy as by its success or failure to deal with the Moroccan situation. The Marquis de Estella has received a telegram from Raisuli, pledging his support, but he has stated that he can make no treaty with the leader of the Rifs, Abd-el-Krim, and has ordered an immediate resumption of the offensive from Melilla.

"The success of such a movement as this must, of course, depend to an alarming extent on the personality of the leader, and just as the Spanish military revolt is obviously by no means a profound popular movement like Fascism in Italy, so the Marquis de Estella does not seem to be in any way an original economic thinker like Signor Mussolini. But his record certainly gives hope that he will not allow himself to become merely another of the 'rotativist' politicians of Spain. He first came over the horizon of Spanish politics during the war, when he was dismissed from his post of Military Governor of Cadiz for proposing that Spain should join the Allies and come to an understanding with Great Britain on the subject of Gibraltar. But, more interesting still, in 1921, when Captain-General of Castile, he announced his conviction that it was Spain's duty to withdraw from Morocco. He has declared that his present policy entails a renewed offensive from Melilla, but perhaps he still retains some of his old conviction, and this offensive may conceivably be merely a covering operation for a withdrawal. If this be really so, then indeed there is real hope for a Spanish renaissance. It was Morocco and the failure to fix the responsibility for the disaster of July, 1921, which brought down the old Government, and it is safe to prophesy that it will be Morocco and its insoluble difficulties which will prove the ruin of the high hopes of the new if the Marquis de Estella is not able to carry through a withdrawal, at any rate from the Rif country."



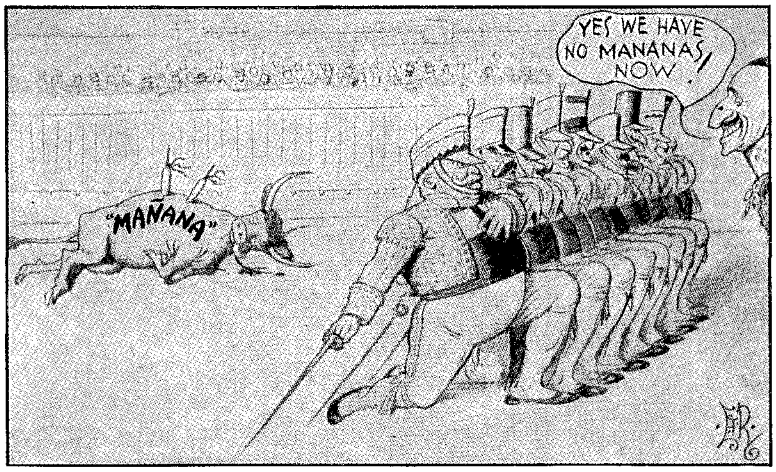
A NEW THING TO MOROCCANS

"I hear that the Spanish Army has at last won a victory!"

—*L'Œuvre* (Paris).

A NEW FAMINE FORESEEN IN RUSSIA

RUSSIA'S ALL-IMPORTANT MONTHS are July and August, for on the harvest gathered then the country has to live during the following months, we are reminded by some Russian writers, who call attention to the fact that the population of the country with its millions of peasants live mostly on cereals and potatoes, and eat meats only sparingly. Russian newspapers, pro-Bolshevik and anti-Bolshevik alike, have been wondering how the people are going to get through the next winter, and therefore their various judgments on the crops of this year have a very human appeal. The *Economicheskaia Zhizn*, expressing the official opinion of the leading Soviet economists, was very optimistic in May and at the beginning of June, less optimistic in the first days of July, and still less at the end of that month and in August. Excessive rains in some provinces, drought in others, invasions of fields by the grain-destroying insects in others still are the causes, we are told, that thwarted original promise of big crops. The August bulletin of the condition of crops, issued by the Soviet Central Statistical Bureau and published in the *Economicheskaia Zhizn* makes it clear that this year the average quality of cereals for the whole country is "below satisfactory." But this did not prevent Mr. Briukhanoff, People's Commissary for Food Supply, from making a very optimistic statement to an editor of the *Isviestia*. "The gross yield of cereals," he said, "must be estimated at about three billion poods. Deducting the grain seeds needed for planting we shall obtain a net yield of approximately 2.5 billion poods. . . . Of course, there are regions that will not have enough grain to support themselves. But, estimating the total need of the rural population at 1,800–1,900 million poods, we come to the conclusion that the probable surplus of grain produced amounts to some 800 million poods." A pood equals 36.07 lbs., or a little over half a bushel.


YES WE HAVE NO MANANAS NOW!
"MAÑANA"

HOW IT GOES IN SPAIN

"Yes—we have no mañanas to-day."

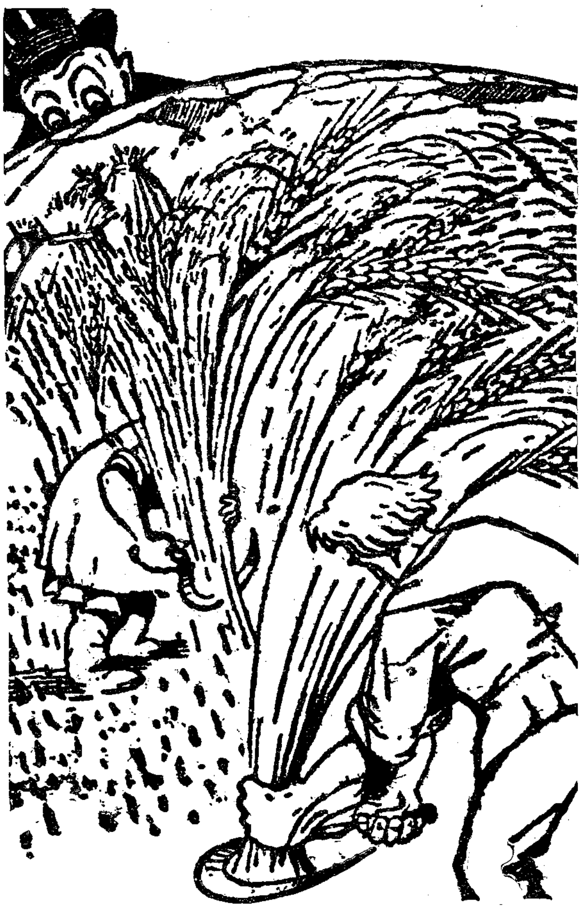
—*The Bystander* (London).

There are, however, other Soviet experts whose estimates are much less rosy. Thus, Mr. Jurchaninov tells us in the *Torgovo-Promyshlennaia Gazeta*, that the crops of 1923 can not exceed 2,279 million poods, as against 2,185 million poods in 1922 and about 3,600 million in pre-war days. But this estimate, we are told by some anti-Bolshevist writers, was drawn in June when prospects were much better than in August, and, consequently must be somewhat pared. The Russian Association of Finance, Trade and Industry, representing Russia's outstanding business men who before the revolution were in control of the Russian economic world, and who are now studying attentively all data on the present situation of their country, announces in its Paris bulletin that "the total yield of cereals, potatoes included, can not exceed 1,800–1,900 million poods. Thus Russia will be again short a few hundred million poods of grain, for the need of her population (not only rural, but urban also) is estimated by Soviet statisticians at some 2,200–2,300 million poods."

In the *Economicheskaia Zhizn*, Professor Oganovsky, the expert of the Soviet Russia Commissariat of Agriculture, sets down the planted area of Russian territory in dessiatines for over a period of nine years as follows (a dessiatine equals 2.702 English acres):

1913	*1916*	*1920*	*1921*	*1922*	
79,047,000	72,359,000	55,799,000	49,008,000	41,383,000	dessiatines

In the *Economicheskaia Zhizn* we read also that Russia's planted area rose in 1923 to 42,000,000 dessiatines, but the crops were not so good as in 1922. To this must be added that Russia's live stock is practically ruined, and in the provinces that were famine-stricken in 1921 hardly 15 per cent. of the cattle survived. All this shows, the Association's bulletin states, that Russia's crop yield this year amounts to about as much as in 1922, that is to say 1,800–1,900 million poods. Noting these figures and referring to a statement that was made by Colonel Haskell on the day he left Russia, Professor P. Miliukoff's *Posliednia Novosti* (Paris) says:



AN OFFICIAL SOVIET CARTOON

"The capitalist enviously eyes Soviet peasants at work reaping a bumper harvest." —*Isviestia* (Moscow).

> "The figures quoted by Colonel Haskell enable one to appreciate the immensity of the work that was done in two years by the American Relief Administration in Russia. . . . Alas, to us Russians they sound like a funeral-bell. It is true that Colonel Haskell tried to console us by announcing that no more people were dying of starvation in Russia. . . . It goes also without saying that we can not expect the generous gifts of the American sympathy to be limitless. But, in spite of our deepest thankfulness to the American people and of the unextinguishable memory that they left not only in the hearts of those whom they saved from death, but in all Russian hearts, we can not help feeling that our American friends left Russia too early. . . . What will happen now, when one hundred American steamers, seventy thousand American motor trucks, etc., are engaged no longer in supplying three millions of children with food and medicine.
>
> "The Americans left Russia when the official Bolshevik pronouncement that there would be no more famine in Russia had become generally accepted. In the eyes of Europe this statement seemed proved by the fact that millions of poods of Russian grain appeared in European markets. Naturally this put an end to the philanthropic work of foreign organizations. By exporting grain from Russia, the Soviet Government not only wrested it from the hands of famine victims, but also stopt the flow of relief supplies into the famine-stricken areas. It has even been asserted that some American grain was exported from Russia under pretext by the Soviet Government that they would substitute for it grain got from other sources in Russia."

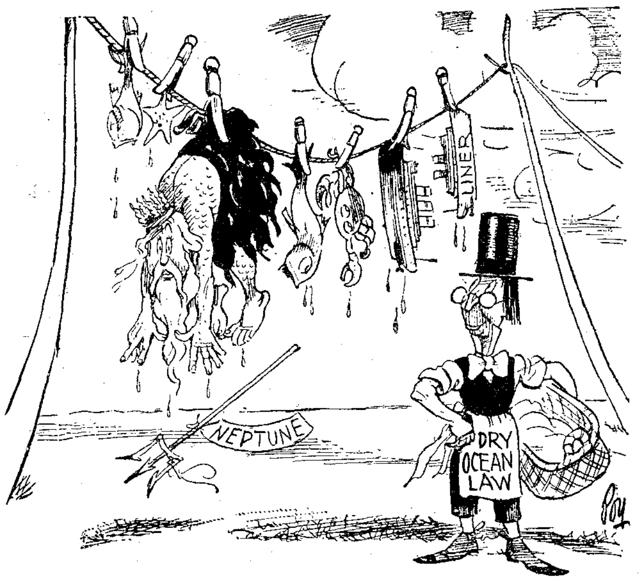
Other anti-Bolshevist writers recall in the famine year 1921–1922, when Russia produced only 1,700 million poods of grain, there were about 15,000,000 famine-sufferers, of whom from three to four millions died. In the winter of 1922–1923, to quote the *Economichesky Viestnik*, an economic monthly published in Berlin by Professor S. N. Prokopovich, a well-known Russian authority, the situation was such that the country could not escape a recurrence of famine, but, for all that, in the first months of the winter the famine conditions were camouflaged, and influential Soviet leaders kept repeating that "the disaster was ended." Later, however, the Soviet authorities were obliged to "admit the fact of the famine." In a conversation last May with an editor of the Moscow *Isviestia* Mrs. Kamenieff, president of the foreign section of the commission for relieving famine sufferers, declared that the number of people in need of immediate help amounted to 8,000,000, including 3,000,000 children. Consequently, she added, "no one can speak of surpluses of grain at the disposal of the State. This number of needy ones will grow until the new harvest. But even after that the State will be obliged to take care of a large body of orphans, invalids and unemployed. The situation may be rendered still more ominous in case, after the harvest, some of the foreign relief organizations withdraw from Russia." Shortly after this conversation, we are told by the *Economichesky Viestnik*, it was generally recognized in Russia that the number of famine sufferers had largely increased.

In spite of this fact, declare anti-Bolshevik writers, grain was exported from Russia; according to the *Economicheskaia Zhizn*, about 20 million poods. This year, as we have seen above, the amount of grain produced by Russia is not greater than that of a year ago, but the *Economicheskaia Zhizn* tells us that the Soviet Government will try to export about ten times more, that is to say, 200 to 250 million poods. Was the exportation of grain a success, at least from the financial view-point? To this the same Soviet organ answers: "Having calculated all the expenditures that were connected with the grain exportation campaign . . . one comes to the conclusion that it was an unjustifiable transaction, and that we have derived from it no profit whatsoever."

Meanwhile the tax burden of the Russian peasants has considerably increased. Mr. Popoff, Director of the Soviet Central Statistical Department, publishes in the *Economicheskaia Zhizn* an article in which he says: "According to the budget of 1922–1923, the revenue derived by the State from the taxation of the agricultural population was equal to 416,000,000 gold rubles. In the draft of the budget for 1923–1924 this figure was raised to 600,000,000 gold rubles, which makes about 6 rubles per person." This is "three times more than the amount a peasant had to pay before the war," anti-Bolshevik writers say, while the economic resources of the peasant population are desperately inadequate in comparison with those of 1913 or 1914, and they add that under such "incubus of taxation" Russian agriculture can not regain its normal level.

BRITISH CONCERN OVER RUM-RUNNING

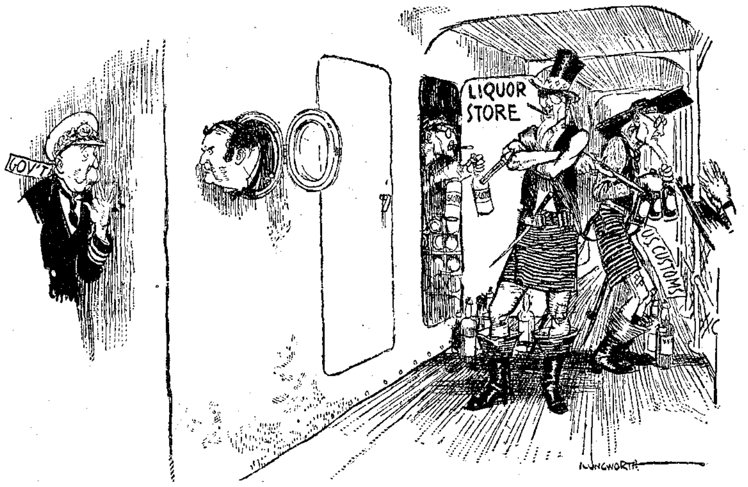
A MORE FAVORABLE ATMOSPHERE has been noticeable in British Government quarters, London dispatches report, regarding the proposal made by Secretary Hughes for the extension of the three-mile limit, so as to permit the search for and seizure of illicit liquor on board British-owned vessels entering American territorial waters. The reason for the change, according to these dispatches, is the presence of the Premiers of the British Dominions in London for the Imperial Conference, some of whom, it is alleged, especially the Canadian and Australian representatives, "favor accommodating the United States wherever no conflict with existing laws and regulations governing traffic on the seas is involved." We read further that Lord Curzon, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, is understood to be "getting ready to hedge on the subject, as there have been strong editorial expressions in a portion of the British press urging that something ought to be done by Great Britain to remove the obnoxious practise of clandestinely shipping alcohol to the United States." The Manchester *Guardian* has published a series of articles by a British sailor, in which he relates his experiences on board a rum-runner, and this newspaper editorially observes:



HUNG UP TO DRY

—*Evening News* (London).

"It makes amply intelligible the anxiety of the United States Government to arrive at some internationally agreed plan for ending an amazing situation. The British ship on which our correspondent sailed carried 25,000 cases of liquor consigned nominally to the West Indies. She lay at anchor for five months off New York, in full sight of the American coast, and in a company of craft engaged in the same shabby enterprise. In the course of that time her cargo was taken off by the 'bootleggers,' many of whom had bribed their own revenue authorities, to be doctored to a poisonous extent and sold at a fabulous price, in contravention of American law. The European Governments, whose nationals and ships are exploiting this disreputable traffic, would do well to consider what their attitude would be were the position reversed."



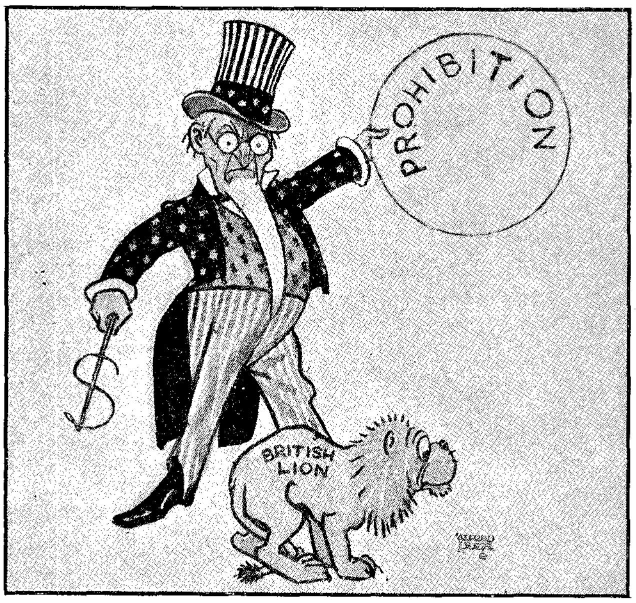
YO-HO-HO! AND A BOTTLE OF RUM!

PASSENGER J. BULL: "Well, what are you going to do about it?"
THE CAPTAIN: "Er — mmm — well, — I — er — don't know; you know, you see, I shouldn't like to offend them."

—*The Western Mail* (Cardiff).

A different attitude characterizes some other English papers, including the London *Star*, which asks "what is the moral duty of a Government in respect to the export of spirituous and other liquors to a country which has prohibited them and declared them contraband?" This daily answers its own question as follows

"It is easily seen that a British distiller is bound to assert the innocence of his trade. He might hesitate at embarking on the bootlegging trade himself, but he would not hesitate to sell to a bootlegger who would take the risk of smuggling the goods into the land of Prohibition. Should the British Government take a loftier stand than the British distiller? America, before it came into the war, did not scruple to sell arms and ammunition to both belligerents. Having made its profit out of contraband of war, it perhaps has no special grievance if other nations make theirs out of goods which it has declared contraband of peace, but there is a finer moral question. A correspondent of *The Daily News* has been studying the bootlegging industry in the Bahamas and in America, and he provides a thrilling narrative from which it is easily seen that, whether morally justifiable or not, the traffic in contraband involves most demoralizing consequences to those engaged in it. 'It is the most profitable, risky, and scandalous business in the world to-day,' but, like smuggling in all ages, it has a strong appeal to the adventurous, and it makes fine stories."



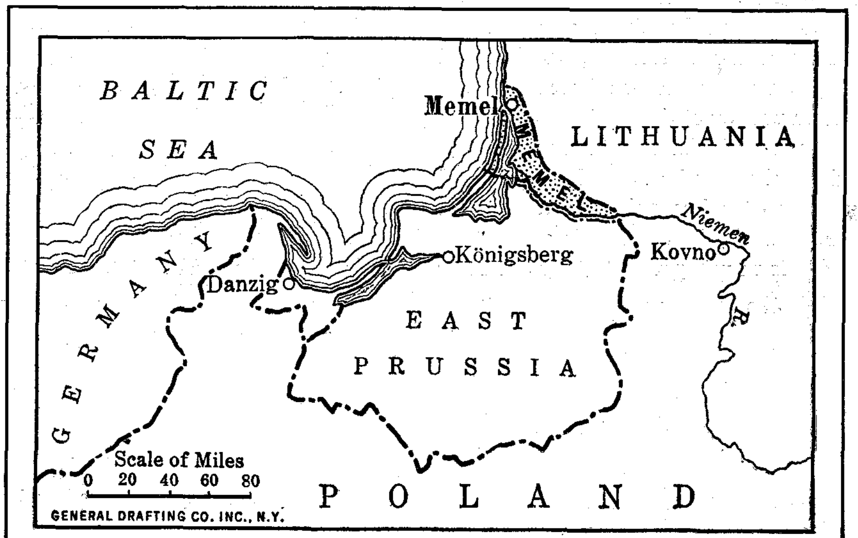
"JUMP!"

—*London Opinion.*

Meanwhile London dispatches advise us that the subject is to occupy one day's discussion at the Imperial Conference because of the wish of the Dominion Premiers. We read also that the British Government is imprest with the possibility of meeting American opinion on the question of the twelve-mile right to search vessels, but "it remains to be seen whether it can do so without disturbing its prejudices with regard to all cardinal principles of international law."

CHRONIC CONFUSION OVER MEMEL

THE BREAKDOWN of the Ambassadors' Conference which tried for several months to draw up a statute for Memel, and to induce Lithuania to agree to it, fills some European observers with gloom. The worst of it is, they say, that the negotiations are not likely to be resumed, and they report also that "discontent is rapidly increasing in Memel." A special correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* relates that when the Lithuanian delegation peremptorily departed for Kovno, Mr. Poincaré, as President of the Conference, posted the draft statute after them and demanded the Lithuanian Government's agreement to its terms within a short limit, but "it is regarded as impossible that Lithuania will accept." This correspondent tells us:



MEMEL, A DANGER-SPOT IN EASTERN EUROPE

Lithuania's seaport, whose status remains undetermined after the break-down of the Ambassadors' Conference in Paris, is said by French and Belgian writers to be an objective of Germany's old "drive to-the-East" policy.

"What is feared in quarters which have kept in close touch with Memel is a recrudescence of the sort of revolt which took Europe by surprize on January 10. The explanation of the Ambassadors' failure to draw up a satisfactory statute for Memel is that the Franco-Polish Entente has attempted to defeat the Ambassadors' decision of February 16, by which the sovereignty of Memel was assigned to Lithuania on condition, among other conditions, that a régime of autonomy and of popular representation were established in the territory of Memel. The effect of the long-draft constitution submitted to Lithuania by the Ambassadors is to make Lithuanian sovereignty over Memel entirely nugatory. According to the draft, the Commissioner for Memel would have no part either in the administration or in the legislation of the territory. The draft constitution is a long and complicated document, running to 51 articles."

A summary of the stages through which the Memel controversy has passed is provided by this correspondent as follows:

"1. On June 16, 1919, the Supreme Council, while indicating its opinion that Memel rightly belonged to Lithuania, postponed its decision on the ground that 'the status of the Lithuanian territory is not yet determined.'

"2. On December 20, 1922, the Ambassadors' Conference, which was by then acting as the executive body of the Allied Powers in place of the Supreme Council, decided to recognize Lithuania *de jure*, whereby the status of the Lithuanian territory was determined. Oddly enough, however—and, as if to belie the expectation that the fate of Memel might now be settled—they had a short time before (October 13) explained to the Lithuanian Government 'that the question of the *de jure* recognition of the Lithuanian Government could not be confused with that of the statute of Memel.' In other words, after three and a half years' delay in settling the fate of Memel—a delay originally explained as due to there being no settlement of Lithuania's status—the Ambassadors now explained that there was no connection between the two settlements, and made this departure in policy an excuse for still further delay.

"3. On January 10, 1923, the Memelers, exasperated with having been left for three and a half years without nationality and without status, revolted and defied the authority of the Ambassador's Conference.

"4. On February 16, 1923, the Ambassadors decided to hand over Memel to Lithuania on the condition above mentioned, and proceeded to negotiate with Lithuania about an autonomous statute for Memel.

"The negotiations have had a disturbed course, and the Ambassadors have at one point revised their draft without, however, substantially altering it."

The Memel confusion and its implications are considered from a different angle in the Antwerp *Métropole*, which declares that all Germany's policies in Eastern Prussia, and especially in the affairs of Memel and of Lithuania, prove that they are derived from one single idea, which, as long ago as the days of Frederick the Great, urged Prussia first to cut up Poland and then to wipe it off the map. The "drive to the East" so familiar in German political writings, says this Belgian journal, has been aimed toward Asia in the past two hundred years, and the King of Prussia, knowing the backwardness of the Empire of the Czars as compared with the civilization of Europe was keen to get hold of the economic advantages that would result from domination over the vast Russian Empire. We read then:

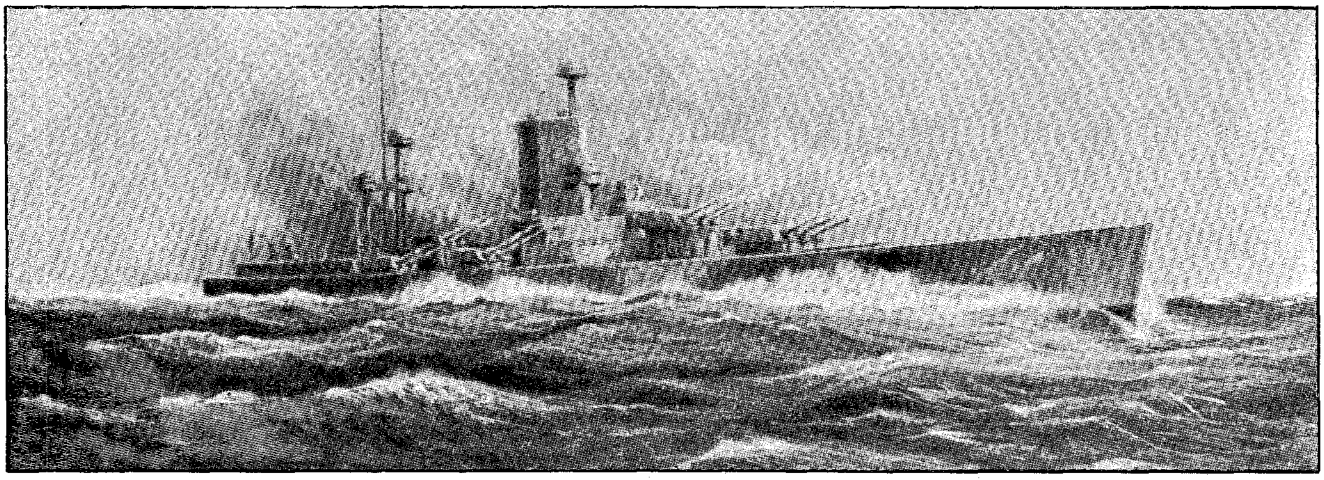
"Republican Germany of after the war followed the policy of the Hohenzollern Monarchy which sought stubbornly to win political and territorial gains in Eastern Europe. The Lithuania of Kovno is a pliant instrument for German intent and purposes in the hands of the Berlin Government. But there is a formidable obstacle to this policy, a rampart which with time should become insurmountable. This is Poland, which the Germans are in a hurry to squelch in order to make of it a sort of vassal. According to the German idea, Poland must not be allowed to have the time to organize itself so that it will be an inexpugnable fortress."

La Métropole goes on to say that many people are unaware of the wide-spread activity of the German Republic in Soviet Russia, and adds:

"Of twenty-eight companies, consortiums or groups that have come to business arrangements with Soviet Russia, each one is strictly a German organization. Others, and they are numerous, have Germans as their administrative directors, and their capital is drawn in large measure from Berlin and from Hamburg. A significant fact about these Russo-German business organizations is that in the great majority of cases, their purpose is transportation by land, by sea, by air, the manufacture of arms and munitions and the creation of great stores and depots for the storage of this material. Undoubtedly Germany is exerting its best effort to colonize Russia, and this colonization stirs disturbing thoughts even in the least suspicious minds. Let us not forget the East Europe policy of Germany and we shall understand at once the meaning of these factories and these warehouses, which bluntly may be described as arsenals ready to deliver the material necessary for armed action to well-organized troops.

"But it may be objected that the fact there is no common frontier between Germany and Russia is a natural obstacle to German designs. But a common frontier exists, tho it is of limited proportion, and consists of the restricted extent of the territory of Lithuania. Lithuania serves merely as a bridge between the two great republics of Russia and Germany. From a political standpoint, one can not but conclude from the various things that have gone on between the Government of Berlin and the Government of Kovno that Lithuania has been officially acquired by Germany. The controversies and bitter discussions of the Conference of Ambassadors considering the question of Memel form additional proof that Germany and Lithuania are thick as thieves at the fair, and that European peace can be assured only on condition that their efforts in a common anti-Polish policy be restrained."

SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION



Illustrations reproduced by permission from "Brassey's Naval and Shipping Annual," 1923. Drawings by P. F. S. Spence.

A HIGH-SPEED BATTLE-SHIP OF THE FUTURE

This 730-foot "Washington Conference" capital ship of 35,000 tons, heavily armor-plated, would have six 16-inch guns besides secondary armament, and the startling speed of 30 knots an hour. Referred to below as Type B, she corresponds roughly to the British *Hood*.

THE BATTLE-SHIP OF THE FUTURE

NOW THAT BOMBING BATTLE-SHIPS has become a pastime of our air service, the question of ship design grows vital. The recent commissioning of the gigantic superdreadnaught *Colorado*, one of our last two battle-ships for fourteen years, raises in the press anew the question of what the warships of the future will be. Powerful critics maintain that the day of the battle-ship has gone by. Yet strangely enough they note that the outstanding feature of last year's Washington Conference is that it evolved the definite decision that naval power shall be measured (till 1936 at least) in terms of capital ships. "The battle-ship still remains," Great Britain's First Sea Lord is reported to have said, "the ultimate basis of sea-power." One of England's foremost technical naval designers adds: "A remarkable fact of the present position is that, notwithstanding criticism leveled at the retention of battle-ships, the majority of the great Naval Powers have come to the conclusion that battle-ships must be retained as forming the great bulwark of protection." What, then, will the battle-ship of the future be like, and how is it affected by the Washington Conference?

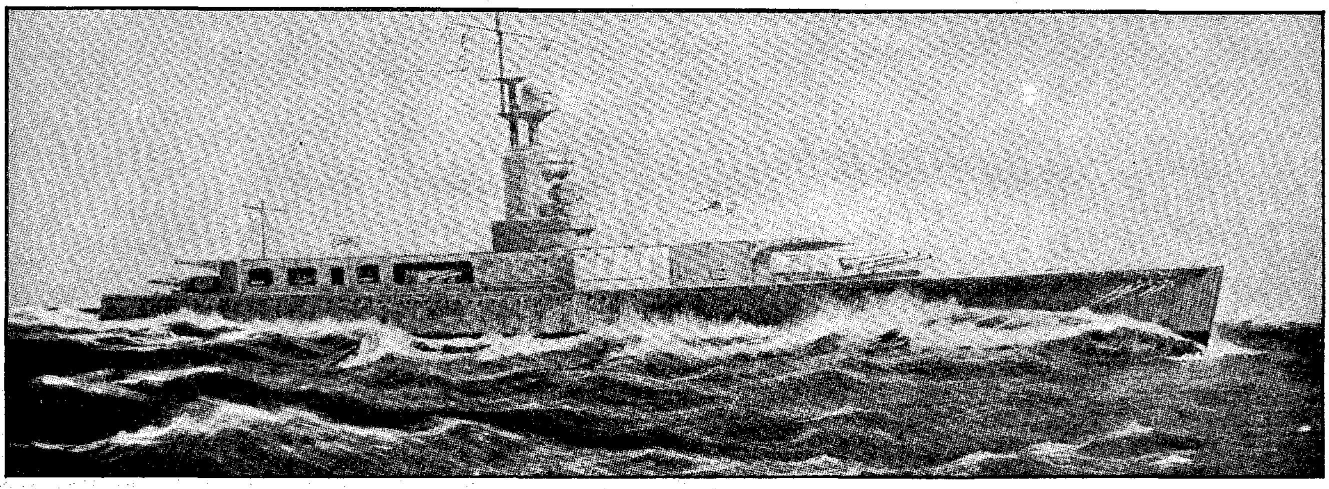
It will be remembered that besides limiting the total tonnage of the Powers in capital ships, the Five-Power Treaty also fixt the maximum tonnage per ship at 35,000 tons (exclusive of fuel) and the maximum gun caliber at 16 inches. That this involves a sacrifice in one or more of the three principal factors of armament, speed, or protection, seems to be the opinion of the naval experts who were already planning a 57,000-ton battle-ship as the ideal post-Jutland type. In an article in "Brassey's Naval and Shipping Annual" on the "Washington Conference and Naval Design," Sir George Thurston, the distinguished naval architect, after declaring that "35,000 tons is not sufficient," gives as "paramount features" which must be kept in mind whether the design is the 35,000-ton "Conference" type or any other:

1. High speed.
2. Longest possible range for guns.
3. Increased rapidity of fire.
4. Improved adjustment of fire.
5. Increased deck armor against airplanes.
6. Vitals well away from sides.
7. Multiple watertight compartments.
8. Central control for shifting balance of water in flooded compartments.

Now that the "ideal battle-ship" has for the next ten years been ruled out of court by the Washington Pact, he goes on to say, all that can be done at present is to arrive at some approximate idea of what we can do with the available opportunities in armament, propelling machinery, protection, distribution of weight, and types of battle-ships. The maximum caliber of the primary gun being fixt at sixteen inches, and with "no immediate prospect of any appreciable reduction in the present weight of primary guns and mountings," notes the writer, the problem of armament involves mainly the number of 16-inch guns which can be carried on the assigned displacement. The question of whether to mount two or three such guns in one turret, he dismisses as follows:

> "There is an appreciable advantage to be gained in weight by adopting the triple mountings, for three triple-mounted barbettes can be fitted on the same weight as four twin-mounted barbettes, if total number of rounds for all guns remains constant. In view of a 12½ per cent. increase in broadside fire and a 50 per cent. increase in ahead fire in the fitting of triple-mounted primary guns in three barbettes, we may consider their adoption as inevitable."

Anti-aircraft guns would, of course, be necessary, but with the remark that battle-ship torpedoes had not the remotest influence on any naval battle in the last war, we are told that: "The fitting of torpedo equipment to either battle-ships or battle-cruisers is an entirely useless and expensive luxury." The writer apparently is not as partial to electric drive as experts in the United States, but thinks the question must, however, receive "very serious consideration" since it undoubtedly lends itself to a distribution of machinery further away from the sides of the ship and the point of underwater attack. As for armor, experience at the battle of Jutland has shown the necessity of a high percentage of protection. The maximum figure for the future battle-ship, says he, will probably be about 35 per cent., making the armor and



A FORTIFIED WASPS' NEST AT SEA

Experimental 35,000-ton heavily armored battle-ship, with almost a destroyer's speed, equipped to house and launch a swarm of scout, observation and bomb-dropping airplanes. 16-inch guns, secondary armament, and disappearing anti-aircraft guns, make her an independent fighter.

protection of the 35,000-ton battle-ship approximately 12,250 tons. Any reduction for increased speed or gun-power must be arranged for by unequal distribution of thickness over magazines, machinery, etc. So he works out the distribution of weight thus in the 35,000-ton "Conference battle-ship":

1.	Armor and protection..............	12,250 tons
2.	Hull and fittings.....................	12,600 "
3.	Equipment..........................	1,000 "
4.	Armament and propelling machinery..	9,150 "
		35,000 tons

Now the heart of this whole question lies, as may be seen by a glance at the illustrations accompanying this article, in the way in which the 9,150 tons allocated to armament and propelling machinery, and the allowance for protection are divided up. Within the terms of the Washington Pact, as indicated above, the signatories have three choices indicated by Sir George Thurston. They may construct a battle-ship with:

(A) The greatest number of large caliber guns with maximum protection and moderate speed.

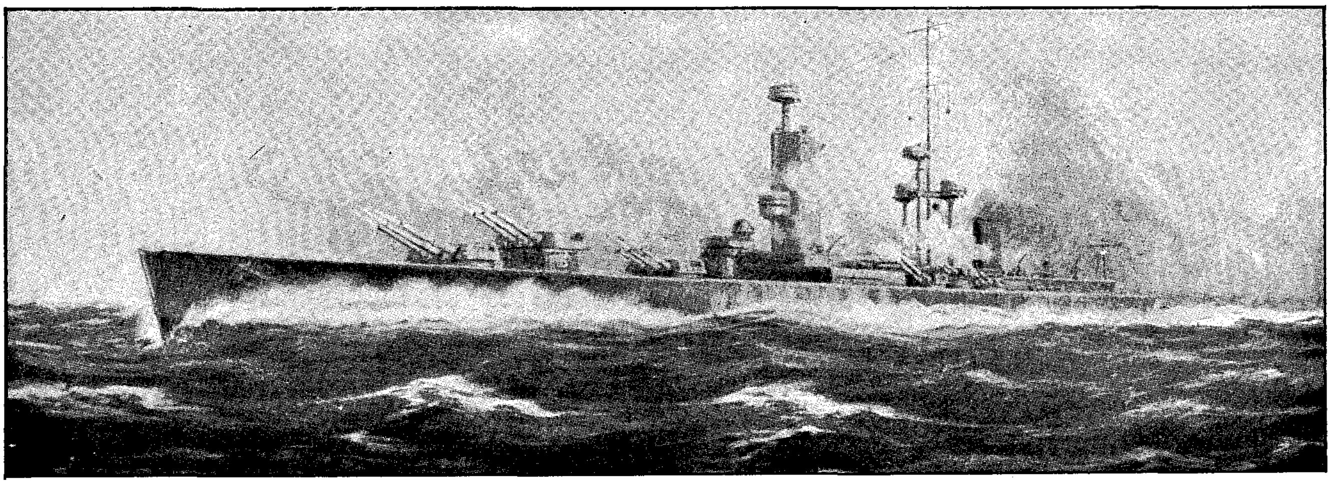
(B.) High speed with adequate armor and a restricted number of guns.

(C) High speed with maximum gun-power and much reduced armor.

As far as appearance goes, types "A" and "C" would look much alike, but type "B," as may be seen from the illustrations, by Percy Spence, would probably be a very different affair.

It is well to note, he adds, the unlikelihood for the present of any battle-ship being constructed along lines so unprotected as those of type "C." Of the remaining two types, "A" and "B," it may be added that our own *Colorado*, just completed, approximates the first, where gun-power predominates and armor-plate is heavy, and the famous British *Hood* corresponds more nearly to the second, where high speed is the important factor, adequate protection is maintained, but gun-power is somewhat reduced.

But what about the airplane? In all this, how much attention is being paid to an agency which in the last few years has destroyed battle-ship after battle-ship, striking from thousands of feet up in the sky? The "experimental" battle-ship illustrated herewith is the answer, maintains the naval architect we have been quoting. For if the only adequate protection against airplanes is airplanes, this vessel carries its own swarm of protecting wasps. Astonishing tho it may look, such a battle-ship may be constructed, we are told, within the 35,000-ton limit, with a speed exceeding 30 knots, the strongest possible deck and side armor-plate, and three 16-inch triple-mounted guns. It is, in other words, a combination airplane carrier and battle-ship, with a speed of 30 knots. As here planned, her upper deck forms two great platforms, one for the launching,



WHERE GUN-POWER PREDOMINATES

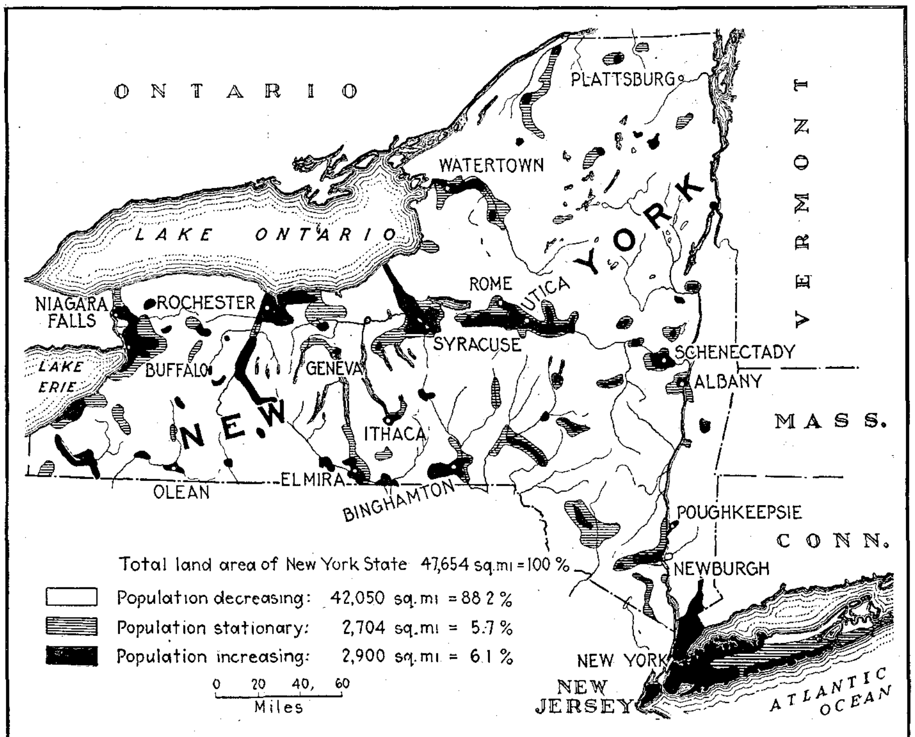
Nine 16-inch guns, the limit allowed by the "Washington Conference" besides the usual seccondary armament of 12 six-inch guns, would make this 24-knot battle-ship with her 16-inch armor-plate the last word in "wallop." Type A in the article.

and the larger for the landing of aircraft. The funnels and deck casings are gone, smoke and other products of combustion being conducted overboard through ducts swept by water from the circulating pumps. Funnels, of course, could be located on either side of the cleared deck space, if the other idea is considered too radical, but the funnel-free space is without the serious air disturbances which have hitherto made airplane landings dangerous. The lack of vibration from heat exhalation would also do away with the present main hindrance to accurate sighting of anti-aircraft guns.

This "solitary and powerful unit," says the designer, might form part of a battle fleet, or go on emergency duty alone. She would carry within her the planes necessary for scouting, gun-spotting, or torpedo and bomb-dropping. Since in the naval battles of the future, "contact with the enemy will be made in the first place by aircraft or light cruiser squadrons," thinks another writer, this strange vessel might easily "prove the determining factor in a naval action where the issue hangs in the balance."

COUNTRY DEPOPULATION AND ELECTRIC SERVICE

THE purveyors of electric current are beginning to "view with alarm" the flocking of the rural population to the cities and towns. If the country is to be a profitable consumer of electricity, the farmer must evidently use it for the production of power as well as of light. Writing in *The Electrical World* (New York), William M. Carpenter, a New York electrical engineer, calls attention to the fact that the growth of the larger cities at the expense of the rural districts creates a condition of considerable significance to central-station companies. The fact that such a trend has existed, he says, has long been commented on, bewailed or rejoiced in, according to the personal point of view of the investigator. He goes on:



TREND OF POPULATION IN NEW YORK STATE

"To the electric plant in the city it means further development and extension; to the distributing company in the country it points out a field, still for the most part untouched, where, with favorable service and an equitable rate structure, the electric industry can be a real benefactor to the country.

"Comparison between the figures for the census of 1920 and those for 1910 shows how acute this situation has become in New York State. The trend of the population is graphically shown on the map, upon which the heavily shaded area represents the territory where the population is increasing, the lightly shaded area that where the population is stationary and the unshaded part that where the population is decreasing. With the exception of the vicinity of New York City and the territory immediately east of Rochester, every increase in population represents the results of industrial development. Upon 88 per cent. of the area of the State the people are leaving to crowd into the cities, representing only 6 per cent. of the total area, and the remaining 6 per cent. is barely holding its own. While the map shows the tendencies in 1920, the reports of the Department of Agriculture and of the various farm bureaus all show that the cityward movement has actually accelerated since that date, and as the result of the present limitations upon immigration this tendency may be expected to increase still further.

"Unless we are willing to face the possibilities of the recasting of our entire industrial structure, it will soon become the obligation of the community to check to the best of its ability the depletion not only of the rural districts but also of the smaller towns, and to stem in some way the tide of cityward migration. Rural life must be made as attractive as possible, even if it is made so at some expense to the urban communities, and this offers to the electric companies a real opportunity, not only as a matter of duty to the people, but also as an actual business proposition. The dearth of help—of the hired man and of the hired girl—which is one of the principal sources of dissatisfaction with farm life can to a large extent be offset as it has been in the city—by the installation of electrical appliances and by the increased use of electricity. That this has proved to be effective in the villages can be seen from the fact that of the 494 incorporated villages of the State 387 are served by electricity and 107 are not. Of those served, 65 per cent. show a gain in inhabitants during the preceding decade and 35 per cent. a loss, while of those not so served 86 per cent. report a decrease in population and 14 per cent. a slight increase.

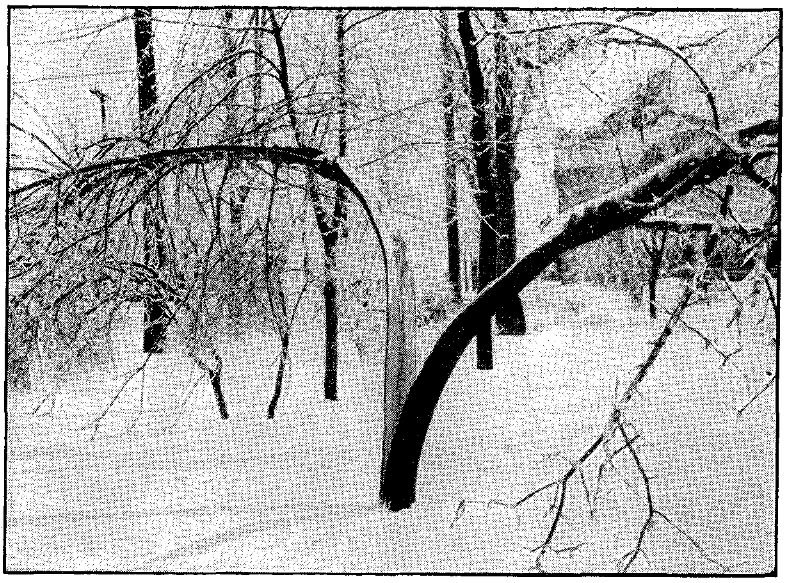
"Altho it does not appear to be either economical or advisable for the farmer to use electric service for larger power purposes (such as wood-sawing, ensilage-cutting or feed-grinding), where the gasoline tractor can be more advantageously employed, nevertheless there still remains an attractive field for power for pumping, for milking machines and for various small utility motors. In making electricity available for lighting and for household appliances, the ways and means for making extensions into country districts must be developed so as neither to become an unjust burden upon the users of the service nor to entail discrepancies in the charges in the same neighborhood."

LEARNING WHILE YOU SLEEP—Two medical officers have been assigned by the Navy to make a scientific investigation of the problem of how radio students learn while asleep, it was announced recently at the Bureau of Aeronautics of the United States Navy Department, according to Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington). We read:

"Success in training wireless operators by the 'sleep' method at the Naval Air Station at Pensacola, Florida, has led the Navy to recognize the importance of this new departure from standard methods, officials state. The method used at the Pensacola station is to attach receivers to the students' ears just before dozing off, and send continuous messages, at a moderately fast rate of speed to them as they go to sleep. A very marked and consistent improvement has been shown in the cases of backward students who have been instructed by this method. Students with more aptitude have also been benefited by the system, and they have been able to acquire the necessary ability in a much shorter time than usual. Psychologists have frequently noted similar results in other fields of learning."

TREES IN AN ICE-STORM

MARK TWAIN'S description of an ice-storm, taken from an after-dinner speech on "Connecticut weather," is one of the best things he ever did. These supremely beautiful, but frequently disastrous, spectacles are not limited to New England, but occur throughout the northern part of the United States. During a bad one in Wisconsin last year, Professor Walter E. Rogers, of Lawrence College, took occasion to observe the effect of the overload of ice on trees of various kinds, and he has published the results in *The Wisconsin Magazine* (Madison). This may be considered the botanists' reaction to an ice-storm, as Mark Twain's dithyrambics represented the poet's. His conclusions regarding the kinds of trees that best resist the rending force of their icy load deserve careful study by those who are selecting trees for street-planting in northern cities and towns. Writes Professor Rogers:



Photographs by courtesy of Professor Walter E. Rogers, Lawrence College, Wisconsin

EQUAL FORKS ARE A PERIL IN AN ICE-STORM

For instance, this fine young ash, which forked eight feet from the ground, was split from crotch to base in last year's ice-storm.

"The early months of 1922 will long be remembered in the Great Lakes States on account of the number and severity of the ice-storms which visited this region. The first of these storms descended upon central Wisconsin on the twenty-first of February. By the next morning everything out-of-doors was encased in ice. The twigs had increased in thickness four- or five-fold, and already the branches drooped heavily.

"But this was only the beginning of the storm. Steadily the light rain descended, and gradually the crust on the trees grew thicker, until the limbs sagged to the point of breaking, and the more flexible trunks were bent like drawn bows. All day the rain continued, and the rifle-like reports of branches snapping off, and the staccato of limbs ripping from their trunks, rang through the frozen aisles of city streets and the now overarched areas of park and woodland, while the crash and roar of the broken parts as they struck the earth was like thunder.

"By nightfall the accumulation of limbs, with their coatings of ice, had made many streets impassable, and not a few householders were under the necessity of taking axes and chopping a way out of their homes.

"The next morning the sun looked down on a scene of fascinating and terrible beauty. It was as tho every object had been cast in crystal. The fearful havoc and destruction served only to augment, by way of contrast, the impression of the beautiful.

"There was now opportunity for more careful study of the effect of the storm on the trees. Some had weathered the trial without damage; others had suffered almost complete destruction.

"Among the heaviest sufferers were the soft maples. The majority of these showed the loss of considerable portions of their tops, and only a rare few altogether escaped harm. Usually the limbs had broken completely out of the trees, leaving jagged stubs or great, gaping wounds.

"Bending before the storm, but without breaking, the willows on the river-front had rested their heads on the ice and there were frozen fast. The basswoods were hard hit. Some of the heaviest accumulations of ice were found on these trees, individual twigs being increased in diameter many times.

"The Lombard poplars were completely robbed of their fine lines, and stood stript to bare skeletons. Their relatives, the cottonwoods, stately giants of the poplar family, suffered much the same fate, and after the storm displayed lines almost as severe as those of a flagpole. The stems of these trees are soft and brittle, and break away from their main axes under very little pressure.

"Strangely enough, the balsam poplars suffered little. Standing sentinel along the bank of the Fox, a row of these trees neither bowed their heads nor dropt their arms, but with backs to the storm had remained apparently oblivious to the vigorous assault which was being made upon their kind.

"Ranking with the maples and the cottonwoods were the white elms. Tho the wood is almost unrivaled for toughness, the trunk of the elm deliquesces into a number of secondary axes, and these extend strongly upward and outward, often being pendent in their terminal portions. This habit of growth, while giving to the elm a vase-like form much prized for street planting, produces a tree peculiarly ill adapted for bearing excessive weight. Because of their peculiar branching habit, the elms broke down in large numbers.

"At the other extreme in the matter of storm resistance stood the common conifers.

"The pines were almost solidly encased in ice which had formed on the needles, until many of them were bearing ninety times their original weight. In spite of this, the load was easily carried, for symmetry made it possible for the extra weight to be centered over the main axis of the tree.

"The flexible white cedars bent strongly under their burden of ice. Every individual of a row in a public park bowed to the north star. Most of the ice accumulation was on the side which normally faced the south. But the first ice deposited by the storm was on the north, and it was toward this side, which first became weighted, that the stems began to incline. Once started downward, the addition of weight on any side resulted only in further bending in the original direction. The cedars inclined until their tips became captive in the ice on the ground, and in this position they remained for ten days, until they were dug out by the park keeper.

THE ELM IS AN EASY VICTIM

It was typical along almost any avenue in the storm area to see a giant elm with the most of its limbs shattered and hanging downward, mute evidence to the fact that nature's test had been too severe.

"The spruces, like the pines, remained rigidly erect through it all. Other trees reacted to the storm in various ways, each after its kind. The two hornbeams bore their loads well, but in somewhat different fashions. Failing altogether to live up to its reputation as a weak tree, the mulberry bent without much breakage, and presenting the most graceful lines, was one of the showiest trees after the storm.

RESISTANCE TO ICE-STORMS A MATTER OF SHAPE

A group of spruces growing together with an elm offered a striking example of the different effect of the storm on two types of plant body, the excurrent and the deliquescent The spruces with their straight, stiff trunks were unharmed; the elm with its wide-spreading branches was a sad casualty.

"Of the larger deciduous trees, the oaks resisted best. The red oaks lost their weaker branches, but the stout bur oaks maintained themselves practically intact. The white oaks presented an unusual case. Many of these trees hold hundreds of their leaves throughout the winter. It was found that the ice-layer on one of these leaves, picked at random, was almost a half inch thick. In spite of these peculiar conditions the white oaks suffered little damage.

"The hawthorns presented another illustration of the advantage of conical form over vase form. The wide-topped trees found themselves at the same disadvantage as the elms, while those with wide bases and narrow tops largely escaped harm.

"Most striking of all the storm-ridden trees were the birches. Lithe and graceful, these white barking nymphs of the woods bowed their slender, catkin-tipped branches until their very tops were spread on the earth. But even this concession to the forces of the storm was not enough to save all of them. The ice piled up on twig and limb until trunk after trunk crumpled at the middle or snapt in two. Fortunately, those that survived actual breakage are capable of righting themselves in time."

Several generalizations were arrived at by Professor Rogers from studies of the storm. Among the deciduous trees the big-twigged species as a rule suffered less than the finer twigged kinds. The catalpas and butternuts were conspicuous examples of storm-resistant trees. Both kinds of trees produce large twigs in limited numbers. An exception to the generalization was seen in the big-twigged hickories. The hickories are so celebrated for their toughness that it was hard to believe they could be broken by the weight of the ice, yet the professor's camera records shagbarks, four to ten inches in diameter, shattered at the middle. Doubtless the wind played a large part here. Professor Rogers concludes:

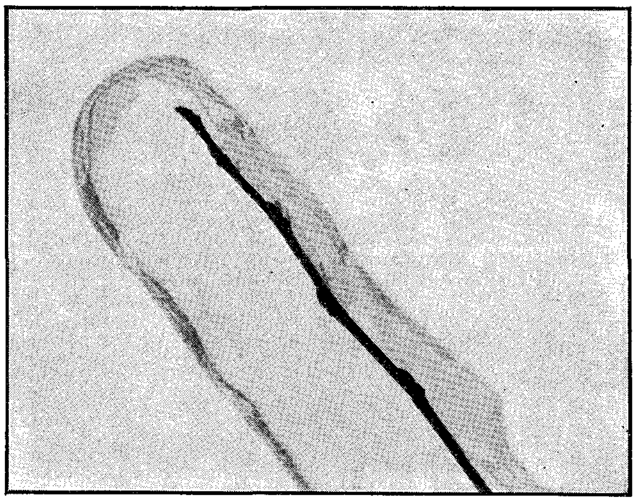
"Another general rule was that young trees resisted the ice-storm better than older trees. On an avenue lined on one side with mature maples and on the other with saplings, not a twig was lost by the young trees, while the older row was badly wrecked.

"In conclusion, the effects of the storm which were immediately apparent were very considerable. But great as they were, more serious results may follow in later years. Every wound provides an entrance for the organisms of decay into the heart of the tree, and only time will tell whether, in the life history of the individual, the greater damage is yet to come."

DINOSAUR EGGS UNEARTHED IN THE GOBI DESERT

DISCOVERY OF SMALL FOSSIL EGGS of the huge dinosaurs, which millions of years ago splashed through the tropical swamps where the bleak badlands of the Gobi Desert of Mongolia now lie, is hailed by scientists here as important, but not surprizing, says Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington). We read:

"While eagerly awaiting more complete details of the find made by the Third Asiatic Expedition of the American Museum of Natural History, they point out that all reptiles are hatched from eggs, and that it has always been held that the prehistoric giant reptiles were no exception to this rule. It is just by the rarest luck that eggs of fossil creatures are ever found, Dr. J. W. Gidley, vertebrate paleontologist of the U. S. National Museum, said in explaining why no such eggs had ever been found among dinosaur remains in this country. Bones may be preserved by merely becoming buried, but the more fragile egg is not so easily fossilized. It should be remembered that eggs are over ninety per cent. water, and water does not petrify. Fossil bird-eggs have been found, however, he said, and in most such cases the egg-shells had been cracked, allowing material to sift into the egg, or the egg had formed a cast for the accumulating mineral matter. It is possible, but not probable, that embryos of the prehistoric reptiles may be found in fossilized eggs. Dr. Leonard Stejneger, biologist and reptile specialist, pointed out that all reptiles are hatched from eggs. Whether this hatching takes place outside the body or inside is merely a matter of time. In the case of the rattlesnake, for instance, the young sometimes leave the egg while still within the mother's body, sometimes they are hatched from the eggs outside the body, and in still other cases both these methods of birth occur. Commenting on the connection shown by the dinosaurs unearthed in Asia with those of America, and the indications of a land bridge between the two continents at some remote time, Dr. Stejneger stated that there are little lizards living to-day in the United States which can not be told from species found in China; and that while there are animals here which are not found in Asia, and animals in Asia not found in America, there are abundant numbers of other kinds of animals common to both continents, and evidently of a common origin."



A TWIG THAT WASN'T BENT

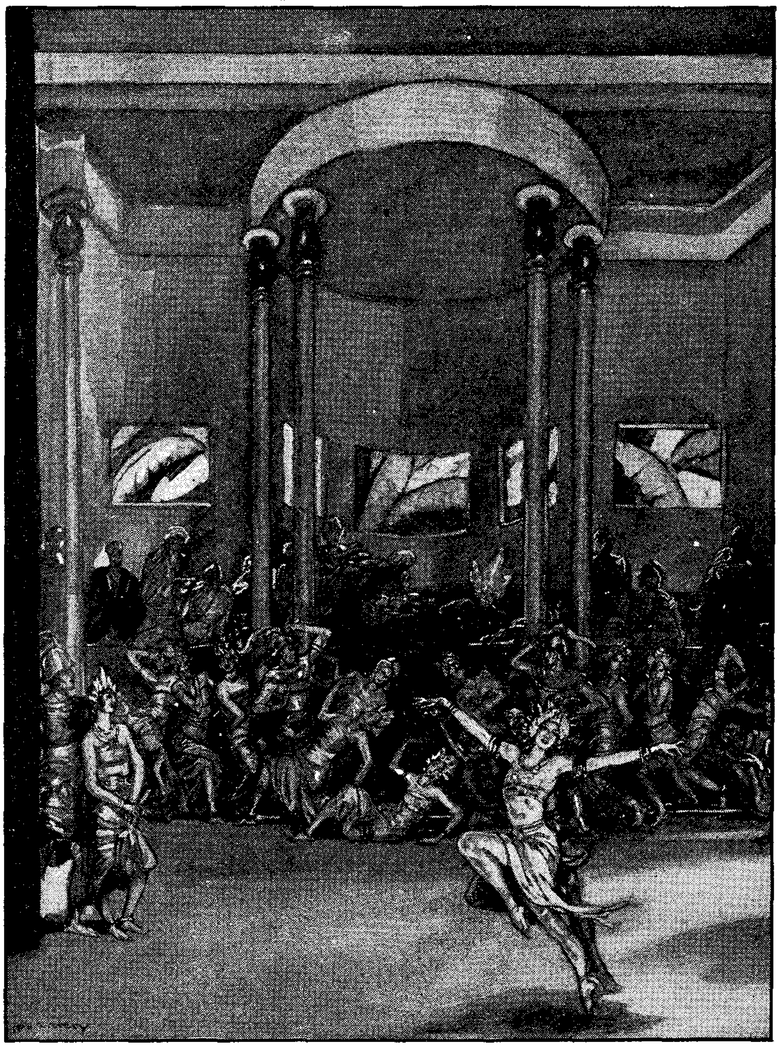
This elm twig had accomplished the prodigious feat of increasing its weight over a hundred times in the short space of three days. Practically all its growth had taken place on one side—that which faced the wind during the storm.

LETTERS - AND - ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

BUDDHIST ART BROUGHT TO LIFE BY PAVLOWA

IT WAS ISADORA DUNCAN who first brought back the dancing art of Greece from her study of the figures painted on vases and urns. Anna Pavlowa, the favorite Russian dancer, has returned for another American tour, and brought a souvenir of her recent visit to the Orient, called "Ajanta's Frescoes." This work brings to life the figures on the walls of the cave-temples in the little Indian village of the Diccan, not far from the famous battle-field of Assaye, where Wellington defeated the Mahrattas in 1803. It is in the territories of the Nizam of Hyderabad, nearly three hundred miles from Bombay. Isadora Duncan gave bodiment to the idea that man's imaginative creations can have a life of their own, and this idea has been at the root of many of the modern ballets displayed by the various Russian companies. Pavlowa's new work represents the figures in the frescoes springing into activity and dancing while the worshipers in the temple are asleep. "The tableaux and the costumes are derived from actual sketches of the frescoes," says the London *Times*, "and the scene culminates in the departure of Gautama from the riot of his court to seek the higher life." The archeological interest of such a ballet moved Sir John Marshall, Director-General of Archeology in India, to write at some length of these cave-temples as the "cradle of Indian art." In *The Illustrated London News* we read:



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FAR EASTERN IMPRESSIONS

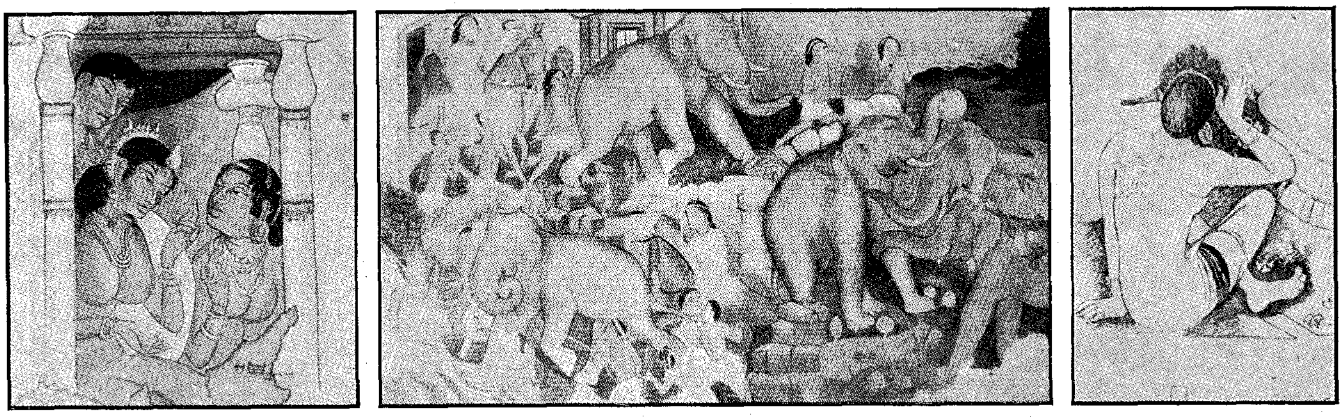
Taking the paintings on the walls of the temples at Ajanta, Pavlowa has created a ballet dealing with the life of Gautama. Drawing by Steven Spurrier.

"In the hills of Western and Central India there are hundreds of such cave-temples, ranging in date from the third century B.C. to the thirteenth century A.D., some excavated by the Buddhists, others by the Jains, others by the Hindus; but it is only in three places that the magnificent tempera paintings (not frescoes, as they are generally called) which once covered their walls and ceilings have been preserved. One of these places is Sigiri in Ceylon, another is Bagh, in Gwalior State, and the third is Ajanta; but of these three Ajanta possesses incomparably the most extensive and finest series of paintings.

"That the pictures have suffered much at the hand of time goes without saying; yet, in spite of their mutilations, they are still one of the 'Wonders of the East.' Few things are more impressive than the interior of one of these halls at Ajanta, seen toward the close of a winter's afternoon. All day long it has lain in shadow, but about four o'clock the sun comes round the shoulder of the hill opposite, and slowly the figures emerge from the gloom, one by one taking definition of form and feature, and kindling color after color under the touch of the warm and glowing sunlight. Unlike the frescoes in the Sistine Chapel, the Ajanta paintings are not the work of a single artist, nor are they homogeneous in their design. They have been executed by many hands and at different times—the gifts of donors who gave according to their means. Some occupy only a few square feet of wall-space, others by their side are five or ten or twenty times as large. Some are masterpieces in style and execution; others are the stiff and stilted efforts of indifferent artists. Yet, in spite of their diversity of size and their varying age and excellence, there is a remarkable unity in their general effect; for all the artists of Ajanta followed the same traditional methods in their drawing, and observed the same restraint and reticence in their coloring and tones. Their palette was, indeed, a very restricted one, no more than half-a-dozen colors, with a warm earth tint as the basis of the color scheme. But what they lacked in color they more than made up by their variation of tones, by their virile, expressive drawing, and their masterly compositions. In these paintings there was no affectation, no striving after meretricious effects. Centuries of experience had taught the artists that in line-drawing and silhouette lay the secret of true mural painting, and they brought their drawing to a pitch of excellence that has seldom been equaled."

Many of the scenes represent stately processions, royal audiences, or court ceremonies, all relating to Buddhism, and the story they tell is the story of Gautama Buddha, the founder of the religion. Thus—

"Many tell of his previous existences—these are the *Jatakas*, or 'Birth stories,' as they are called—when from age to age he



SIXTH CENTURY FRESCOES AT AJANTA WHICH FURNISH INSPIRATIONS FOR A NEW PAVLOWA BALLET

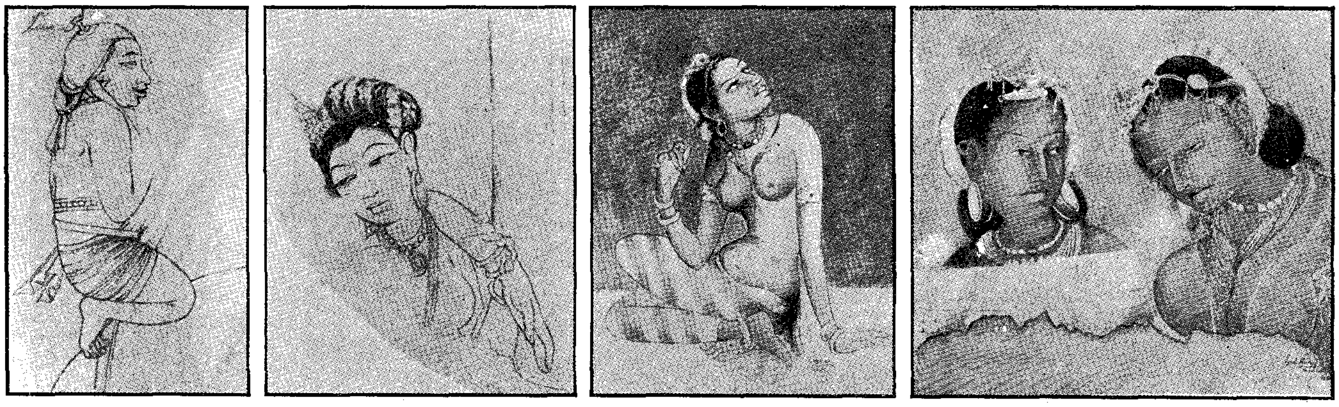
> appeared on earth in different forms. Others tell of his last life when he came to show mankind the way of salvation; of Maya, his mother, who died at his birth; of his childhood and of his youth, spent in luxury at the palace of his father, a chieftain on the borders of Nepal; of how he left his family and renounced the world; of the steps by which he became the Buddha; of his Enlightenment beneath the Bo tree; of his first sermon at Benares; of his many subsequent trials, his miracles and his death. The scenes are portrayed, as they are portrayed also on the column of Trajan at Rome, with such simplicity and directness that the most illiterate could understand their meaning. But in other ways they are astonishingly elaborate, and afford a magnificent repertoire of life as it was lived in India thirteen or fourteen hundred years ago. Princes and peasants, courtiers and hermits, warriors and hunters—men, women and children of every rank and degree—all are there: all moving against a background as varied almost as the figures themselves. Here a palace, there a street scene, or a city gateway; here a stately temple, there a quiet secluded garden, or the depth of some primeval jungle."

A few of the pictures go back to the beginning of the Christian era; others are more modern by five or six hundred years, but "their evolution on Indian soil is clear and the style of their painting and their motifs correspond exactly with those of the sister art of sculpture." Sir John makes some interesting comments on the semi-parallel of Italian art:

> "But tho the artists were Indians, and the scenes that they depicted were Buddhist, there is no reason to suppose that they themselves were monks. Certainly their pictures have little in common with those of a Fra Angelico or a Fra Bartolommeo. Much stress has been laid on the spirituality of these paintings, and it is unquestionably true that the spiritual beauty of some of the figures has rarely, if ever, been surpassed; but the painters of Ajanta were no visionaries. They knew the world, and they rejoiced in it. Probably they came of families who, generation after generation, had made painting a profession, and were equally ready to accept a commission for a palace or a monastery. Whoever they were, their work exhibits a great *joie de vivre*. They loved the beauty of flower and leaf, the brightness of birds, the strength and grace of the beasts of the jungle. Still more they loved the humanity around them. They copied their figures from the living model, they posed them in a thousand attitudes, and they reveled in the loveliness of their features and in the flowing curves of their forms. They reveled, too, in the decorative beauty of jeweled ornaments and armor, with which their figures were adorned.
>
> "The supreme importance of these Ajanta paintings in the history of the world's art is self-evident. They stand in much the same relation to the art of Central and Further Asia that the sculptures of the Parthenon do to the art of Southern Europe. They represent the source and fountain-head of the deep, broad stream of art which flowed from India eastward in the wake of Buddhism, and profoundly influenced the art of Burma, Siam and Java on the one hand, of Central Asia, China and Japan on the other. But there is another aspect of these paintings which invests them with a special interest for the European, for the forces which gave birth to this classic art are the same forces which had given birth to the classic art of ancient Greece, and which were destined later to give birth to Renaissance art in Italy and Spain. These forces were mainly racial. In India, as in Greece, the pre-Aryan population had a remarkable genius for decorative art, but little of the intellectual and humanistic qualities which distinguished their Aryan conquerors. It was not until the two races mingled together and produced a new stock that the inborn artistry of the older people came under the control of conscious reason and was raised on to the higher plane of humanism and intellectuality, which are the keynotes of art in the golden age of India as they are in the golden age of Greece. It is these qualities that give to the Ajanta paintings their 'classical' character."

The theme, by some critics, is regarded as beyond the interpretative possibility of the ballet; the writer in London *Truth* is somewhat skeptical:

> "The Indian ballet, 'Ajanta's Frescoes,' is in three tableaux, representative of the Ajanta temple, entrance and interior, and the interior of a palace of Prince Gautama. The famous Buddhist rock sculptures are well suggested, but the ballet itself is not particularly interesting. The renunciation of Prince Gautama seems more like the Prince's walking in his sleep out of his palace after a heavy banquet than a spiritual act of great significance. The art of the ballet is not yet equal to tackling such themes."



TEMPERA PAINTINGS ON THE WALLS OF BUDDHIST CAVE-TEMPLES IN INDIA

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THE BLIGHT OF OUR MAGAZINES

A HEAVY HAND WAS LAID on the development of our national literature by the traditions fostered by the magazines. "If it took a hundred and fifty years to free our verse from the nightingale and the lark, it took even longer to free our literature from English forms and modes of expression." An old magazine man, not one of the youthful insurgents, declares it, no doubt giving delight to his younger brethren in such a further statement as this: "Even within the narrow limits of our models we circumscribed ourselves still more by a moral rigidity even straiter than that of England and by a superficial propriety of speech all our own." Mr. L. Frank Tooker, for many years connected with the editorial staff of *The Century*, is now reviewing the past of that magazine, and he writes with complete detachment, no longer forming a part of the magazine's staff. It was our early magazines, he says, which "considered themselves the upholders and guardians of the national conceptions of morality and good form, and tho they were desirous of amusing and instructing their readers, they would amuse them without bringing a blush to the cheek of modesty and instruct them in such fashion as to strengthen their conviction of the rightness of the world in which they found themselves." If this is not enough as a negative comment, Mr. Tooker follows with something as positive as the assertion that "in the last ten years there have come forth from that new pioneer region, the East Side of New York, more genuine literary sincerity and dramatic integrity than the first hundred years of American magazine writers gave to the world." In the September *Century*, where Mr. Tooker begins, his compliments are paid to the early *Atlantic* and *Harper's*:

> "Gradually *The Atlantic* and *Harper's* became, with the wearing away of their rivals, the two chief forces in the magazine world. In a way they were typical of the communities they represented—Boston, popularly recognized as the point on the western continent most open to every intellectual wind that blew in from Europe; and New York, whose indwelling spirit was wholly of the material world. But *Harper's* was widely read, and *The Atlantic* was not. The reprints of the work of the chief novelists of England alone would have accounted for this, but *Harper's* was also illustrated. Even the irrelevant steel-engravings of *Godey's* had pleased, stirring in thousands of uncritical minds the awakening spirit of decoration that knew no higher expression than the antimacassar; but the illustrations of *Harper's* did more, crude as they were. It is the instinct of mankind to be pleased with symbols, and all readers visualize with their own mental pictures the actors and scenes depicted on the printed page. A wider inclusion of illustrations in the magazines gave great satisfaction, therefore. They gave pleasure when they satisfied the reader; when they failed, they at least gave him a comforting assurance of his own greater taste and discernment. When the use of illustrations was publicly advocated for *The Atlantic*, the horrified outcry that arose from Boston, and the continued refusal of the magazine to make the change, served to localize the adverse opinion as a typical Bostonian assumption of superior intelligence and culture. To the outer world of darkness it was as delightfully illogical as that other fetish of the neighborhood, where the use of the word 'yard' at Cambridge, in distinction to the 'campus' of more barbaric college communities, carried with it the same easy assurance of superior understanding and culture."

It was at this stage that the new face appeared, *The Century*, which in its first years bore the name of *Scribner's Monthly*. November, 1870, was its birth month, and Dr. J. G. Holland its first editor. "As a poet of narrative verse and essays of a moral nature he was widely read in America, and as a popular lecturer he had likewise become a familiar figure to hosts of his admirers." The *Century's* first number:

> "It would be pleasant to say that into the company of these drab-clothed sisters of the magazine world *The Century* (born *Scribner's*) came like a bridge. It was certainly more interesting at the first hasty glance, for its type was larger and better than that of either, and its illustrations were less casual than those of *Harper's*.
>
> "It had opened with an illustrated seventeen-page poem called 'Jeremy Train—His Drive,' written, as the table of contents disclosed, by 'An Old Fellow,' tho the reader must have guessed from the first that Dr. Holland himself was the author. It had his flowing narrative style and his ready application of the belief in the good that comes from a thwarted evil. An illustrated article on 'The Bottom of the Sea' had followed, and this in turn was succeeded by another illustrated contribution entitled, 'A Day with Dr. Brooks,' an account of the New York Juvenile Asylum. *The Century* has never called itself a strictly literary magazine, and this, its first entrance into welfare work, was an earnest of the wide interest it was later to take in that field. Typical, too, was the next serious article, the first of a two-part criticism of 'The Bondage of the Pulpit.' A short appreciation of 'The Writings of George Macdonald' by Samuel W. Duffield served as an introduction to Macdonald's serial story that began in the same number; for despite the new magazine's avowed Americanism, it had apparently been compelled to call upon the Scotchman for its first novel. The first instalment of a colorless three-part serial, by Rebecca Harding Davis, a short story, by I. I. Hayes, and two short poems, completed the contributed portion. 'Topics of the Time,' 'Books and Authors Abroad,' and 'Books and Authors at Home' made up the editorial departments. The fiction was colorless, and all that can be said of the verse is that it was less lugubrious than that of *Harper's* and less sentimental than that of *The Atlantic*."

As an organ of opinion *The Century*, under Dr. Holland, is described by Mr. Tooker in the October number:

> "Purity of life, temperance, good manners (one can imagine how a puritan would discuss the last subject, and especially a puritan who distrusted the outward polish of the French as merely the effort of the lacquer-brush to cover the evil intention), Thanksgiving, Christmas, the new German Emperor (another militant Protestant, and therefore in high favor), the rascals of Wall Street, the death of Lord Lytton (I have never read of an erring mortal being more ignominiously kicked out of the back door of life), the free-church problem, the infallibility of the pope, the popular capacity for scandal—all these themes marched truculently and uncompromisingly through his pages with the stern indifference to the possible loss of subscribers that no editor of a popular magazine of to-day would dream of imitating. But the significant thing in the restraint of the modern editor is not that he lacks the courage, but that he no longer cares for the same problems. And his audience no longer cares. Whether for better or worse, fifty years have changed us vastly.
>
> "But fifty years ago! Devout and circumscribed as Dr. Holland appears in our latter-day eyes, he was still not regular enough for certain theologically minded persons of his own period. The magazine was only three years old when we find in the leading 'Topic' of the month this quotation from *The Watchman and Reflector*, a religious journal published in Boston:
>
> "'There is a wide-spread feeling that there has been a breach of trust in the management of that magazine [*Scribner's*]. We do not call in question Dr. Holland's piety, or the soundness of his own faith. If his religious experience is like that of Arthur Bonnicastle [the leading character in Dr. Holland's own novel of that name, which had just completed its course in the magazine], it appears to us genuine, but not normal. Neither is Dr. Bradford the typical Christian. Nor are the Rev. Messrs. Grimshaw, Bedlow and Mullens fair samples of our ministers. And Augustus Blauvelt's theory is not that of the Christian Church. The Magazine, then, has betrayed its trust. One thing is clear to a vast number of those who subscribed to *Scribner's* at the beginning of 1873, or earlier, under the impression that it was true to the faith of the evangelical churches—they have been disappointed, if not deceived. They have a right to demand a change in the management of it, and that there should be placed upon its staff at least one man in whom the churches have confidence; *addictus jurare in verba* MAGISTRI. There will otherwise be a stampede at the close of the year, and there ought to be.'
>
> "And how valiantly Dr. Holland returned to the attack! And how he pierced the armor of *The Watchman and Reflector*, and bore its metaphorical head away on his pike! But can any one imagine any correspondent of a religious journal of to-day threatening *The Century Magazine* or *Harper's* with the loss of hosts of subscribers if it does not dismiss its editor for being untrue to the faith of the evangelical churches? It would be easier to picture the bewilderment of modern-day subscribers if asked what the evangelical churches are. I am not certain that the editors can tell."

BLASTS FROM LITERARY CHICAGO

CHICAGO LITERARY ENTHUSIASMS appear to get on the nerves of some of the Eastern columnists. The latter are inclined to find our Mid-Western brethren just a bit jejune—perhaps because New York always stands in fear of the same judgment from London. A book which offers Eastern readers "enthusiasm that inflates itself to fanatic zeal" is Harry Hansen's "Midwest Portraits." To F. P. A., waving banners from "The Conning Tower" (New York *World*), "it seems windy and gusty instead of breezy." Mr. Hansen's sitters are Sherwood Anderson, Carl Sandburg and Edgar Lee Masters, known over a wide stretch beyond Chicago, and Ben Hecht, Wallace Smith, Lew Sarett, Gene Markey and Keith Preston, who must still await this wider audience. That they are confident of achieving it seems implied in such of Mr. Hansen's judgments as that Ben Hecht is "more forceful and effective" than Dostoievsky "in depicting human misery." The book's "rash critical judgments" are pointed out by Allen Nevins in the New York *Evening Post*, who also admits that "the volume contains lifelike portraits of clear-cut personalities, and a mass of biographical matter that will be invaluable to blurb writers and valuable to literary historians." But is there not excessive zeal?

> "These Chicago writers actually know life in the raw. To compare the equipment of experience possest by Sandburg, Anderson and Masters with that of some of our urbane Eastern authors is illuminating. Sandburg was born on the prairies, close to Galesburg, his father a railroad blacksmith. Early thrown on his resources, he made a living by driving a milk-wagon, blacking boots in a barber-shop, working in a brickyard, and beating his way West from town to town to harvest wheat, paint stoves, or do carpentry. Service in the Spanish-American War threw him into college, and college into newspaper work. Sherwood Anderson's father ran a harness-shop in an Ohio village, and his mother died before forty of poverty and overwork. Anderson as a youth was employed in factories and drifted about during four years as a common laborer in Chicago, until he also was given higher ambitions by service in Cuba. Masters was an Illinois country boy who entered Knox College in Galesburg at about the time that Sandburg began driving his milk-wagon there. He wrote the 'Spoon River Anthology,' we are told, in moments snatched from fighting injunctions against a waitresses' union striving for one day's rest a week, battling from court to court for compensation to a crippled railway engineer, and similar law cases. Lew Sarett, increasingly known as a poet of the North Woods and the Indian, rose from the grimmest slum poverty in Chicago.
>
> "All of these men wrote because they had to; not because it was fashionable; not because—the reason often operative with Ben Hecht—they had an attack of word-flux. While he was toiling daily as manager of a paint factory in Ohio, Sherwood Anderson had made his first attempt at fiction. The growth of this creative impulse made him break away abruptly from his job. As Mr. Hansen tells the story, he was dictating a business letter one day when it occurred to him that unless he stopt at once he would go on forever in the same treadmill. He halted, turned to the stenographer, said 'I am walking in the bed of a river,' and, seizing his hat, left the building. Every one thought him seized by a fit of madness, and before the truth was generally known he was in Chicago, giving all the time he could afford to his pen. . .
>
> "Carl Sandburg was planning to write while he was still hustling milk-cans. But what made him determined to write was the sight of suffering labor in its unequal battle. Scrawny child-workers in a New Jersey glass plant, paid $2 a week, inspired some of his earliest verse. When 'Chicago Poems' first gave him a considerable reputation, Amy Lowell was offended by the bitterness in such poems as 'The Right to Grief,' dealing with the death of a child in the home of a hunky paid $1.70 a day to sweep blood off the stockyard floors. We may say what we will of the crudeness and faultiness of Sandburg's free verse and Anderson's oversexed fiction. But there is a power in it that arises from drastic sincerity.
>
> "Molded diversely by life, not uniformly by colleges and books, the Chicago writers still have as much homogeneity as we need expect in a literary group."

It is their pride that they wrested their training from adverse circumstances, and their discoveries naturally loomed in heroic proportions. But "there are whole patches of enthusiasm in this book" that leave Mr. Nevins "cold."

> "Among them is the treatment of the noise made by Burton Rascoe and Ben Hecht when they discovered Huysmans and De Gourmont and James Joyce. Did that really mean so much to Chicago culture? We doubt if the *Little Review*, or the Little Theater with its representation of exotic playlets, were half as important as they appear here. H. B. Sells's tub-thumping book page in the *Daily News* always struck us as a rather sorry substitute for a real vehicle of book criticism in Chicago. But Mr. Hansen shows that there has been a genuine and vivid literary movement in Chicago, and that enthusiasm and comradeship have played a considerable part in developing it. What it mainly needs now is criticism—criticism on the spot as well as from the less important parts of the English-reading world."

Mr. Adams, also, is not averse from a little effort to teach these breezy Chicagoans "to moderate their transports":

> "There is little enough enthusiasm in the world, and if Mr. Hansen delights to honor with his hero-worship the literary crowd that lunches at Schlogl's, Chicago, his adulation is preferable to the too temperate, overqualified criticism there is so much of. Carl Sandburg, Sherwood Anderson and Ben Hecht engaged much of his attention; earnest workers all, but, our guess is, taking themselves even more seriously than they do their work.
>
> "Who reads Carl Sandburg?" asks Mr. Hansen, and tries to answer it. There is no doubt that Sandburg is a forceful and fascinating person, and that those who hear him read from his poems and sing American folk songs, like 'Frankie and Johnny,' to a guitar obbligato, find this out. They want to read Sandburg's poems. They do read them. But we hold with Professor Stuart P. Sherman, who says Sandburg's stuff is not read or even known by the masses whose songs he sings and whose sufferings affect him so deeply. He writes about the downtrodden for the sophisticated armchair readers of poetry. Partly true, but not wholly just, Mr. Hansen thinks this criticism is. 'He writes,' he says, 'for . . . youngsters in colleges and for men in offices to whom tradition is nothing more than a name, for men behind prison walls, for professors of English who are classicists at heart, for bookkeepers, for stenographers, for advertising men who don't know Byron and can't get Shelley, and to whom Eddie Guest is "sob stuff."' Mr. Hansen goes on to prove this. We believe him. But we doubt whether there are many verse-writers this isn't true of. Walt Mason, Edwin Arlington Robinson and Edna Millay undoubtedly get letters from persons in all the classifications named by Mr. Hansen. And yet we, as an Inquisitive Reporter, asked five persons: a dramatic critic, an editorial writer, a book critic, and two young women, both interested, they say, in poetry, and one of them a writer of it. Not one of them had read any Sandburg, to their recollection. Not one of them could name a poem or a book of his."

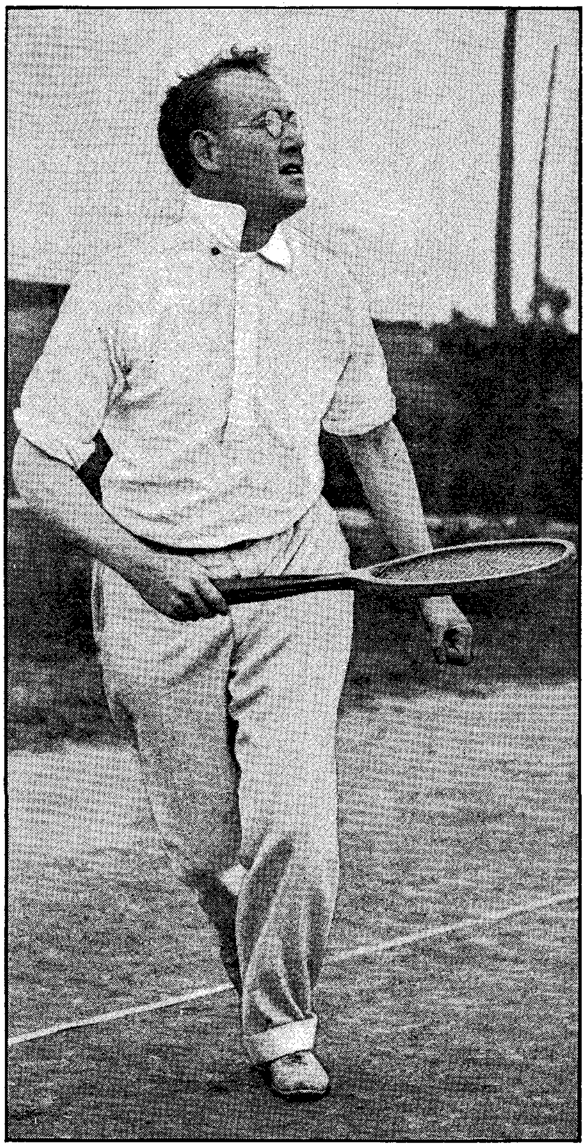
Mr. Laurence Stallings of *The World* takes the Chicagoans and their historian a little more lightly, and interprets Mr. Hansen as one who should have begun his task by saying "Well, boys, this is where friendship ceases. Cut the cards." Then we read:

> "Harry Hansen at his post of critic on the Chicago *Daily News* has passed the better part of his days among the badmen of Chicago's writing settlements. Many a time when some new writer had been described solitary upon the horizon, he has emerged from under the bookcase after the whirlwind fusillade has passed, to find every form within range, prose or poetry, shot to pieces by the newcomer. And Mr. Hansen among those turbulent men has been no stickler for primness of literary convention. Often he has been heard to shout above the din:
>
> "'Whoopee, write 'em, cowboy!' . . .
>
> "Mr. Hansen covers the ground thoroughly. Indeed, he goes to every artistic doorstep in Chicago, ringing bells and leaving posies with the prodigality of Johnny Appleseed. He boasts, with eagerness rare in a man broken to newspaper work in a great newspaper town. His eagerness well commends his work. Regardless of its sometimes exhaustless panegyrics, the reader will find in 'Midwest Portraits' a litter of informative gossip, entertaining anecdotes and gleaming biographical notes.
>
> "Even the study of Mr. Sandburg, careful tho it is to go into every detail of his work, is more a chromo than a portrait. It becomes reminiscent of grandpa, the children and the white kitten playing with the ball of yarn in the lamplight."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

MUSTERING OUT MARS

THE DEVIL'S LABORATORIES are fomenting new causes for war, and man is failing to exert the greatest agency at his hand to avert it. The churches sent out chaplains to mitigate the World War's horrors, to cheer those who had a "rendezvous with death at some disputed barricade," to comfort the wounded, to solace those who were later to be numbered with the great Unknown. But, we are often reminded, the Church Universal, under which term Judaism is included, stirred not its hand nor lifted its voice to avert the tragedy which has all but made religion a mockery and left Europe choking with its own blood. Had the Church Universal said "nay" before the Rubicon was crossed nine years ago, not a war vessel would have cleared its decks for action, not a soldier have answered the roll. Statesmen as well as politicians, says that veteran war correspondent, Will Irwin, know the power of the Church vote, and if the combined churches of the world had put the thought of war beyond the religious pale of possibility, not a gun would have been moved in July, 1914. But there was no decree from the Church. Instead, the churches girded and goaded chaplains to attend the soldier to his rendezvous, and severally backed their respective nations in calling on God to do a particular bit of "strafing." The "strafing" was general. Not to speak of the physical havoc, for which generations, we are told, will rise up and curse us, every one knows the spiritual ruin wrought by the war. And every one agrees that it must not happen again. Whose is the task of prevention? It is the task of the Church, continues Mr. Irwin, in "Christ or Mars" (D. Appleton and Company), a book written to show the utter foolishness and the utter futility of war, and to plead the cause of peace. With a graphic pen he paints the physical disintegration war causes and the spiritual ruin it breeds. No one denies that in the last war virtue and convention were flung to the winds.



HE PLAYS TENNIS BETWEEN WARS

Will Irwin, veteran war correspondent, says that Christianity and her elder sister, Judaism, can, if they will, bring peace.

Something was wrong somewhere, says Mr. Irwin, and the man in the trench knew it. "Just to die for one's country is not enough," said Edith Cavell before they took her out before the firing squad. A trace of spiritual uneasiness was in the eyes of the soldiers who had made their peace with God before the whistle sent them over the top. This faith was the highest thing they knew. "But why, with Christianity everywhere triumphant, was this thing permitted to be? Germany started it—yes," continues Mr. Irwin:

> "The soldier of the Allies believed that in his soul, tho now and then he entertained a suspicion that Germany was not wholly to blame. But even that Kaiser, in whom he loved to sum up the rottenness of Germany, was a most punctilious observer of Christian forms, was forever praying down victory on German arms. At this point most of them, probably, gave up thinking and took to the duties of the moment. But a few, in long, serious, midnight talks at wayside inns of the rear zone, spoke the full and final thought of their hearts. It was not God nor Christ at fault. Somewhere, exprest or implied, beyond all this stood an untarnished Christ, be he God or only the genius of goodness expressing God. But the organized servants of our Christian God which we call the Church—they had somehow failed. Beyond the invocations and chantings of the Church sounded dimly, insistently, some call of the God whose purposes they had not yet grasped."

Came the Peace, "with its new ignominies." As Mr. Irwin sees us, "we are trying to hide in squirrel holes from God. And the Church, which purports to interpret to our world His intentions, is hiding too, along with publicans and sinners, princes and potentates." Mr. Irwin reviews the disillusions which followed the war, the corruption of the younger generation, the general let-down in morals, the growth of hate and spite among the nations, and weighing these things against the virtue of voluntary sacrifice which war induces, asks, "where now stands the balance? Can any one with clear eyes and uncorrupted soul maintain that it favors war?" The task of preventing it the writer acknowledges to be overwhelmingly great and difficult. How shall we go about it, then? What common instrument is large enough, fine enough, powerful enough, so to regroup the faculties of men? The veteran war correspondent thus sets down the answer:

> "One alone in all the world—Christianity and her elder sister, Judaism. Here alone is a power which, consciously or unconsciously, governs the moral thought of every man and woman in fifty nations. Church attendance may be falling off; peoples may be taking their religion with less literal, outward show of seriousness, but rare, nevertheless, is that man or woman who did not receive Christian or Jewish religious instruction in childhood;

> and, therefore, who does not see moral issues, all his life long, through the lenses of the Decalog. And divided tho the Church be by sects, it is not divided by nationalities. We call one branch, perhaps, the Church of England, another the Church of Scotland, another the Church of Rome. These are but the names of places where grow the parent stems. Every one of these has established its offshoots in many nations. Considered in their political aspect, churches are the only organizations which have achieved a sound and decent internationalism. And for ages upon ages the Church has been gathering experience with the changing mood of man. The phenomenon of conversion is little else. What an instrument for achieving permanent peace! We should work through many and many a weary generation before creating another half so well adapted to the purpose.
>
> "If all the Christian sects, combining with one another and with Judaism on this single issue, should start the work of educating their sons and daughters in the illusion and immorality of war, we should within a year mark the changing mood of man. Within twenty years, when the generation, at present learning its texts and catechism in Sunday School, reached the age of fruition, the job of bringing peace to our world would be done. The Church can do it, even if she confines herself to her oldest policy—just personal work with the individual. . . .
>
> "Not otherwise must the Church proceed when, if ever, she takes up this new and most vital moral reform. She must begin it in early childhood, when one gets his basic moral ideas. She has taught her young sons and daughters that good citizenship is a Christian duty; she must teach them now that perfect citizenship implies tolerance; that suspicion and generalized hatred are part of the old Adam in man; that the pledge of love and service which the Christian takes at his baptism or confirmation embraces all mankind—the whole population of the City of God. She must teach that war is not really glorious, but a calamity; that behind it lies always a large wickedness. She must teach, finally, that to be Christ's faithful soldier means, in this age, to be a soldier of peace. A few individual congregations, a very few denominations, do all this already; even if no more join in the work, we shall feel the effect fifteen or twenty years from now; and those who see merely the outside of things will wonder at a sudden 'pacifist wave.'"

Impartial and informed witnesses, we are told, will not doubt that world organization to replace trial by battle with trial by jury and to outlaw war is the first necessary step. And if our churches as a whole agree on any one plan and give it their endorsement and faithful service, "the job will be done. The politicians of all parties will fall over each other in their eagerness to get into their platforms," just as when the Prohibition agitation received the endorsement of many powerful churches "certain candidates of both great parties who themselves drank a quart of straight whisky a day took the platform to denounce the liquor traffic." The other votes sank into insignificance beside the church vote. But this will not mean the completion of the task. Mr. Irwin realizes that—

> "No mere agreement, no mere gesture of good-will, can in a flash eliminate one of the oldest customs known to society. It will have many devils to fight—of greed, of intrigue, of self-interest masked as patriotism, of political superstition. It can not work perfectly at first. No new form of government ever did. The world will have its moments of a disgust which passes for disillusion. Those are the times that will try the souls of good men, and precisely the times when such an international force as organized Christianity may do its best service. Hatreds, unreasoning hatreds based mostly on lies, will be then as now the best weapon of those who do not desire peace. The special task of the Church will be to quell such hatreds—to prove their folly, to expose their basis of insincerity and falsehood. . . .
>
> "If the Church refuses to hear this call to new and higher service, one of two things will happen. Either our civilization will go on to another world war, and then another, and perish of its own mad efficiency, or men and women of good-will the world over will painfully organize, for this job of ending war, a new world-expression of man's moral force. And this, whatever it calls itself, whatever form it takes, will be Christian in spirit, harmonizing with the majestic purposes of God. But what an indictment of our churches! The historian of 2200 A. D., reviewing events in their true perspective, may write that unchurched men and women did this thing in the spirit of Christ, unhelped—nay, hampered and criticized—by the pledged and anointed servants of Christ!"

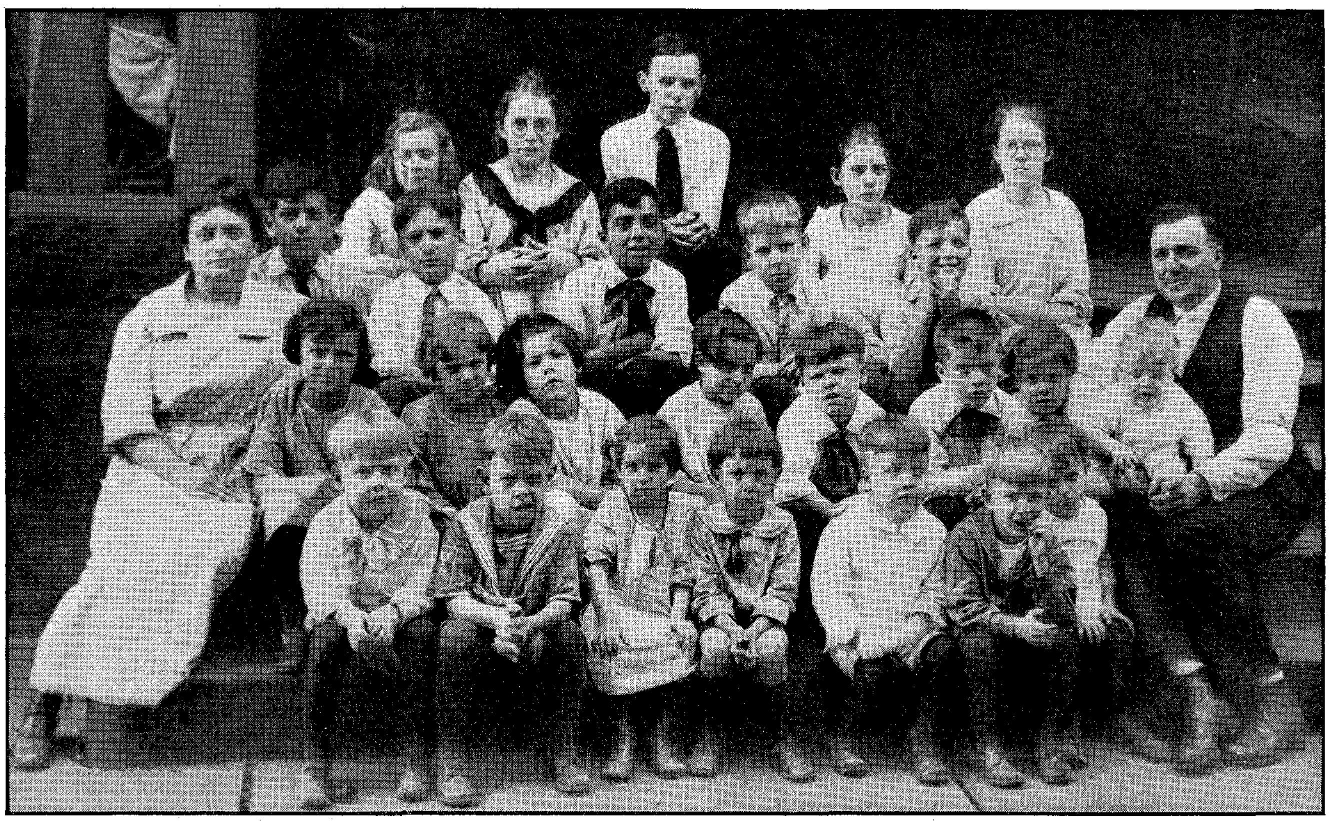
EXCUSES OF THE UNCHURCHED

IF THE WORLD WOKE UP one morning and found all the churches closed and all the pastors gone "for good," mass meetings would be held in every neighborhood to unlock the churches and persuade the pastors to return to their posts—perhaps, even, at a slight increase in salary. No one would like to live in a churchless community, even if one considered only the three formal functions of baptism, marriage and burial; and a churchless world would be inconceivable. Yet a large percentage of the people never go to church after they have been properly christened and married—until they are dead, when the action is entirely involuntary. Puzzled by this contrariness in human nature, especially after a census shows a goodly increase in church membership, *The Christian Herald* requested 1,200 newspapers to ask people at random if they went to church, and if the answer were "no," or "not often," to ask why. It develops that nearly two-thirds of the men and women interviewed in towns of every size from the Atlantic to the Pacific do not go to church, or are occasional attendants. The percentages as tabulated by *The Christian Herald* show that 36 per cent. of the people interviewed are regular church attendants, and that 64 per cent. are non-attendants or casuals. Summarizing the reasons for non-attendance, the *Herald* finds them to be "uninteresting preaching, too much denominationalism, coolness toward strangers on the part of the members, failure of the church to keep pace with the spirit and thought of the times, 'too much sameness,' indifferent music." The burden is laid on the church, but, inquires the *Herald*, "how many of these 64 per cent. of stayaways, do you think, would care to continue their homes in a churchless community?" So far from considering such a possibility, "not one person, it is safe to say, who never goes to church fails to value the influence of that same church on his own community. He is perfectly willing to accept the benefits that come from its presence near his home, the influence that it spreads abroad, the concrete good it does in numberless directions, yet he declines to support it even by his presence."

Decreased church attendance in the opinion of a large real estate dealer in Louisville, Kentucky, quoted in the *Herald*, "is attributable chiefly to failure of ministers to teach enough Simon-pure religion. After all, folks go to church to hear the Gospel propounded in earnest," and, adds this sympathetic critic, "I attend church regularly because I need religion, and I believe that I am getting better and better every day in every way." One of the cloth believes that the clergy should be "abreast of the times," but, he asks, "what is worse, a fossil of antiquity standing in a modern pulpit, or a youthful apostle who eliminates the message of Jesus Christ?"

After analyzing the criticisms in its own city, the Milwaukee *Journal* sketches a new Church which would be a Church militant, thoroughly modern, "making use of all modern devices to attract, competing, but in a more dignified manner, with those commercialized entertainments that are said to be keeping many away from church." The new church would advertise extensively, and its minister would be a "broadminded, he-man minister," tolerant, and a preacher of the brotherhood of man rather than of denominationalism. He would be energetic, "not an ambitionless parasite resting heavily on his parishioners." Of the Church, again:

> "Outside of its services, the church might well take a part in the civic, economic and social work of the community. If it stands aloof, as one prominent woman said, the public will pass it by. Much of the social life formerly centering about the church in the more leisurely past has been sacrificed to the movies and the automobile.
>
> "Since it is hardly possible, and certainly not desirable, to halt the passage of time and the progress of the world until the Church catches up to it, it is evident that the Church must adapt itself to modern conditions if it is to maintain or increase its appeal to the public at large."



Courtesy of the "Chronicle Telegraph" (Pittsburgh)

"I WANT YOU TO GIVE THE CREDIT WHERE IT BELONGS: TO GOD!"

Denied her ambition to become a missionary, Mrs. R. E. Beals has appointed herself a matron of God, and, with the aid of her smiling husband, is devoting her life to caring for twenty-five friendless tots.

TOTS INSTEAD OF PUPS

"MA, MAKE CARL, Vincent, Addison, Jane, Andy, John, Elda, Dorothy," etc., etc., "stop it." Ma, we presume, shakes a reproving forefinger at several of the twenty-five children she has taken under her roof as charges from God, and the tumult subsides. Numbers of people would understand a woman taking in a lot of pampered pups of long pedigree, but as many, perhaps, couldn't possibly understand a woman taking in twenty-five mites of humanity of no pedigree at all. But remembering the story of Christ and the little children, that is what Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Beals, of Pittsburgh, have done. They have turned their home into a foundlings' home, with the supreme faith that God, as He will not let a sparrow fall unwittingly, will not let one of these children starve or go naked. That is why they say the house is His, and why they have named it Faith Home. The story of this practical Christianity and indomitable trust has attracted much attention from the papers in Pittsburgh and other cities.

The Beals's phalanx range in age, we are told, from fifteen months to fifteen years. Recently there were only twenty-three of them, but the foster parents decided there was still a little room left in the house, and they took on two more children, making it a round number. Of course the Bealses receive help from churches and persons interested in the welfare of these children, but the main burden rests upon them. As a reporter for the Pittsburgh *Press* says, "any woman can realize the huge task Mrs. Beals has voluntarily assumed when she realizes that the platoon of kiddies that live in her house are just like other husky youngsters of their respective ages, which means that Mrs. Beals, unassisted except for one maid, faces twenty-five times the work that a woman with one toddler contends with." Mrs. Beals not only attends to the physical tasks of scrubbing behind twenty-five pairs of ears, putting twenty-five children to bed, getting them up in the morning, cleaning up the house after them, and preparing three meals a day for the small multitude. With their daily ration of potatoes goes nourishing spiritual food, too. They know their doxology and their prayers. While Mrs. Beals attends to the domestic matters, Mr. Beals runs a railroad locomotive. Every cent of his pay, we are told, goes to the upkeep of the big brick house of eleven rooms which resounds to the hullabaloo of twenty-five voices. After the envelop is emptied, Faith Home, we are told again, depends on aid from organizations such as the Missionary Bible class of the Mission Sunday School in Edgewood, and the Edgewood Presbyterian Church. When all the potatoes are gone, or when the latest addition to the family lacks the essential garments of babyhood, then the Bealses pray. When a reporter for *The Press* went to Faith Home he expected, he says frankly, to find a crank.

"Instead, he learned that she is a woman who is devoting her energies, sincerely and courageously, to a great purpose. Mrs. Beals is not a fanatic, even tho she believes in the power of prayer over the most commonplace matters. She possesses plenty of common sense. She speaks with a fervor of manner that can not fail in winning the admiration and faith of any one to whom she talks.

"Mrs. Beals says she always wished to be a missionary, that she was denied her life's ambition, and that she was inspired by a vision of caring for friendless tots. One guesses, too, at the mother-hunger in the heart of a woman who longed to hold a baby of her own in her arms and was denied that privilege.

"'I want you to make clear,' she said, 'that I am but the matron here. This house is His. I want you to give the credit where it belongs, to God. People think I'm peculiar because I believe in the Bible. My belief, my faith in prayer gets results. That's what counts.'

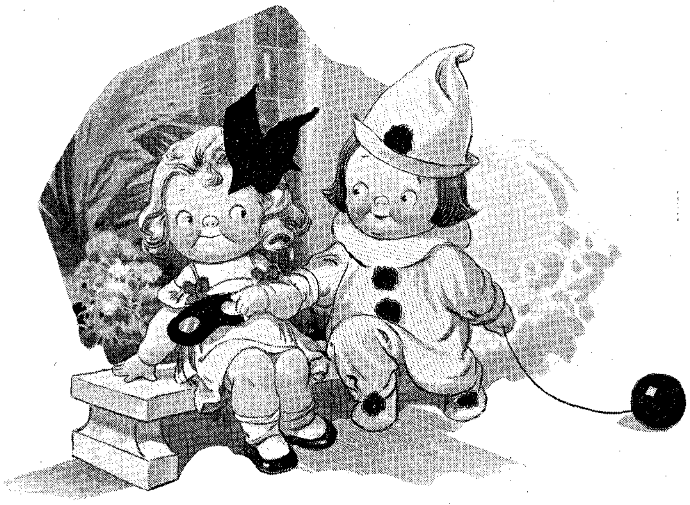
"There was none of the over-emphasized blather of the religious demagog. Simply a quiet, earnest little woman asserting her loyalty to the cause for which she works in the same self-effacing way that a worker for any purpose, actuated by a fine esprit-de-corps, steps aside to give the credit for great accomplishment to his chief and his organization.

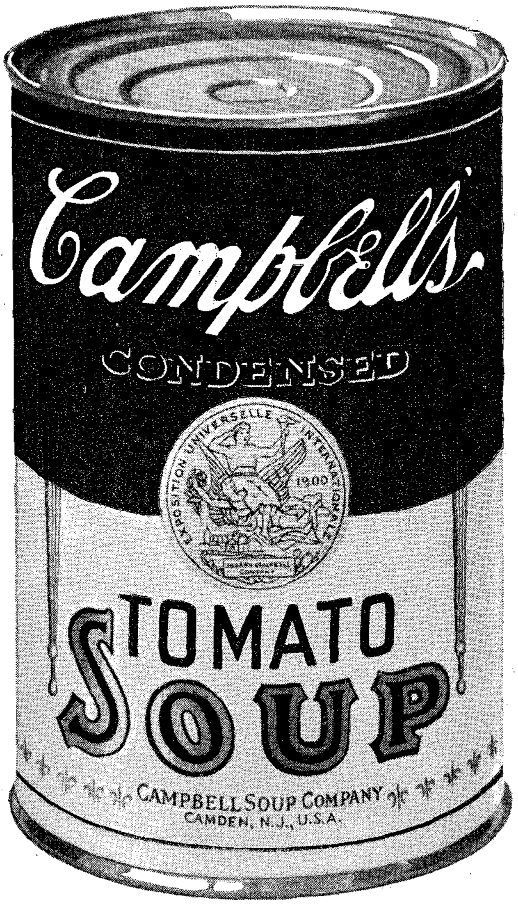
"God is Mrs. Beals's chief and Christianity is her organization.

"As the reporter walked away, he thought of Him whose love for little children has been wrought into a story that grows more beautiful through the passing centuries, and he believed with Mrs. Beals that He must keep loving watch over the old house when tired little chaps go to bed at night."

SOUP MAKES THE WHOLE MEAL TASTE BETTER

I never shirk legitimate work
Yet I rollick and revel in play.
My partner-in-chief in getting relief
Is the Campbell's I serve every day!

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Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

CURRENT POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department cannot be returned.

THE new spirit that animates woman is fittingly exprest in this legend, almost too long for our space, but too good to submit to cutting; which is printed in the October *Poetry* (Chicago):

GIRL-ATHLETES

By Haniel Long

Around their legs girl-athletes twist
Their silver-chased puttees;
Or they wear half-boots, blue-embossed,
And bound with fleur-de-lys.
The sun has bronzed their knees
And bosoms, so that eagle-plumes
Are suited to their guise,
And agates from Ohio tombs,
And textures from Algonquin looms,
With borders of sunrise.

In waxy curls they lift their hair
When the night's trail has turned;
The everlasting leaves of hair
Lie close and forest-ferned
Above their brows sunburned.
The prairie-eyes, miraged and deep,
Are filled with flowers and corn,
With smoke-fires on the edge of sleep,
And secrets drifting blue-birds keep
About the day unborn.

Who trusts the hedge of flowering quince
To lead him far away,
The hawthorns and the hyacinths
To take him where they play,
Will come to them some day.
The roads are trampled by their hoofs
Spurring to misty hills;
The roads are trampled by their hoofs
Spurring away from city roofs
To a land adventure fills.

They are the daughters of the Sun
In polychrome and white;
And the Great Father gave each one
To add to the delight
Of her unswerving flight
A cinnamon or jet-black horse.
It is a dream to bless;
And each maid, mounted, to the source
Of the horizons on her course
Gallops, a centauress.

In mountain pastures they play games
Old as the first red spring;
And no one can recall the names
Of the long ropes they fling,
Or why they do this thing,
Or that, or the other. There they reach
Toward goals which no one knows,
Dancing, and crying each to each
Snatches of pre-historic speech,
While the long mid-day glows.

They meet their lovers when day cools
Under the upland trees,
Or by the river swimming-pools,
Inviting at their ease
The body-piercing breeze.
Then it is sweet as heaven to kiss,
Enchanted and unseen;
But they think no more of love than this,
That it is something not amiss
When leaves are long and green.

In winter, when the clouds above
Have exiled leaf and heat,
They keep no memory of love;
But strapping to their feet
White sandals, gleaming, fleet,
They fly along the frozen streams
Half-human and half-gull.
The groves once dim with summer dreams
They now flash through in steel sunbeams
And tunics of rose wool.

Love bores them with their ankles fleet.
But on Antarctic shores,
Gymnasia stand for their retreat
From the rigor of outdoors.
There on the ancient floors,
Along transparent walls, the dead
Girl-athletes gleam in gold;
And tropic ferns are upwards led
To high glass arches overhead
Which keep away the cold.

And dead girl-athletes gleam in flame
Beyond the desert trails:
Mountains are sculptured with the name
And the recorded tales
Of each, when her day fails.
Under an arch opaque and high,
Beside the barren verge,
With strength no centuries deny,
Rooted in rock beyond the eye,
Their giant forms emerge.

Sardonic is the vein of Mr. Lawrence in a group of poems in *The Nation.* It seems to matter little whether a humming-bird or a cataclysm stirs him to reverie.

HUMMING-BIRD

By D. H. Lawrence

I can imagine, in some other world
Primeval-dumb, far back
In that most awful stillness, that only gasped and hummed,
Humming-birds raced down the avenues.

Before anything had a soul,
While life was a heave of Matter, half inanimate,
This little bit chipped off in brilliance
And went whizzing through the slow, vast, succulent stems.

I believe there were no flowers, then,
In the world where the humming-bird flashed ahead of creation.
I believe he pierced the slow vegetable veins with his long beak.

Probably he was big
As mosses, and little lizards, they say were once big.
Probably he was a jabbing, terrifying monster.

We look at him through the wrong end of the long telescope of Time,
Luckily for us.

PEACE

By D. H. Lawrence

Peace is written on the doorstep
In lava.

Peace, black peace congealed.
My heart will know no peace
Till the hill bursts.

Brilliant, intolerable lava
Brilliant as a powerful burning-glass
Walking like a royal snake down the mountain towards the sea.

Forests, cities, bridges
Gone again in the bright trail of lava.
Naxos thousands of feet below the olive-roots,
And now the olive leaves thousands of feet below the lava fire.

Peace congealed in black lava on the doorstep.
Within, white-hot lava, never at peace
Till it burst forth blinding, withering the earth;
To set again into rock
Gray-black rock.

Call it Peace?

The spell of the sea is in these two from *The Mineret* (September-October), Washington's outlet for its poetic fervors.

RONDEAU

By Herbert Gerhard Bruncken

O dark the day; grey mist descending;
The branches black with rain are bending;
And snow-birds haunt the lonely air,
Like silent ships on oceans bare,
No gentle home their souls befriending.

The day shall have no radiant ending;
No symphony of colors blending
The red and gold of sunsets fair.
O dark the day!

The leaden air the sea is lending
Its mourning tones; and the attending
Rocks and cliffs her colors bear.
The sea gulls voice the sea's despair,
Their lonely cries through mist ascending.
O dark the day!

SEA-CLAN

By Ruth Clay Price

High, on timeless, desolate rocks I lay,
And watched the sea-fowl drawing lines of grey
On the lonely, soundless sky of a fog-dim day.

The cold, pale waveway lay as smooth as steel;
Even before I saw, I seemed to feel
The powerful, underwave glide of a hunting seal.

Came the sudden lift of the seal's great head,
Tossing his prey, a fish already dead:
Sea-gulls wheeled above him as he fed.

The silence shook with his hoarse, recurrent cries
The gulls, in a cirrus of wings, screamed shrill replies:
Wind-fog pressed close, and blurred them from my eyes.

The seal and the gulls, in grey underglooms, passed by,
Then,—alone in the mist between sea and sky,—
From my own lips I heard a wild sea-cry!

An infrequent practitioner in the poetic field is introduced by *The Measure* (October). He sounds a strident, defiant note, challenging even the gods.

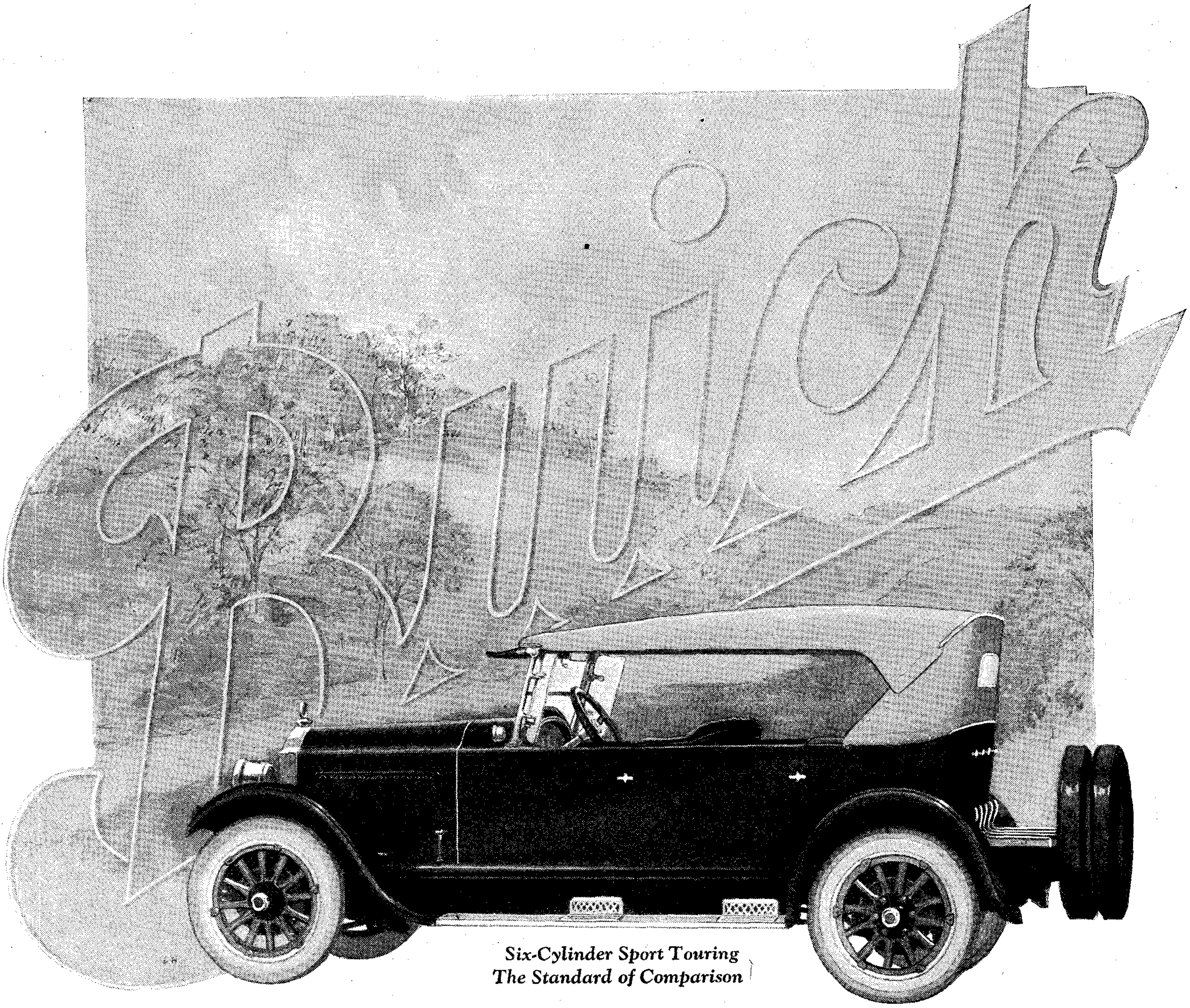
INARTICULATE

By Mark Van Doren

God, for a way of showing what men are.
These soft-fleshed maggots crazy with clean flame,
Rowelled, drunk, stumbling, stabbed by some dim star
Gods broke by torture—how shall any name,
Sound, color, marble, strike an image fit,
To stand for him, or tell the half of it.

—Mold his mad grandeur to some pretty line,
Shape half his foulness to a singing strain,
Picture his flapping, bloody flesh divine.
His courage flaring from the rack chain,
Twisted, defeated, battling, bitter, dead,
Dumb going on because he must be fed?

Man scourged to horror by eternal fear,
Man cringing under pain implacable,
Magnificence within him, year by year,
Dragging out hope endured from hell to hell,
Trampled and damned, whose triumph knows no bar—
God, for a way of showing what men are.



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PERSONAL ▾ GLIMPSES

"JACK, THE KLAN-FIGHTER" IN OKLAHOMA

GOVERNOR "JACK" WALTON may be all wrong or all right, but at least, as one visiting newspaper man telegraphs back from militia-ruled Tulsa to his Boston paper, he is the central figure in "a drama for which the stage is set in Oklahoma," and which "is being watched by an audience consisting of the population of the other 47 States of the Union." The play could be well called, "The Man of the Hour," suggests this writer, because John Calloway Walton—ten years ago an obscure clerk in Kansas City, and now Governor of Oklahoma—to-day "probably has more eyes focused upon him than any other citizen of the United States."

P. & A. photograph

A MACHINE-GUN ON GUARD IN OKLAHOMA CITY

This war-like gesture was part of Governor "Jack" Walton's attack on the Ku Klux Klan. The artillery pointed toward the City Hall and jail in Oklahoma City, when the State was put under martial law.

But the hero of a play, as a rule, has to stand forth as an all-wool, undisputed hero, and that is right where the debate starts. On the one hand, he is spoken of as "a political adventurer, a corrupt machine politician, a hypocrite, a brainless tool in the hands of designing men." This view of him is very commonly held by his enemies, announces his friend and "Executive Counsellor," Aldrich Blake. On the other hand, "Governor Jack" is hailed as "the champion of political freedom and democracy, a two-fisted fighter after the style of Roosevelt, and with a heart like the heart of Lincoln." Seldom in the history of these United States, it appears, has there been a man about whom opinion seemed to be, not only so violently divided, but also so much mixed up.

The Governor, for cause which he considers to be more than sufficient, has deliberately started out to "get" the Klan, thus creating the primary issue of the Governor or the Klan. His methods, however, which include martial law for the State, have so aroused public opinion that there are now said to be three issues—the Klan, Jack Walton, or neither—with the "neithers" in the majority. Governor Jack, nevertheless, is standing pat, and his friends say that the cry of "A curse on both your houses!" now raised against both the Klan and Walton factions, is largely the product of a few big newspapers, voicing the sentiments of commercial interests which have been hurt by exposure of the Klan's methods in Oklahoma.

"Who is this Governor Walton?" ask several editorial critics of the trouble which he has stirred up, or in which, at least, he has become violently involved.

He was once a Socialist, or a near-Socialist, it appears, and before that he was, for ten years, a salesman in Kansas City.

He lost much of the respect of his radical friends when, after his election as Governor, he "paraded around the golf links in knickers and fancy stockings." Before that he had been more frequently seen in overalls and hickory shirts, and his labor friends are said to have objected to his new and frivolous costume.

He has such an aversion to capital punishment that he announced no man would be put to death in Oklahoma while he was Governor, and he has kept his word by pardoning prisoners in a manner described as "wholesale."

International Newsreel photograph

"THE KLAN OR ME!"

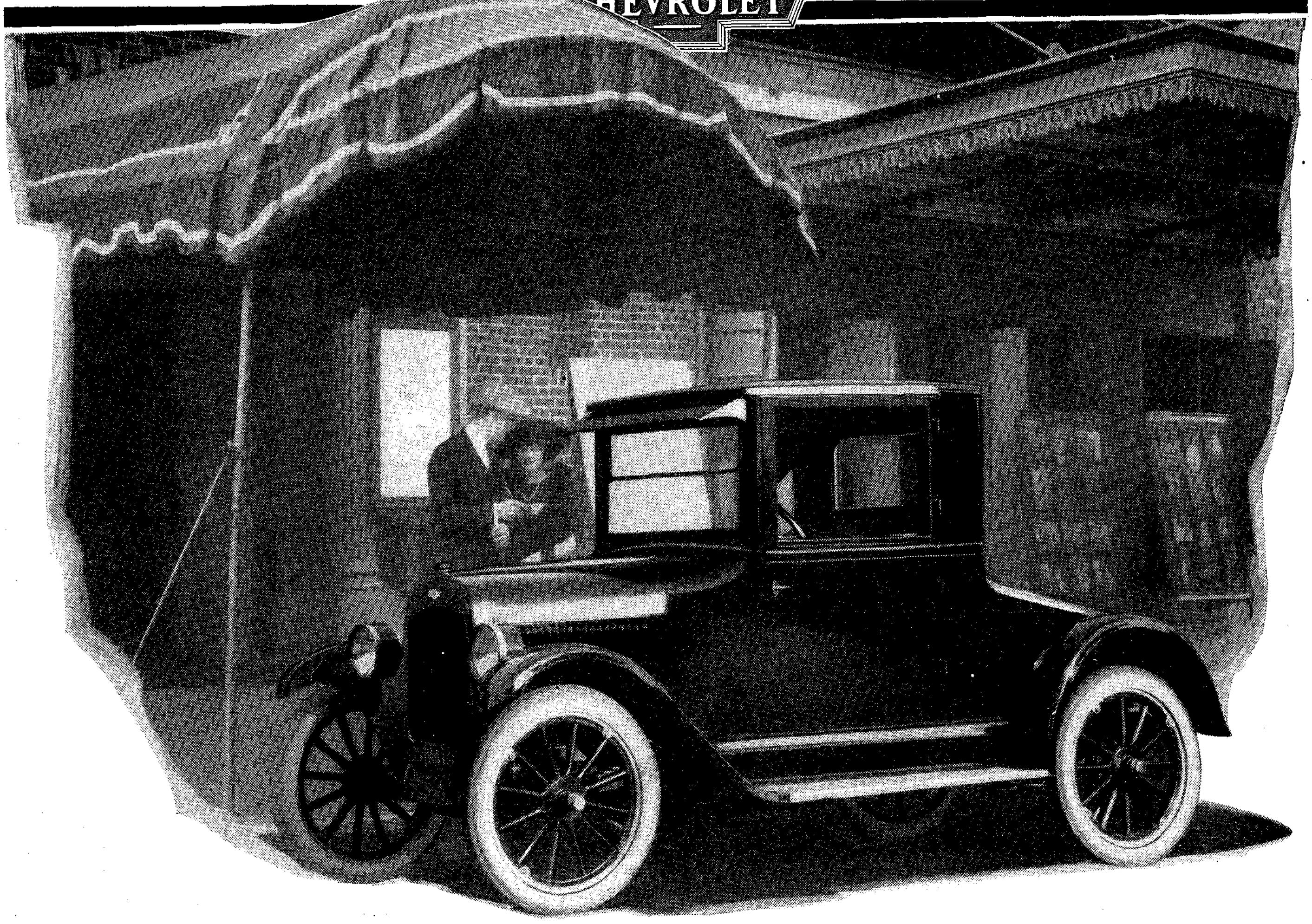
Governor Walton announces that the K. K. K. must either unmask and reform, or that the State of Oklahoma will not be big enough to hold both the organization and himself.

For the rest, says the Boston *Globe*, concisely summing him up:

> His eyes are large and blue, his face oval, his complexion ruddy. He has an aquiline nose and a stubborn chin. He doesn't drink—he says he'll give $1,000 to any one who has ever seen him take one—and he doesn't like cigars. His pet smoke is a pipe, and he works this overtime.
>
> He was the candidate of the Farmer - Labor Reconstruction League, elected by largest plurality in history.
>
> He gave an old - fashioned barbecue attended by 300,000 at his inauguration—the "world's biggest meal."
>
> He is a member of Masonic Order, Shrine, Knights of Pythias, Odd Fellows, and Modern Woodmen of America.
>
> He has two daughters, twelve and ten years old, Madge and Vena.

His Socialist and radical friends, who were so largely responsible for his election, are reported to be having a troublesome time. They long since disavowed him, when he discharged his recently

for Economical CHEVROLET *Transportation*



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appointed president of the State Agricultural College, a Socialist by the name of George Wilson. Mr. Wilson is reputed, by his enemies and by Governor Walton, to have announced that any man wearing an American Legion button should be shot, and to have shown "Bolshevist tendencies," but the Socialists of the country never forgave Walton for turning against him. The radicals, however, hate the Ku Klux Klan rather more than anything else, and its promiscuous beating of radicals and others in Oklahoma makes Governor Walton seem the lesser of two evils. The Socialistic New York *Call*, with these various factors in mind, tells a part of the "Story of Oklahoma's Most Sensational Figure," in the following article by McAlister Coleman:

> If you had asked the Man in the Subway a year ago to name the Governor of Oklahoma, he would have looked at you with an air of utter negation. To-day the name of John Walton is known as far as newspapers circulate.
>
> First there was "Our Jack" running as candidate for the Democratic party on the notably progressive platform of the Farmer-Laborites. Then there was "Governor Jack," he of the hickory shirt, whose inaugural barbecue was attended by most everybody in the State, and attended as well by much publicity. Then there was the Walton of the pardons who announced that as long as he was Governor no criminal should suffer the death penalty in Oklahoma. Followed a Walton who ruthlessly discharged George Wilson, the big-hearted, big-brained choice of the Farmer-Laborites for president of their agricultural college. They called him "Oklahoma's Monstrosity, the Two-headed Calf," did the Farmer-Laborites, and Judas, and worse. And now and behold Walton, the terror of the Klan—the Governor who hands out martial proclamations as freely as he issues pardons, and who has ordered the most powerful body in Oklahoma to drop their masks and hoods under penalty of the most severe sentences.

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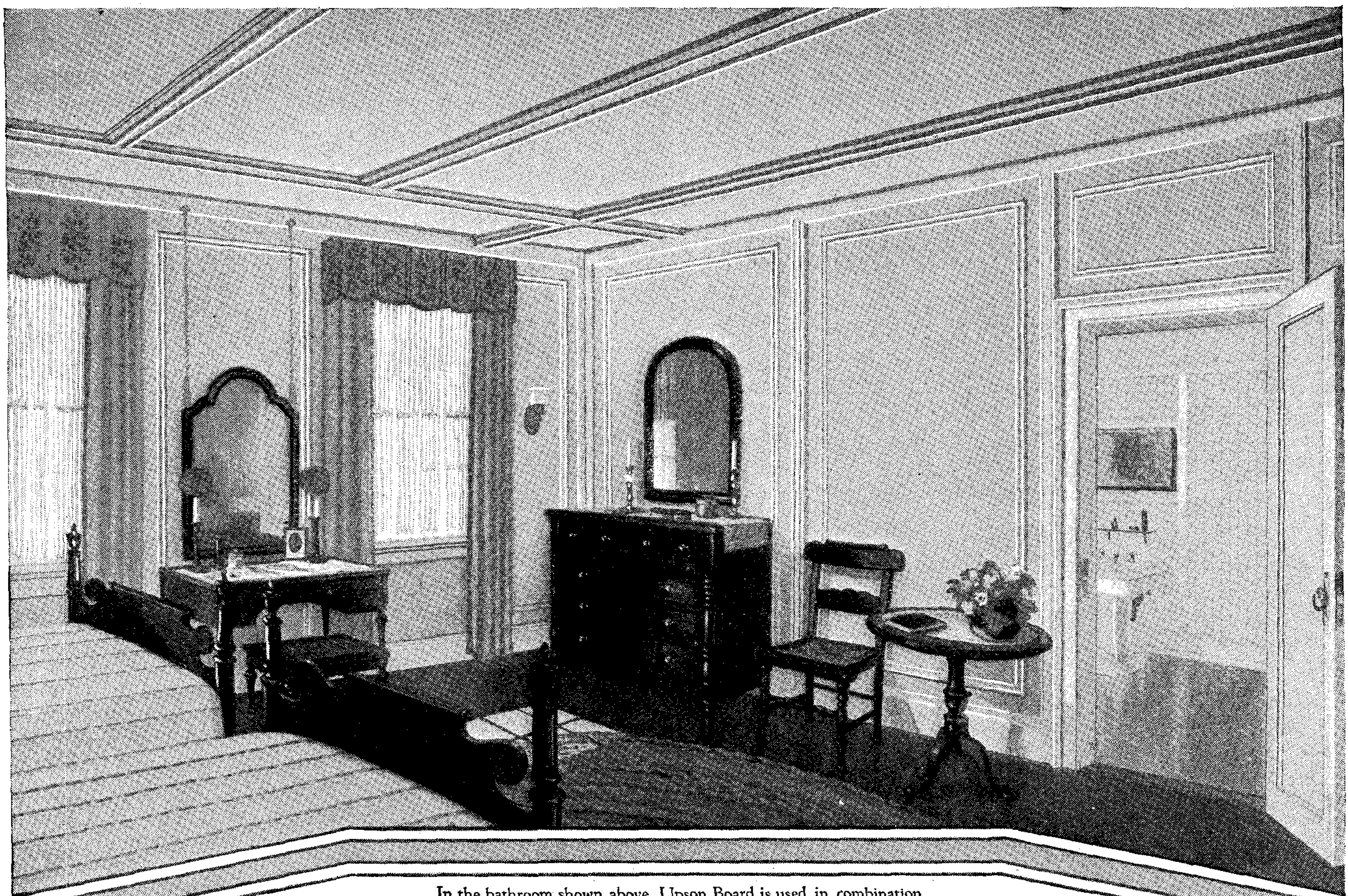
MARTIAL LAW AT WORK IN TULSA

The members of this military commission, the first established by a State since reconstruction days, investigated seventy-nine whippings, and dealt out prison sentences to Ku Kluxers.

> What strange, contradictory manner of man is this, whose sudden shifts of front bewilder the most experienced political observers? Why should Walton, who last July was being damned from Tonkawa to Red River by the progressive elements in the State, turn now on those popularly supposed to be his new supporters and make a strong bid for political suicide by attacking the Klan and the great oil interests back of the Oklahoma Knights?
>
> Walton is a square-built, low-slung man with the big hawk nose of a public character, bulging eyes and powerful shoulders. Oklahoma City first knew him some ten or fifteen years ago when he came from another State into the "Sooner" country to sell the services of a firm of electrical engineers. He turned to politics instinctively. At that time the Socialist party was strong in the State. There was a hopeful spirit of progress in the air of all the new Southwest, and Walton alined himself with the workers. Walton was a good mixer; he showed a sympathetic interest in the general aspirations of labor, tho it is doubtful if he has ever had any grasp of economics. At all events he made a good speech, had a certain presence and for any semi-intelligent person competition in Oklahoma politics was not too keen.
>
> He was elected Mayor of Oklahoma City on a ticket which had labor's support, and he made a good record. When the printers in the capital city struck, he refused to sick the police on them. His popularity increased with the issuing of various statements from the Mayor's office, expressing sympathy with labor. And then he had good advisers. Dr. E. T. Bynum, a real estate dealer, who puts the doctor before his name on the strength of a Ph.D., is supposed to be the most educated man in the State. They tell you with some awe that he was educated in foreign universities. Bynum was one of Walton's intimates in the Mayor's office, and he soon developed not only a shrewd political sense, but what's more an ability to raise campaign funds that made him a mighty welcome sight. Again Walton, who recently made a speech in which he referred to the graduates of the State University as "aluminum," found that Bynum's trained pen helped in the making of statements. Aldrich Blake, an intelligent young lawyer who managed Blind Tom Gore's campaign for United States Senator, began to take some interest in the new Mayor.

The war and factional disputes had pretty well shot the Oklahoma Socialist organization to pieces. Time was ripe for a new party and new methods. The writer records:

> Leaders such as Oscar Ameringer, Dan Hogan, Luther Langston and John Hagel decided a year before the last gubernatorial election that the time had come for a new movement that would catch up the scattered strands of progressivism and bring together the opprest tenant-farmers of the State with the miners and city workers. There were the usual conferences of a few men and women, meeting at one another's homes or in obscure little halls, and then one day the Farmer-Labor Reconstruction League was formed, and a convention of farmers and industrial workers was held at Shawnee, at which the famous Shawnee platform was written. The new movement turned to Walton and the Democratic organization as the best means of getting their demands into legislation. Walton decided to invade the Democratic primaries, standing on the Shawnee platform. He made a poor start by eloquent praise of Woodrow Wilson, but after being warned about the consequences, he stuck pretty close to the planks of the Shawnee platform, advocating State cement plants, a fair election law, taxation for the benefit of the tenant-farmers and similar measures looking to the immediate relief of the suffering workers.
>
> It was the Oklahoma *Leader*, the daily organ of the Farmer-Labor Reconstruction League, edited by Oscar Ameringer, that alone of all the papers in the State supported Walton. The devotion and heroism of the men and women who made *The Leader* the fighting, aggressive labor daily, that single-handed put its candidate over, is worth a story by itself.
>
> Walton came successfully through the primaries with the help of *The Leader* and funds subscribed by the locomotive brotherhoods and the miners.
>
> His election by 50,000 majority thrilled progressives everywhere, and Walton's victory was set down high on the list of the other Farmer-Labor victories of the great turnover of 1922.
>
> Then strange things began to happen out at the State Capitol, which stands high above the city on the edge of prairie lands. When Ameringer and the others of the Farmer-Labor crowd went out to the State House, they found that the Governor was busy conferring with real estate men and lawyers.
>
> At a desk in front of the Governor's private office sat Aldrich Blake, the new lawyer-secretary. At another desk sat Dr. Bynum. The Farmer-Labor folks had to be content with the shortest of interviews. They went away, wondering a bit, but still strong in their faith in their Governor. Rumors drifted about that the Governor was getting "up-stage." To a certain extent these were verified when the Governor moved from his unpretentious wooden house on an obscure side street to a beautiful brick and stone mansion in the most exclusive residential district.
>
> Then came the appointment of the new president of the Agricultural and Mechanics College at Stillwater. This institution had been founded to train the sons of the farmers in the ways



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Upson Board makes walls and ceilings of enduring charm, that can never crack or fall

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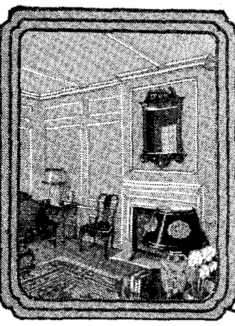

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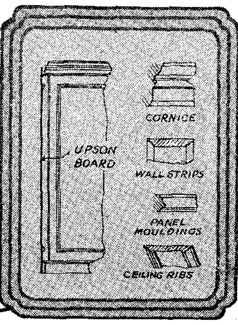
These sketches show the outline of the mouldings used in the attractive Upsonized bedroom above.



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of the fields. Of late it had turned out a host of real estate brokers, embryo clerks and such, and the farmers didn't like the trend of things one bit. They wanted their sons to come back to them from Stillwater with something more in their heads than a knowledge of football scores and how to skin suckers out of their money. With one voice they demanded that a dirt farmer be put in charge at Stillwater, and that that farmer be George Wilson, one-time organizer for the non-Partizan League and former instructor at Stillwater. Instantly the American Legion and the Ku Klux Klan joined hands with the oil interests in telling Walton that the appointment of Wilson would be a fatal surrender to "the Reds." Walton is known to have stalled along on making the appointment. What finally persuaded him to send Wilson to Stillwater was the hot campaign made by *The Leader*. In one day the Governor received 2,000 letters from farmer readers of *The Leader*.

The rejoicing among the radicals did not last very long. The Governor reversed himself, under pressure from factions who didn't like Mr. Wilson's attitude toward the American Legion or American principles generally. The Socialists dipt their pens in vitriol, and related that their former comrade "Jack" Walton was a traitor to everything worth standing for. Then came the Klan difficulty. The Governor announced at first that he was not opposed to the Klan, he was merely opposed to the private whipping parties which had been growing in number until, he declared, no such thing as personal liberty had been left in Oklahoma. A personal view of the Governor, together with the first climax of the Klan trouble, is given in *The Nation*, by Aldrich Blake, whose position as "Executive Counselor to the Governor of Oklahoma" is called "the highest appointed position in the State." Mr. Blake is also the editor of a newspaper through which the Governor expresses his policies and attacks the Klan. The *Nation's* article runs:

THAT BIG MEAL

When Governor Walton gave his barbecue, said to have been "the greatest meal ever served," this is what he ordered:

500 beef cattle.
200 hogs.
10 buffaloes.
10 bears.
10 deer.
10 antelopes.
5,000 chickens.
1,000 turkeys.
500 ducks and geese.
200 "possums"—and sweet "taters" to go with them.
1,000 rabbits.
1,000 squirrels, groundhogs and frogs' legs.
100,000 loaves of bread.
100,000 buns.
5 tons of coffee.
5 tons of sugar.
250 bushels of onions.
5 tons of salt.
1,000 pounds of pepper.—*From the Boston Globe.*

> It is quiet at the Capitol. For several hours Governor Walton has been interviewing job-seekers. He sees them all personally; he would like to help them all. Suddenly the monotony is broken: "A committee from Henryetta, Governor." Oklahoma's Chief Executive smiles graciously, rises and shakes hands with his visitors—a minister, the chief of police, and a prominent business man.
>
> The committee begins its story. The people of Henryetta are being intimidated by the Klan. A number of outrages have occurred. One man has been killed. The circumstances were—
>
> The Governor interrupts: "I have heard enough. Mob violence is going to cease in Oklahoma; within five minutes the order will be given to place Okmulgee County under martial law."
>
> The committee is dazed. The press of Oklahoma, always hostile to Walton, howls its derision. The Governor's friends are alarmed. "Jack has made a mistake," they say.
>
> Oklahomans are still talking about "Jack's mistakes." They will tell you they love him on account of the "mistakes he has made." In fact, this young Governor thrives on "mistakes." It is the Walton way—a tremendous decision in a flash, a terrifying attack on the enemy, a wallop that leaves friend and foe alike paralyzed by the impact. You can hit as hard as you like. There are no rules, Queensbury or other. It's "dog eat dog" when Walton sounds the tocsin.
>
> It is so in the Klan war that now splits Oklahoma asunder and threatens to assume national proportions. Academic discussion long since has ceased. A young Jew with a police-court record is seized on the main thoroughfare of Tulsa, taken to the whipping pasture, and severely beaten. The troops are ordered to Tulsa.
>
> The Governor is deaf to the suggestion that an investigation first be made by the civil authorities. "Make them *feel* martial law in Tulsa," are his orders to the adjutant-general. "Tulsa is rotten. There is no civil law there, only Klan law. Why waste time?"
>
> The strategy of attempting a civil investigation first does not appeal to him. He jumps a cog, maybe two. It is his way. He leaps across the first- and second-line trenches and engages the enemy in hand-to-hand combat at the very walls of the citadel. And he has never lost a battle. Some say it's the daring of the man that has made him a political leader of such tremendous power; others state he is possest of unerring intuition, that instinct serves him better than reason.
>
> In any event, Governor Walton does not pretend to be a scholar in politics. He admits that he is not "learned." His enemies assert he has never read a "serious book" in his life. Perhaps so; but his friends are not shocked. Governor Walton has drawn richly from the experience of every-day life and contact with the "under dog." As a locomotive engineer and railroad conductor, he studied men. He loves the poor. If you are "down and out," see Walton—that's what they will tell you in Oklahoma. If he can help you, he will do it, and he won't ask your politics. Publicly, he is a Democrat, but there are scores of Socialists and Republicans on the State pay-roll—put there by Walton.
>
> Just now the Governor is engaged in his greatest battle. For two years Oklahoma had lived under a cloud—a thick mist behind which the Invisible Empire gave its orders to sheriffs, prosecuting attorneys, jurors, and judges, ordered citizens flogged, threatened others, and instituted a business boycott against what they call the "alien world." The more timid leaders urged that the Klan be left alone, allowed to run its course. Meanwhile tens of thousands of citizens silently and sullenly submitted to a gradual encroachment upon their precious liberties.
>
> Such a condition could not endure—not in Oklahoma where men value initiative, enterprise, and freedom. On August 14, Governor Walton sent the troops to Tulsa. In less than six weeks a Grand Dragon and a Titan have been put under arrest charged with rioting, four Klansmen have confessed to flogging a defenseless citizen and have been sentenced to two years each in the State penitentiary; many others have been bound over to the district court, the Invisible Empire has announced that all masked parades and meetings will be "deferred," and the fiery cross, which had brazenly burned in some cases from the tops of the courthouses, has been taken down and destroyed. Walton did it.
>
> Personally Governor Walton is a most charming gentleman. A bitter foe becomes tractable in his presence. A woman with a couple of ragged children can win a pardon or parole for her husband quicker than the warmest political friend or the shrewdest lawyer. In fact, it is almost impossible for Governor Walton to resist the appeal of poverty, no matter what the request may be. Early in his administration he announced that all death sentences would be commuted during his term of office. A storm broke over him, but he did not waver. And so again he braved public scorn when he wrote a letter urging President Harding to release the political war prisoners. "Here's the letter; now howl," he said to the reporters when making the communication public. And the papers howled. Another Walton "mistake."
>
> His sympathy for the tenant-farmers and wage-earners of the State is almost pathetic. "I can not give them all jobs," he will say, "and political and industrial reforms are so slow. What can I do?" He has already given them warehouses, an anti-discrimination law, a first-class market commission, and legislation of inestimable value to the growing number of cooperative societies.
>
> Governor Walton gets most of his amusement poking fun at Oklahoma's newspapers. In fact, he never fails to give the "corrupt press" credit for his political success. For years Walton has fought the newspapers and the newspapers have fought him, and Walton has always won.
>
> By his enemies John Calloway Walton is regarded as a political adventurer, corrupt machine politician, hypocrite, and brainless tool in the hands of designing men who have crept into his councils; by his friends "Governor Jack" is hailed as the champion of political freedom and democracy, a two-fisted fighter after the style of Roosevelt, and with a heart like the heart of Lincoln.
>
> And so goes the battle in Oklahoma.

This, of course, is an *ex parte* statement of the affair. Another view, which takes into consideration the faction which would be delighted if Oklahoma could rid itself both of its Klan and its

ÆTNA-IZE

What does it mean to be Ætna-ized?

YOU know this picture. In it you will find yourself, your friends and neighbors.

There are the little shops where you trade. There are the big department stores with their crowds of customers and scores of clerks. There are the banks, churches and theatres. Beyond are streets of homes sheltering wives, mothers and children. Farther off are the factories, the railroad yards and river-front employing hundreds of workers.

All these people and yourself, their possessions and yours, daily face the innumerable risks of life. In a twinkling health, life, property, savings or earning capacity—all your present security—may be instantly wiped out.

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To be Ætna-ized is to own the complete protection that brings you the instant service of the Ætna agent on the spot, backed by the complete strength of Ætna, no matter where misfortune overtakes you or your interests.

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Ætna-ize according to your needs—

as you prosper and as your obligations increase

For seventy-three years the Ætna Life Insurance Company has been administered by New England men imbued with traditions of New England's honored ideals.

By keeping continuous faith with these principles, its clients and its own organization it has built up a financial strength and a sales and service organization able to Ætna-ize the American public with practically every necessary form of insurance.

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"Pink-Tooth-Brush"

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In the very short years that Ipana has been compounded, it has made a host of friends. Thousands of dentists recommend it, especially to those patients who must take good care of their gums.

Send for a trial tube

Ipana Tooth Paste is kind to the enamel of your teeth, yet its cleaning power is remarkable. It is an efficient healer, yet its taste is remarkably cool and refreshing. Send for a trial tube today.

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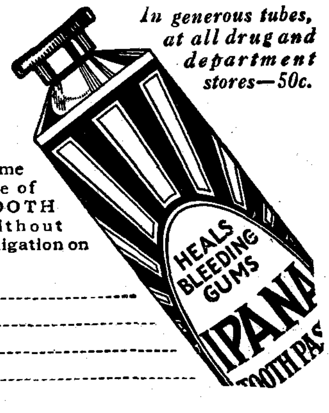

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

Governor, is exprest in this special dispatch from Oklahoma to the Boston *Globe:*

Oklahoma to-day has not one issue, Klan or no Klan, but three. It is the Klan, Jack Walton, or neither. The fight is to the finish. It had its origin two years ago when Walton was Mayor. It flared out again when the Klan bitterly fought Walton's nomination, and again when Klan members redoubled their efforts in the election. Each camp has its followers. Sixty-nine legislators of the 104 in the State say they are ready to assemble in Oklahoma City to attempt to impeach Walton. That is indicative of the sentiment throughout the State.

The crisis in Oklahoma culminates a year fraught with disappointment and uncertainty. Tired of political chicanery, of graft and factionalism, she hoped for accomplishment for a year that would bring her strides farther in her rapid commercial and industrial development.

She had seen a Governor formally charged with bribery. She had seen him saved from possible impeachment by one vote. Her farm interests cried in vain for relief. Her commercial interest could muster little confidence in her administration. She saw her banking laws crumble and her banking commissioner disappear under charges.

To-day she wonders if she has jumped from the frying-pan into the fire. Her farmers and laborers piled up the largest vote ever given a Governor when they put Jack Walton in the chair in January. Every large city with the exception of Muskogee voted against him. Many of her farmers still believe Walton has their interests at heart and will accomplish their purposes. Many do not. The cities have said "Enough."

Since Walton, his brass band and his policemen were swept into the Capitol building, newspapers have had to revise their estimates of big stories. The State has become numb to the sensational. It started with the barbecue. Then the Legislature. More than 200 convicts given executive clemency, an edict setting aside capital punishment, the appointment of George Wilson, Socialist leader, as president of the State Agricultural and Mechanical College, and his as sudden removal, the break and repudiation of the Farmer-Labor Reconstruction League, the organization which elected Walton, and the attempt to retain the "rank and file" martial law in Tulsa, and then the whole State censorship, the ban and its removal on the Oklahoma State Fair, all came too fast for Oklahomans to digest them.

Oklahoma feels keenly she has been misrepresented to the world because one man has made political fodder of an admitted evil. With pompous word and sensational phrasing she feels Walton has painted her as in rebellion when she will admit no more than an infection. Few Oklahomans stand for the Klan, fewer perhaps than stand for Walton. Yet the Klan claims Walton's fight has resulted in hundreds of new applications for that order. Oklahoma is fighting to-night for her place in the sun. A place in the respect of the Nation. She is fighting for the opportunity to continue the meteor-like development she started some 30-odd years ago when there was not an oil-well, a business building or a farm of significance within her boundaries.

She finds her sledding rough.

Governor Walton in the course of the detailed statement of his position, made to the New York *World* on October 6, defends himself against the charge that his anti-Klan agitation has hurt business in the State. He concludes his three-column statement with this praise of Oklahoma, particularly if it could be free from the influence of the Klan:

The State of Oklahoma is fabulously rich in minerals, metals and agricultural possibilities—not as yet one per cent. developed—oil and natural gas in abundance, an inexhaustible supply of lead and zinc, cement rock in sufficient quantities to furnish cement for every hard-surfaced road in this country and erect all the buildings in the universe, with mills already in operation; an inexhaustible supply of glass sand, a glass factory in operation and enough glass and sand in sight to furnish window-glass for the world; gypsum beds, mountains of fine marble and granite, salt plains miles in extent, and all this wealth waiting for capital for its development.

Our soil produces wheat, corn, cotton, kaffir corn, milo-maize, sudan grass, broom-corn in abundance, all fruits and vegetables. As many as five crops of alfalfa have been cut in one season on some of our river-bottom land; three crops of potatoes have been grown in one season, and yet the soil of Oklahoma has scarcely been scratched.

We need money for development, but money invested in Oklahoma will never be safe under Klan rule. But if God gives me strength, this hydra-headed monster, called the Invisible Empire, will be crusht effectually and completely, and capital can find safe profitable investment within our borders.

I have determined that the Klan, invisible government, must unmask and give way to visible government or leave the State, or I must seek habitation elsewhere.

On the same day the Klan announced, according to a special dispatch from the staff correspondent of *The World* in Oklahoma City, that it would unmask "thenceforth and forever," ten days after the Governor was removed from office. The Klan authorities confidently expect that the legislature, called to meet on October 17, will impeach the Governor. According to a former State Corporation Commissioner, "acknowledged spokesman for the Klan," quoted in the *World's* dispatch:

"You can tell the rest of the country that the Klan will discard its hoods and gowns ten days after Jack Walton is hurtled back into private life. This is positive and certain.

"Most of the Klansmen have been against the mask and gown since the inception of the Klan. In fact, I was head of a committee appointed by the Oklahoma Klan to visit Atlanta and obtain from the head of the Klan permission to unmask in this State. I even thought we should get rid of the hood and gown in Oklahoma without asking permission.

"It was just at the moment when the Klan was about to unmask that Governor Walton seized upon the alleged political and moral issue against the Klan. He had his spies in the Klan, and he knew we were about to face the public as I have always felt American citizens should."

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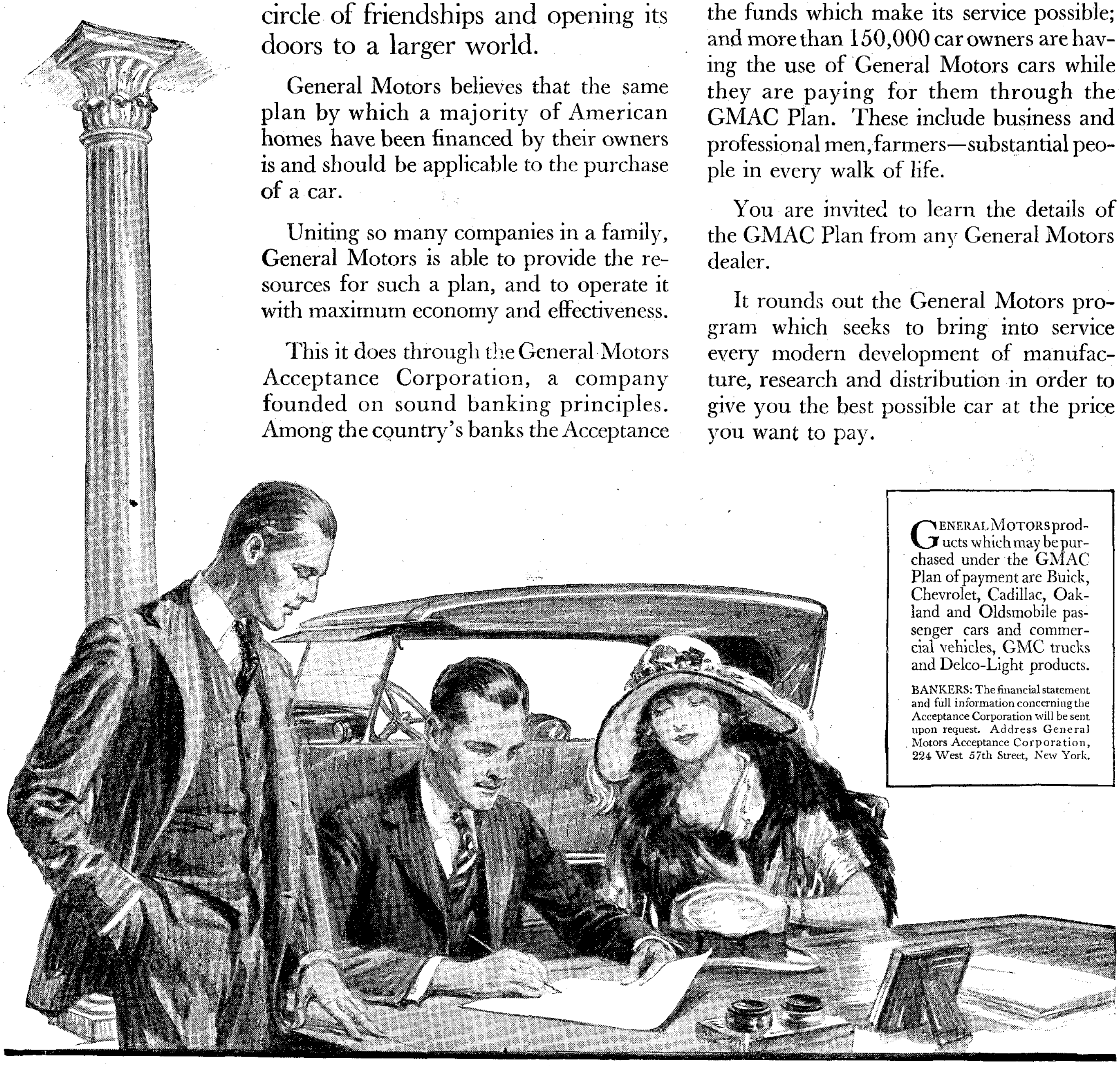
This it does through the General Motors Acceptance Corporation, a company founded on sound banking principles. Among the country's banks the Acceptance Corporation ranks 81st in capital, surplus and undivided profits.

Over two thousand banks have provided the funds which make its service possible; and more than 150,000 car owners are having the use of General Motors cars while they are paying for them through the GMAC Plan. These include business and professional men, farmers—substantial people in every walk of life.

You are invited to learn the details of the GMAC Plan from any General Motors dealer.

It rounds out the General Motors program which seeks to bring into service every modern development of manufacture, research and distribution in order to give you the best possible car at the price you want to pay.



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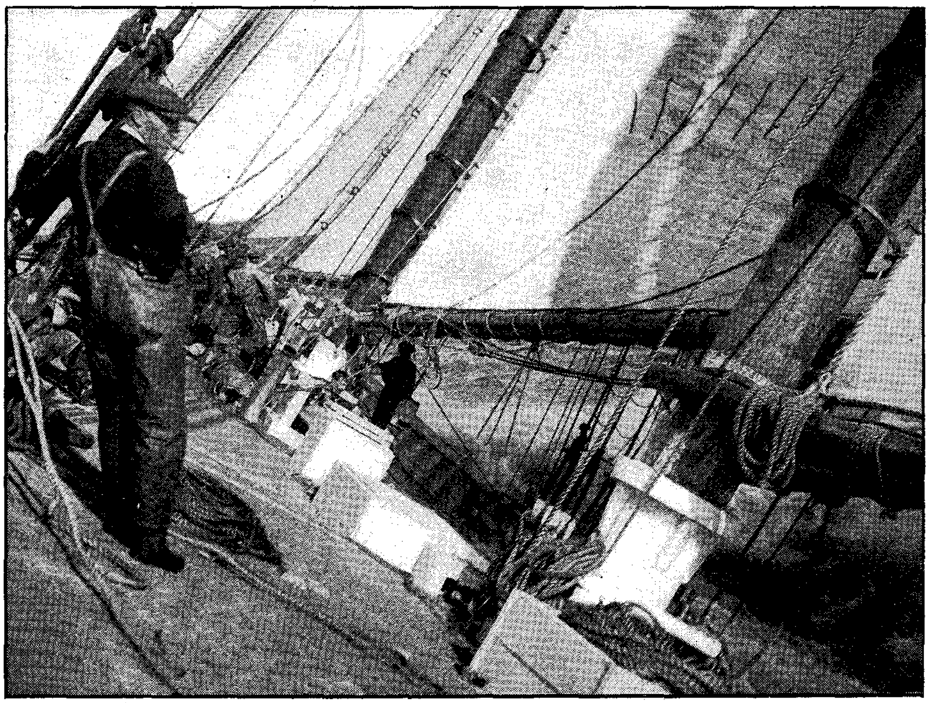
Brown-Lipe-Chapin Differential Gears • Lancaster Steel Products • Inland Steering Wheels • Dayton Wright Special Bodies
General Exchange Corporation furnishes insurance service for General Motors dealers and purchasers

THE GREAT-HEARTED SAILORMEN OF GLOUCESTER

UP IN GLOUCESTER, they have been celebrating the three-hundredth anniversary of the founding of that haven of the men who sail fishing-schooners into the North Atlantic. But why should they make such a point of the age of the little fishing-town, asks James B. Connolly, writer of sea stories, when, right at the present time, Gloucester boasts as noble ships and as great-hearted sailors as ever braved the sea? The Fishermen's Races have brought the town some prominence of late, but they, also, it appears, have not shown the best that Gloucester can do in the way of sailing. The Anniversary Race of 1892, "the only fishermen's race that was ever sailed according to Gloucester's standards," declares Mr. Connolly, was "a real race." The wind blew sixty miles an hour that day, he recalls, in *The World's Work*, when—



Copyrighted by Levick

"DRIVING HER"

A schooner from Gloucester, slanting across the North Atlantic, hurrying home with its cargo of fish. Such ships and sailormen are called the equal of any in the history of the world.

> The three skippers of the fleet went out to race with all sail set and their halyards lasht aloft. Two vessels came home disabled, but through superb seamanship and the grace of God no vessel was lost.
>
> For as long as Gloucester is Gloucester they will talk of how Maurice Whalen won that race in the *Harry Belden*. The two men lasht to the wheel of the *Belden* were up to their waists in water. She rolled down, sending the helmsmen to their necks in the swash. "She rolled low down that time, skipper," one of the two remarked casually to Maurice. "She did, and she'll roll lower yet before the sail comes off her," responded Maurice.
>
> Later the *Belden* took a deep plunge, burying her forward deck to the waist under water. "An awful dive that. If she makes another dive like that, will she come up, d' y' think, skipper?"
>
> "I dunno, boy," said the cheerful Maurice, "but if any vessel out o' Gloucester'll come up, this one'll come up."

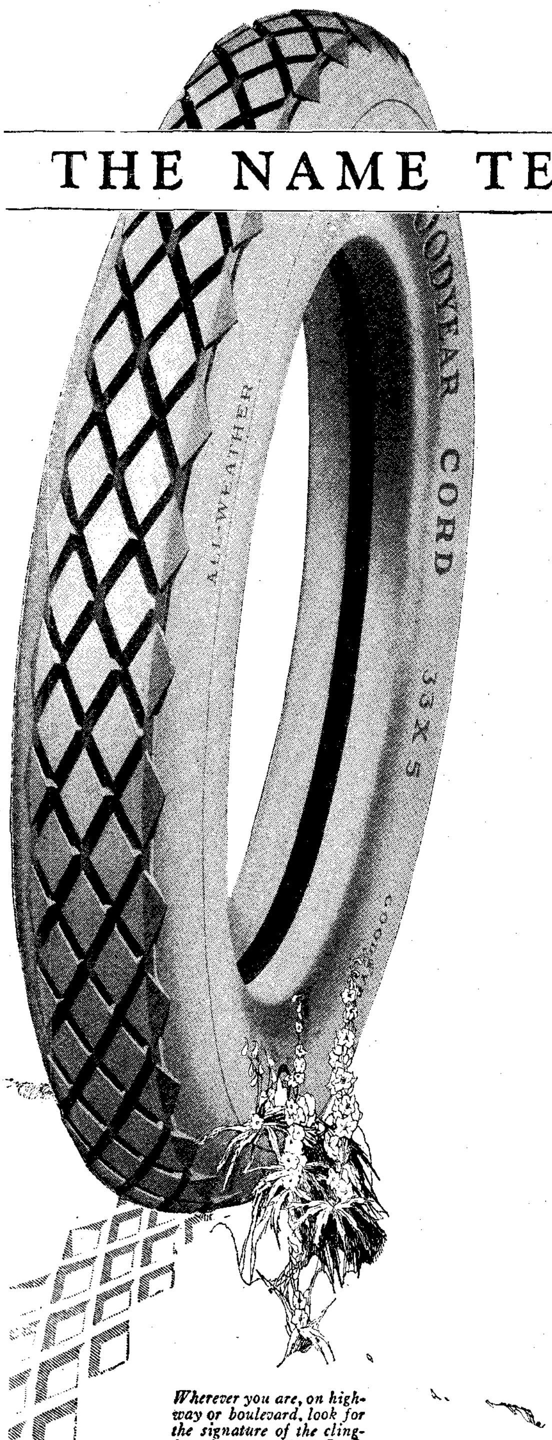
"I once made a winter passage from Georges Banks with Whalen in the *Arthur Binney*," continues Mr. Connolly. He wanted to get home to his family for "Sunday, and so he drove her." Incidentally, as the writer relates:

> It was blowing sixty miles an hour clearing the North Shoal of the Banks. She came all the way to Boston Harbor to an increasing wind on the port tack, which, of course, loosened up the planks on her port side. Before we breasted Cape Cod the men in the port bunks forward had to leave them, because of the sea-water coming through between the planks.
>
> Later I wrote a magazine story around that winter passage. For my action I merely sketched in a few casual happenings of the run home. I spoke of water in her cabin floating the men's slipshods from one side of the cabin to the other, of the men who were washed out of their bunks, of the helmsman lasht to the wheel, and who was picked up and laid across the main boom eight feet above the deck by one of the seas which boarded her. One reviewer said of that story: "A pleasing but impossible story of incredible happenings."
>
> Much he knew of sail-carrying skippers! Fearing that my short story would grow to a long story, I had left out more than I put in of the happenings of that passage.
>
> The second vessel to finish in that Anniversary Race was the *Nannie Bohlin*, Captain Tommie Bohlin. Almost any old Gloucesterman could give you a thrill merely by the way he would utter that name, Tommie Bohlin. I wrote a story around Bohlin one time, calling him Ohlsen, which was a mistake. I should have used his real name. Tommie Bohlin! A name for a hero it was.
>
> And he was a hero. He one time sailed into the Arctic, to eighty north in a hunt for new halibut grounds. He was on his way back home, in a port in northern Norway for grub and water when he heard that a contender for the *America's* Cup was sailing that day from Plymouth, England, to New York.
>
> "A good race for the *Nannie*,' said Bohlin. "A thousand miles start she'll have, but what odds? She bein' a yacht, they'll be tender with her."

They started on the same day. The racing yacht was one of the *Valkyries*, but, records Mr. Connolly:

> Tommie made Gloucester six days before the yacht made New York. Tommie made all kinds of records on that passage. For four successive days in mid-ocean he logged better than fourteen knots. Throughout all those four days the *Valkyrie* was hove-to, which is not meant for disparagement of her skipper; he was not racing across. Tommie's best sailing was done between Cape Sable and Gloucester. On that last leg he overhauled the Boston to Yarmouth steamer, she on a thirteen-knot schedule. He raised the steamer at eight in the morning, and had her hull down astern by one in the afternoon.
>
> I was on deck with him one stormy night in a mid-watch. He was never a garrulous man, but high notes of the wind and the low boom of the sea seemed to inspire him that night. He began to talk of some famous passages of the *Nannie*. He spoke of her as if she was something human. Speaking of one famous drive across the Grand Banks, he suddenly burst out with: "I druv her and I druv her and I druv her. Could I make her quit? The man never lived could make the *Nannie Bohlin* quit."
>
> I have been to sea with the first four captains in that Anniversary Race. Whalen told me his story of that race in forty words. He did not have to explain anything. The *Belden* was a great vessel, she had the weather she liked, and she won the race—what more to say? Bohlin, who finished second, had to explain how it came about that his beloved *Nannie* was beaten by the *Belden*. It took Tommie about 200 words or so to tell it. Captain Reuben Cameron finished third. It used to take Reub about a thousand words to tell how the other two licked him. When Saul Jacobs, who finished fourth, came to tell about it—well, I once sat up till four o'clock of a winter's morning in the cabin of his vessel off Newfoundland, and the great Saul hadn't then done telling how it was that the *Ethel Jacobs* came to finish fourth.
>
> The same ruling idea was back of every explanation. The vessel was not at fault. No fault of the vessel's that she didn't win. No, no!
>
> Where else on earth do men love their vessels so? And is the quality in the vessels or the men that such a feeling exists? To my notion, our American bank fishermen have the greatest fleet of sea-going schooners in the history of the world, but there is more than that to it. The seamen and these vessels come

THE NAME TELLS YOU EVERYTHING



Wherever you are, on highway or boulevard, look for the signature of the clinging, long-wearing Goodyear All-Weather Tread

When you buy tires of course you want the tires that give you maximum mileage at minimum cost.

You want, in addition, to feel that the dealer from whom you buy will back up your tires with conscientious service.

If the tires you buy bear the name GOODYEAR, you are sure of both these things.

◇ ◇

Today the name GOODYEAR is on a better tire than ever before—the *new* GOODYEAR Cord Tire with the All-Weather Tread.

Embodying highest-grade long-staple cotton, improved and longer-wearing rubber, heavier and tougher sidewalls, stronger ply-unions and other important advantages—this new tire is finding favor everywhere.

With its reinforced and beveled All-Weather Tread it runs more quietly and smoothly, while preserving in full its celebrated slipless, skidless traction.

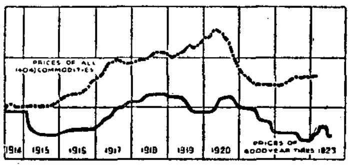
It is the tire of tires for long, reliable, economical travel, whether on big cars or small.

◇ ◇

When next you buy tires buy the tires whose known excellence has made them the most popular in the world.

GOODYEAR Tires—sold only by GOODYEAR Service Station Dealers, pledged to help you get from your tires all the mileage built into them at the factory. The name tells you everything.

A GOOD TIME TO BUY GOODYEARS



Over the past ten years Goodyear Tires have been steadily improved. Despite this, prices on Goodyear Tires have consistently been kept below the average price level for all commodities, as the above chart shows. Although Goodyear Tires today are better than ever before, Goodyear prices are 37% below those of 1920, and 30% below those even of 1914. This is a good time to buy Goodyears.

Goodyear Means Good Wear

GOODYEAR

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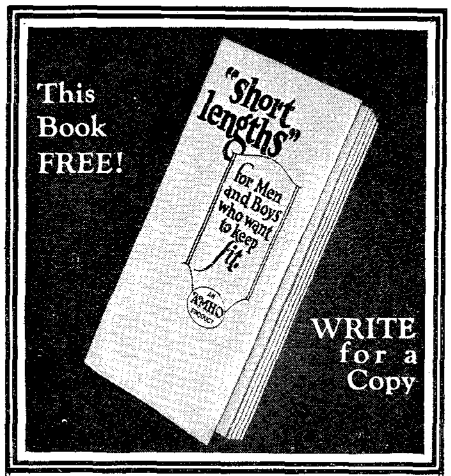


[It contains 5 Complete Physical Culture Exercises illustrated Motion-Picture Style. Now in its third popular edition.]

WITH the coming of cold weather haven't you often wished for a light-weight "Short-Length" Undergarment that would give you the Athletic comfort and body-freedom you enjoy so much in *Summer*—but, at the same time, would insure the WINTER WARMTH and PROTECTION you need?

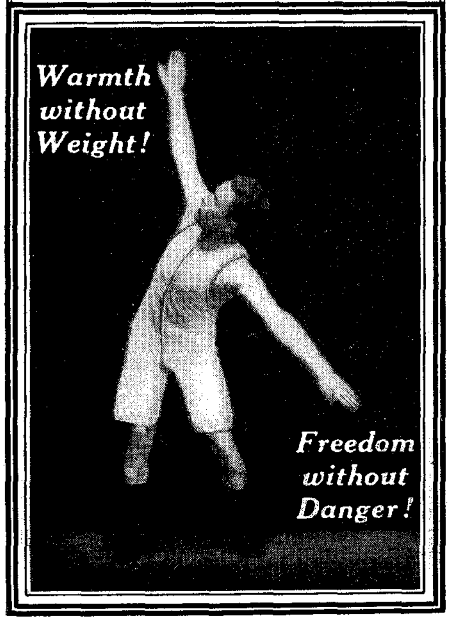
Well then—HERE is your wish fulfilled!

Ask for this really wonderful underwear at any high-grade Men's Shop, Department Store or Dry Goods House. Various weights, in natural color or white. Boys' and Youths' sizes up to 36. Men's sizes up to 56.

AMHO
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
WINTER ATHLETIC

The ORIGINAL knee-length, sleeveless, loose-fitting Union Suit KNIT of highest grade WOOL and Cotton mixed.

Made only by the
American Hosiery Company
(Makers since 1868 of Fine Knitted Goods)
New Britain, Connecticut



PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

regularly through great peril together; the men, unconscious of their own superqualities, give the credit to the vessel.

Above the street door of the Master Mariners' rooms is a painting of Captain Morrissey's *Arethusa*, both being famous in Gloucester annals. Captain Morrissey was a great hand for getting into trouble with the "authorities to the east'ard," and then getting himself out of it. One day the *Arethusa* was seized and taken to a Newfoundland harbor by a Provincial government's steam-cutter. The cutter took station almost alongside the fisherman. It came on a dark night and a gale of wind. A fine night to go to sea, thinks Clayt, and so he slipt his cable and out to sea he went. The cutter's crew couldn't get her deck gun working in time to stop him in the harbor, and it was no use in her putting to sea to follow him. She couldn't steam much better than eleven knots, which would never overhaul the *Arethusa* in the breeze blowing that night. So Clayt got clear.

The real fishermen will be hanging around the so-called "Fishermen's Corner" in Gloucester, late in the fall, looking for "a winter chance." Winter is the real time to see them, he says, for—

To see them on what they call a "dory killing day," in their oilskins and thick-soled knee-high redjacks (leather boots) with thick inner and outer clothing beneath the oilskins—to see them diving over the rail into their little boats to set their trawls is to see something. Weighted down as they are, any mischance is probable death. To see them rowing across a racing tide, to be carried miles away from the vessel, wind and tide as often as not against them for the row back to the vessel, is to put a new respect for men's courage into our hearts. A curious thing it is that these men, who in all the world are most in danger of death by drowning, can not, usually, swim—a curious but true thing. Ask one of them why he never learned to swim and the answer would probably be that he never had time to learn.

Men of amazing endurance some of them. I knew a man named Allen who was capsized one winter day with his dory mate. Allen's mate clung to the bottom of the dory and there froze to death. Allen, who had decided early that he was not going to freeze to death in the same way, dropt overboard, reached under water for the dory painter, passed it up through the ring in the bow, adjusted it to such a length that he could stand in the bight of it, took a couple of half hitches to secure it in the ring, and there hung with his body immersed to his chin.

He figured that the water would not be so cold as the northwester winter wind. After eight hours under water he was picked up by his vessel. We may think it a wonderful thing that he lived through that; the really wonderful thing was that it did not occur to him that he was entitled to lie in his bunk a while after what he had gone through. A shipmate fell sick and there was Allen on deck early next morning to take the sick man's place in a dory. He had had a good night's sleep and a couple of good meals—why should he stay loafing aboard? He went out in the dory. Shipmates did say of Allen that he was what you might call a tough man, which is about as far as one trawler will go in praising another trawler's power of endurance.

Endurance? I was shipmate one time with a champion. I never knew his proper name, but he went by the nickname of Frenchy. He was astray for seven days one time. On the seventh night he saw a red sidelight bearing down on him. Frenchy's dory-mate had given out, and Frenchy himself was feeling weary, but not so weary that he could not make the man at the wheel hear him when he yelled. She was a coal bark and took them aboard. When the mate of the bark on watch discovered that he had two Gloucester fishermen on his hands, he did not like it. He disliked Americans in general and Gloucestermen particularly. He told Frenchy that he had no bunks to spare, that he and his mate would have to sleep on the coal in the hold. Frenchy did not mind where he slept himself, but he protested that his chum was too weak to turn in on a pile of coal; also he must have a cup of hot coffee. They argued the matter. It wound up in the mate and Frenchy having a fist fight. Frenchy beat up the mate. The captain, awakened by the noise, came out of his room to find Frenchy hammering the mate's head against the cabin bulkhead. The captain had a heart in him. He found bunks, roused out the cook and had him make hot coffee for the two Gloucestermen. The unusual thing to Frenchy in the whole affair was the manner of the mate. "One bad guy! Oh, one bad guy! One damn bad guy; no gentleman; no, no!" Frenchy would say.

Easterly on Main Street from Fishermen's Corner is the little shop of Howard Blackburn. He is the man who went astray on the Grand Banks, and saw his dorymate freeze to death; and seeing that, and feeling that he was freezing up also, he curled his fingers around the handles of his oars and there held them so that when they did freeze they would freeze in such shape that they could hold the oars and allow him to continue rowing. And they did so freeze and he continued his rowing, and made land with the frozen body of his dorymate. In the five days he was astray without food or water, Blackburn did several other things as heroic as the deliberate freezing of his hands to the oars. He lost all his fingers, all his toes, half of both thumbs, and half of one foot, but he lived through it, and has not only been cheerfully making his own living since—he finds the resources to help others.

Great-hearted, unconquerable men, is what those winter dorymen are. You meet a man on the street in Gloucester and casually you learn that once when he went astray on a winter's day, his dorymate, considering himself the hardier one of the pair, took off his cardigan jacket and forced it on him. It was in winter, and that night was a terribly cold one. The man who had given up the cardigan jacket froze to death. The man you are talking to was picked up almost done for, but in time he recovered.

Take another case of Gloucester fishermen. Two men were overturned in a dory, neither being able to swim, and one happening to grab the thwart, the one who was lucky enough to grab the thwart tossed it to his mate who held himself afloat with the thwart until the vessel bore down and got him. The one who gave up the thwart went down. Great men is what they are.

These bank fishermen have more independence than men working ashore, says the writer, and he speculates that this independence may spring from a knowledge

LISTERINE
LISTERINE
LAMBERT
PHARMACAL COMPANY
ST LOUIS MO., U.S.A.
LAMBERT
PHARMACAL COMPANY

Don't have sore throat again this winter

As you know, many illnesses start with sore throat. The mouth is the open door to disease germs.

So, particularly at this time of year and, in fact, all winter, it is wise to use Listerine systematically.

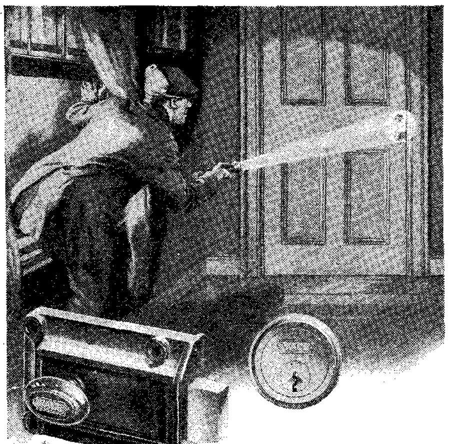
For half a century this unusual preparation has been recognized and recommended by physicians as the safe household antiseptic. It will help you and your family ward off many throat troubles that so often anticipate more serious ills.

Simply use it as a mouth wash and gargle; it is pleasant and it will put you on the safe side.

Also, it combats halitosis

Listerine has, moreover, the ability to overcome halitosis (the medical term for unpleasant breath). When you use Listerine systematically, you *know* your breath is right.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
SAINT LOUIS, U. S. A.



~But the Yale Protected Closet Stops Him

THE Yale Cylinder Night Latch steadfastly guards that closet day and night. Its contents are secure.

Protect *your* valuables against the porch climber and the crafty sneak-thief.

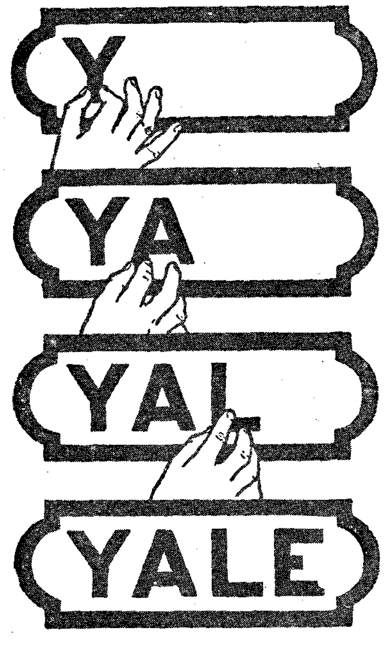
Attach a Yale Cylinder Night Latch to at least *one* closet and keep your jewelry, your spare silver, your evening clothes and other valuable belongings safe from prying fingers, from the midnight prowler and the possible dishonest servant.

The burglar knows that he cannot successfully tamper with the sturdy Yale marked lock.

Though your entrance doors be safely locked there is always the insidious danger of the forgotten window. Ask your hardware dealer to show you a Yale Cylinder Night Latch or Dead Lock *today*. Be sure it is marked YALE.

For sale by hardware dealers everywhere.

The Yale & Towne Mfg. Co.
Stamford, Conn., U.S.A.
Canadian Branch at St. Catharines, Ont.



Yale Made is Yale Marked

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

of the fact that if he doesn't like a skipper or owner there is always another skipper or owner ready to give him a chance. Also:

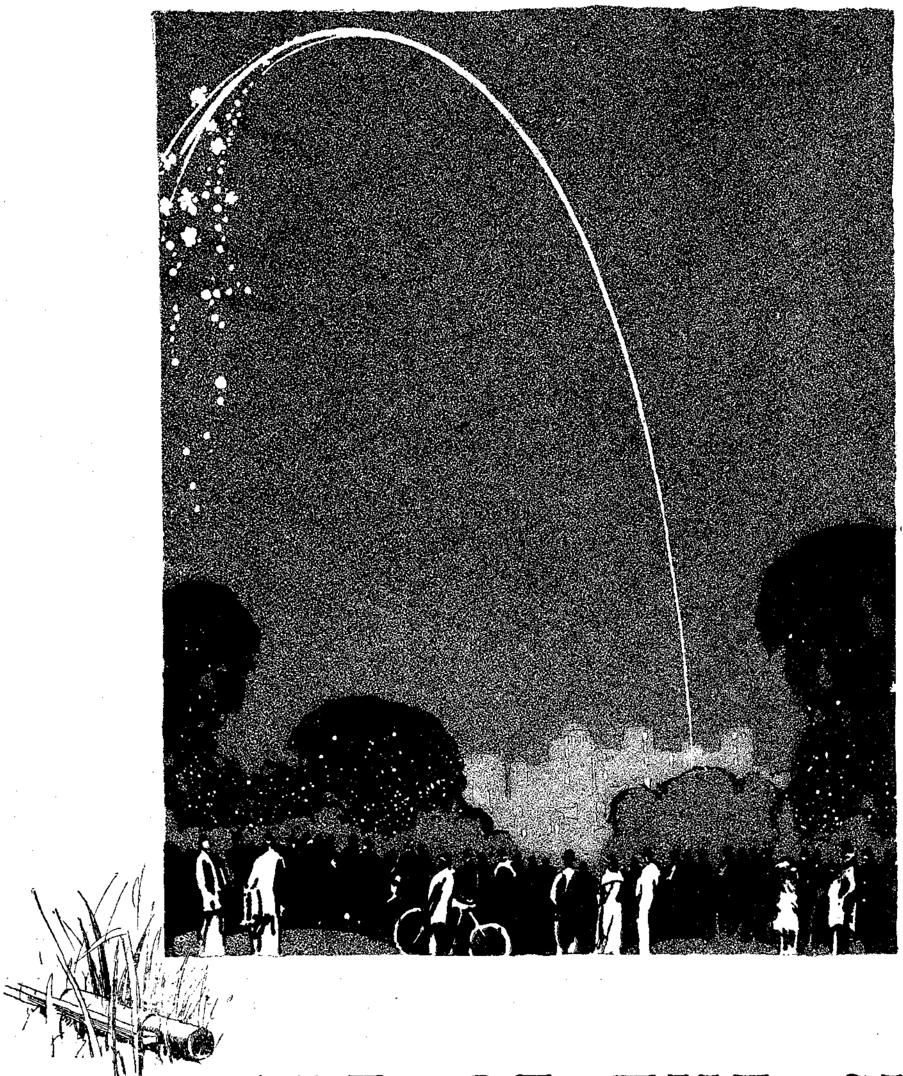
> That he does not know the humbling influence of having to find a job when jobs are not easy to find may have much to do with his independence; some people think so; but I have known many bank fishermen, and to my notion much of his independent spirit is the inevitable outcome of his daily life. Wrestling with the vast sea breeds humility of some, but also it makes for self-respect.
>
> Some of his independent spirit is the influence of ancestry. He is a fisherman, his father before him was a fisherman, his father's father before him usually, his people before him for many generations sometimes. Seamen they were, but no galley slaves of seamen such as grew up under old-time merchant-ship laws. No one, two, three years at sea with the owner's agent, the same being the captain, to hold him down to the poorest of food and the lowest of wages. Fishermen know nothing of the harsh laws which give all the wages to the officers and all the profits to the owners. Fishermen were the original cooperative workers. Our all-sail fishermen in Gloucester to-day still share and share alike.
>
> Sometimes, of course, there is nothing to share. They may go out in winter, be gone four or five or six weeks, and not stock enough to pay for grub, ice and bait. Yes, and sometimes not enough to pay for their tobacco. That is one of the things which make fishing an adventure rather than an industry.
>
> Most Bank fishermen are adventurers by instinct, and being so they do not think in terms of money, which is perhaps why they earn the least money of all skilled craftsmen in this country. Considering the varied facets demanded of their skill, and the danger and hardships of their work, they are pitifully paid. The fishing crew member who clears a thousand dollars a year above his expenses on the vessel is doing very well.
>
> As with the fishermen at sea so with the dealers ashore. No Gloucester dealer, fish-dealer, or owner of vessels, ever became a millionaire. What other group of business men in any community in this country could have had a large business practically in their own hands for so long a time as these dealers and vessel owners, and yet not have one of them die a millionaire? Only in Gloucester could that happen.

That habit of not being alive to the dollar value, says Mr. Connolly, holds for the business of shipbuilding in the little town of Essex, which is almost part of Gloucester. For there—

> The Essex men have been building vessels for two hundred years or so. No men in the world are more skilled in the construction of sea-going wooden vessels than these men of Essex. They have their share of work, but never a ship-builder in Essex died leaving any fortune. These highly skilled craftsmen in the Essex shipyards work for from fifty to sixty cents an hour. During the war when almost any tramp could get a ten-dollar-a-day job in a shipyard anywhere, the highly skilled Essex men were working for sixty-five cents an hour. Something in the air which these bank fishermen bring ashore must have had its subtle influence over all who come to do business in the port.
>
> Gloucester ought to be more prosperous, so some think. Possibly so, possibly not. You take a little city of twenty-five thousand people, which means five thousand males of working age. The most virile of these five thousand are out to sea. You take a bad night on Georges Bank and 170 men go down. Another bad night and 165 are lost. These are mostly young men, the potential fathers of families. Add twenty more lost here, thirty more lost there, and you have a terrible drain that's like pumping a man's very heart blood out of him.
>
> Gloucester has been celebrating her 300th Anniversary. They seem proud of her age, which they shouldn't be, the age to which a settlement will live being so much a matter of later luck. But they have a right to be proud of their beautiful seaworthy vessels, and the captains and crews who have sailed them. The world's history may show their equals, but hardly their betters.
>
> Great men they are at their best, and, at their worst, men to make allowances for; but not many are at their worst Great men, who take it high and take it low, with small complaint when it comes hard and grateful enough when it comes easy. I met a captain down there one day, just in from a terribly hard and profitless trip.
>
> "Heard you had a rough trip, Captain?"
>
> "Rough enough, boy, rough enough. But that's natural enough, too, for this time o' year. 'Twould be queer if it wasn't."
>
> "Any fish?"
>
> "Not enough to bother to weigh out."
>
> "Pretty tough sometimes, isn't it?"
>
> "Tough enough, yes. But there are times when it's been good. Let's thank God, boy, when it's good."
>
> That's Gloucester after her 300 years—thanking God when the fishing's good.

The International Fisherman's Races this year will probably be held late in October, according to announcements coming from Boston. As the challenger, the Boston *Post* remarks, "our schooner will have to go down to Bluenose waters, and tackle whatever defender is chosen by the Canadians. So much the better for the sport." The American candidates, the *Henry Ford*, the *Columbia* and the *Elizabeth Howard*, were billed to hold their elimination races on October 12. *The Post* reported on October 5, however:

> Hope of holding the American elimination races for selecting the challenger for the International Fishermen's cup on Columbus Day off Gloucester faded last night, and at the same time it appeared likely that the international series off Halifax will have to be postponed until after October 20.
>
> Both the *Henry Ford* and the *Elizabeth Howard*, which, with the new *Columbia*, will compose the list of entries in the American elimination series are now out on the banks And, according to word received in Gloucester last night, they are not expected to return to that port until the first part of next week.
>
> Word will be sent to the Halifax officials to-day apprizing them of the local situation and asking for a postponement until about October 25.



THE TALE OF THE SKY-ROCKET

MOST of us are familiar with the story of the small boy who spent all of his money for a sky-rocket, touched a match to it, watched it rise and burst into a thousand shooting stars, and then sat down and cried bitterly.

"I wish I had bought something else," he sobbed. "It might have lasted longer."

The small boy has no monopoly on sky-rockets. Within the memory of everyone who reads this page, there have been too many instances of business men, of otherwise sound judgment, who have sought to flash their product into national prominence with nothing more lasting than a bit of cardboard tinsel, a flash of powder, and a wooden stick.

Impatient with established practices, unwilling to lay a secure foundation before proceeding farther, seeking to do in six spectacular months the work of six years, they have put their faith and their money in an advertising sky-rocket.

It has gone up and flared across the sky and people have stopped and looked and wondered. Yet in far too short a time the crowds have dispersed and the spectacle of the moment—for it was only that—has been forgotten. And then these business men sat down, like the small boy, and wished they had done something else.

Advertising is not a game or a gamble. It is not for those of little faith and little understanding. It is certainly not for those who wish to sky-rocket their way to the heights.

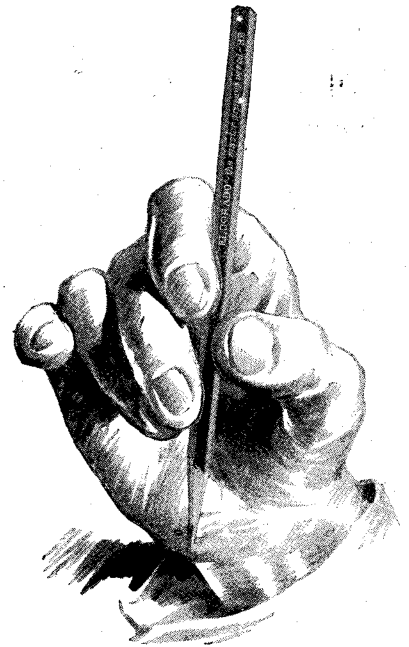
The greatest advertising successes in this country are those of manufacturers who have started conservatively and have gone ahead aggressively, making a better product each year, building good-will, maintaining an equitable balance between manufacturing cost and selling price, creating new markets and extending their distribution in an ever-widening circle to meet increased demand.

To such men, advertising is not a sudden flash in the night, but a definite, practical aid in building a substantial business.

N. W. AYER & SON *ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS*

PHILADELPHIA
NEW YORK

BOSTON
CLEVELAND
CHICAGO



USE Dixon's Eldorado in your writing and figuring for the same reason that artists use it:—its undoubted help in the doing of better work.

SAMPLE OFFER

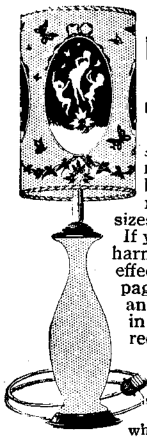
Look for the distinctive blue and gold Eldorado Counter Display Case at your dealer's. If he does not have Eldorado pencils, send us his name and 10c and we shall mail you trial-length samples of both Dixon's Eldorado and Dixon's "Best" Red Colored Pencils.

DIXON'S ELDORADO
"the master drawing pencil"

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE COMPANY
Pencil Dept. 41-J, Jersey City, N. J.
Canadian Distributors:
A. R. MacDougall & Co., Ltd., Toronto

YOU CAN have a business-profession of your own and earn big income in service fees. A New system of foot correction; readily learned by anyone at home in a few weeks. Easy terms for training. Openings everywhere with all the trade you can attend to. No capital required or goods to buy, no agency or soliciting.

Address Stephenson Laboratory, 3 Back Bay, Boston, Mass.



SAVE HALF!
Lamps and Shades
Make at Home
Delightful work — easy — profitable

Parchment shades, lamps, and shields in artistic designs are very much in vogue. Save ½ the usual price by getting our shades flat, designed ready for coloring. (300 designs and sizes.) Full directions. Anyone can do it. If you are interested in studying color harmony, unusual methods of treatment, effective combinations, send 15c for 32 page book of instructions for making and painting parchment shades, both in oil and water colors. No teacher is required. 15 beautifully colored illustrations showing finished shades.

CHINA PAINTERS!

Everything in white china — saving from 10 to 40 per cent. We are America's largest white china importers and sell direct to users.

Send for *free* catalog, 54D showing Lamps, Shades and China. Contains over 2000 illustrations.

THAYER & CHANDLER, 913 W. Van Buren St., Chicago

"THE COLLAPSE OF PROHIBITION" IN DETROIT

"DETROIT'S booze bill is around $2,000,000 a week," announces the Detroit *News*, which has been conducting an extended investigation of liquor conditions in its locality. This astonishing sum of money gives an idea, comments the investigator, "of the enormous profits which have lured thousands of men and women into the sordid business, bringing in their wake a contempt for all law," and, as attendant results, "murder, theft and pillage—a saturnalia of crime."

Summing up the series of articles, *The News* announces that it has been shown that "Prohibition has collapsed" in Detroit. Specifically, says the writer:

> Ninety-seven men have been murdered in the wars of the rum-runners. These are the men who have been identified, and there are several hundred more unaccounted for. Nor does that number take in the men killed in merely drunken brawls.
>
> The courts are paralyzed because of the impossibility of getting convictions, as jurors can not be found in Detroit who will convict for bootlegging, except in rare instances.
>
> Drinking has spread to the homes, and instances are not rare where women and children are drawn into the debauchery; at high-school parties hip flasks are the vogue.
>
> The police estimate there are 10,000 blind-pigs doing business in Detroit.
>
> Whole neighborhoods are devoted to bootlegging and moonshining, and the social evil has spread like a vicious stain over the city, with whole apartment houses rented to women as blind-pigs, and worse.
>
> All these revelations made by investigators for the Detroit *News* are supported as accurate and truthful by police, judges, prosecutors and leading social workers. The leaders of Prohibition enforcement admit that a service has been done in tearing off the veil and exposing conditions as they are. But the whole story has not been told, and never can be told, for that black stain of the jungle has spread so far that it is impossible to trace it in all its devious windings. Only the high spots can be shown. Into every fiber of our social fabric it has left its mark.
>
> For example, the biggest and most logical argument against beer and whisky in the days of campaigning for Prohibition was the evil of the saloon in politics. The governmental affairs of the city of Detroit were dominated by the saloonkeeper and brewers, under an organization known as "The Royal Ark." Before each election the leaders put out on little green slips the "Royal Ark slate." No candidate for Mayor, Judge, Congress or Governor or any other office had any chance whose name was not on that list.
>
> When Frank H. Croul, during his first term as police commissioner, fought the vicious saloons and sought to regulate them, they turned on him and the saloon and brewery leaders demanded his head. He was removed from office and a wide-open town policy was established at their behest. It was that movement in firing Croul more than any other one thing which aroused the public sentiment of Detroit against the saloon and brewery control, and the Prohibition vote followed.
>
> To-day all politicians will admit, in confidence, that while the saloon and brewery do not show their heads as of old, their power is just as strong as it ever was, only more hidden and insidious.
>
> "It used to be that no man could be elected to office without the saloon vote," declared one City Hall official, who, as usual, said he could not afford to be quoted. "To-day, no man can be elected without the blind-pig vote. If you don't think so, look what happened to Pliny Marsh. In his case the issue was a clean-cut straight-out issue of a churchman appealing directly to the church vote for support. He is a high-class, sincere gentleman, in no sense a fanatic, and with a fine record of public service behind him. You'll find that the so-called better element didn't even take the trouble to come out and vote for him. If you think the pigs are not a power, get some of these old politicians who know the game to come out and denounce them. They won't, because it would be political suicide."
>
> During the last judicial campaign, candidates, with some few exceptions, visited blind-pigs and "cellar parties" and showed they were "regular fellows" by drinking bootleg beer and liquor. Some of these meetings were in the foreign district, above a near-beer saloon, perhaps. Others were in the exclusive residential districts, in the basements or drawing-rooms of homes of prosperous people.
>
> One difference from the old days is to be noted which is significant. In the old days the politicians visited the saloons and bought rounds of drinks at exorbitant prices for those times. Nowadays he does not have to buy drinks—the modern bootlegger is his host. Future "protection" is what the bootlegger is purchasing, or thinks he is purchasing, of course.

"With whatever misgivings the Detroit citizens may view the condition into which his community has been betrayed," says *The News* editorially, summing up the results of its investigation, and suggesting a remedy:

> He must realize that what is true of Detroit is true too, precisely to the same extent, for the same causes, and with the same results throughout the country.
>
> Detroit citizens are the same as those elsewhere. Conditions are the same. Rum-running and bootlegging is the same. Moral decay is the same.
>
> Bootlegging is a national operation, nationally organized and with a national market. Important tho the issue is to each community, it is only when the citizen grasps the stupendous fact that the entire country is awash with illicit liquor, and that neither State, city or village lines have any tangible meaning in the fight against it, that the real character of the fight that must be made becomes apparent.
>
> It is a contest drawn definitely between the nation and outlawry; nothing else. It is the Constitution itself that is involved. No local phase can be permanently affected until the problem is followed back to its root, which is the national issue in the United States of the law, whether it shall stand with the solid support of every resource of the United States Government or whether it shall be admitted to be a humiliating failure. Back of that is whether the American people themselves are to retain the sole right to make and erase their laws or whether the law of the land can be flouted and scorned with impunity, and leave the people whose vital interest is at stake indifferent.
>
> The voice and arm of the nation is the Federal Government. Leadership in the problem belongs there.

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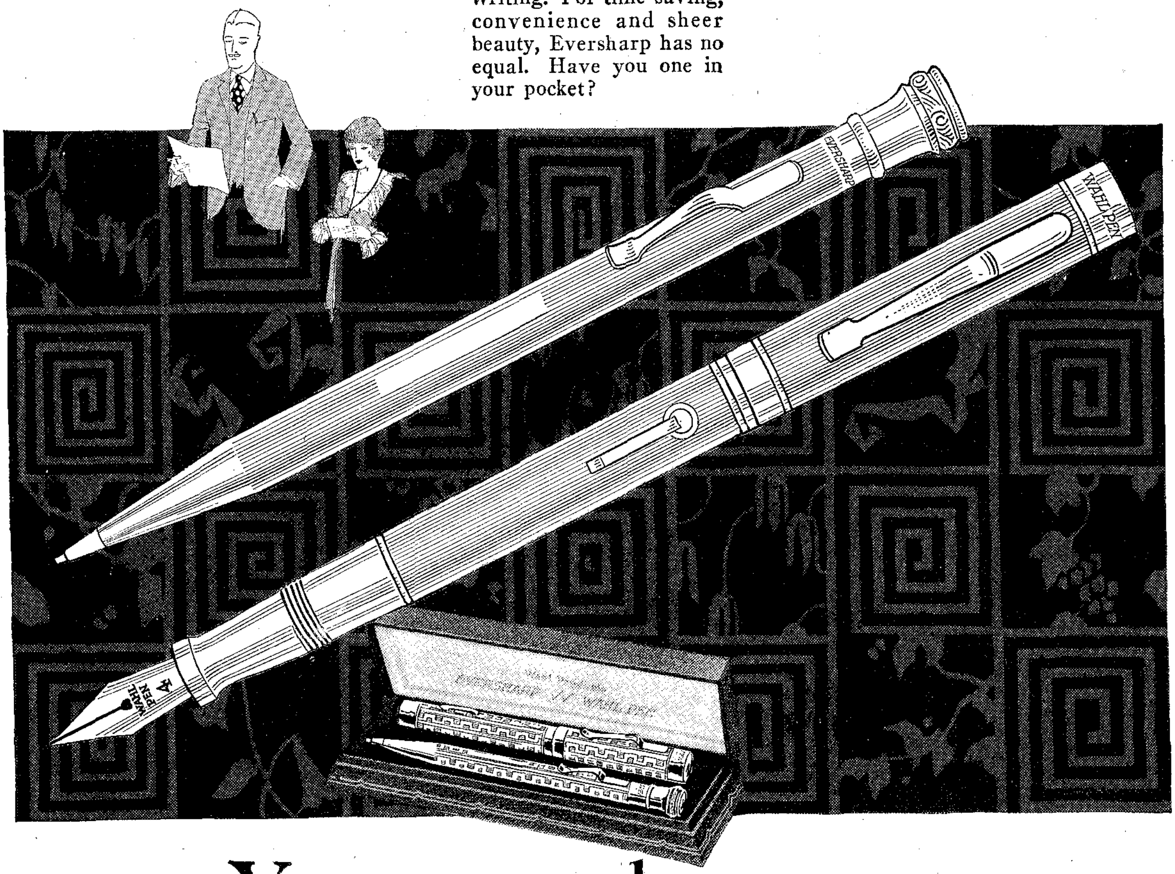

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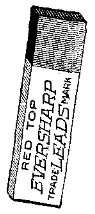

It's somebody's birthday today

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A MAN AND HIS WORLD-CHANGING MACHINE

CHRISTOPHER LATHAM SHOLES, who produced the first practical typewriter fifty years ago this September, modestly thought that he had "done something" for the women of the country, at least. "I feel that I have done something for the women, who have always had to work so hard," he said shortly before he died, forgotten and practically unknown, in 1890. "This will enable them more easily to earn a living." Sholes had previously sold all the rights to his invention for $12,000, and he died before the importance of his machine, over which he had worked for years in discouragement and poverty, had become plain to the world. Last month they celebrated the semi-centennial of the invention of the typewriter throughout the country, and especially at Ilion, New York, where the first commercial machines were manufactured. Sholes and his machine, we are told to-day, have helped to revolutionize modern life. For one thing, the typewriter has been chiefly instrumental in bringing about "the economic independence of women," with the accompanying social upheaval, which is still in progress. For another, as Hudson Maxim puts it, the machine has proved "the most important of all inventions that have relieved human drudgery." The typewriter, the telephone and the electric light were all invented at about the same time, recalls the Hartford *Courant*, and the typewriter's influence on contemporary life has been as great as that of either of the other two. The celebration in honor of Sholes, and his machine, has attracted editorial attention all over the country. "The human race, in its recent and more self-conscious years, has been given to celebrating a curious allotment of anniversaries, centennials and the like," observes *The New Republic*, but—

Photograph by the Herkimer County (N. Y.) Historical Society

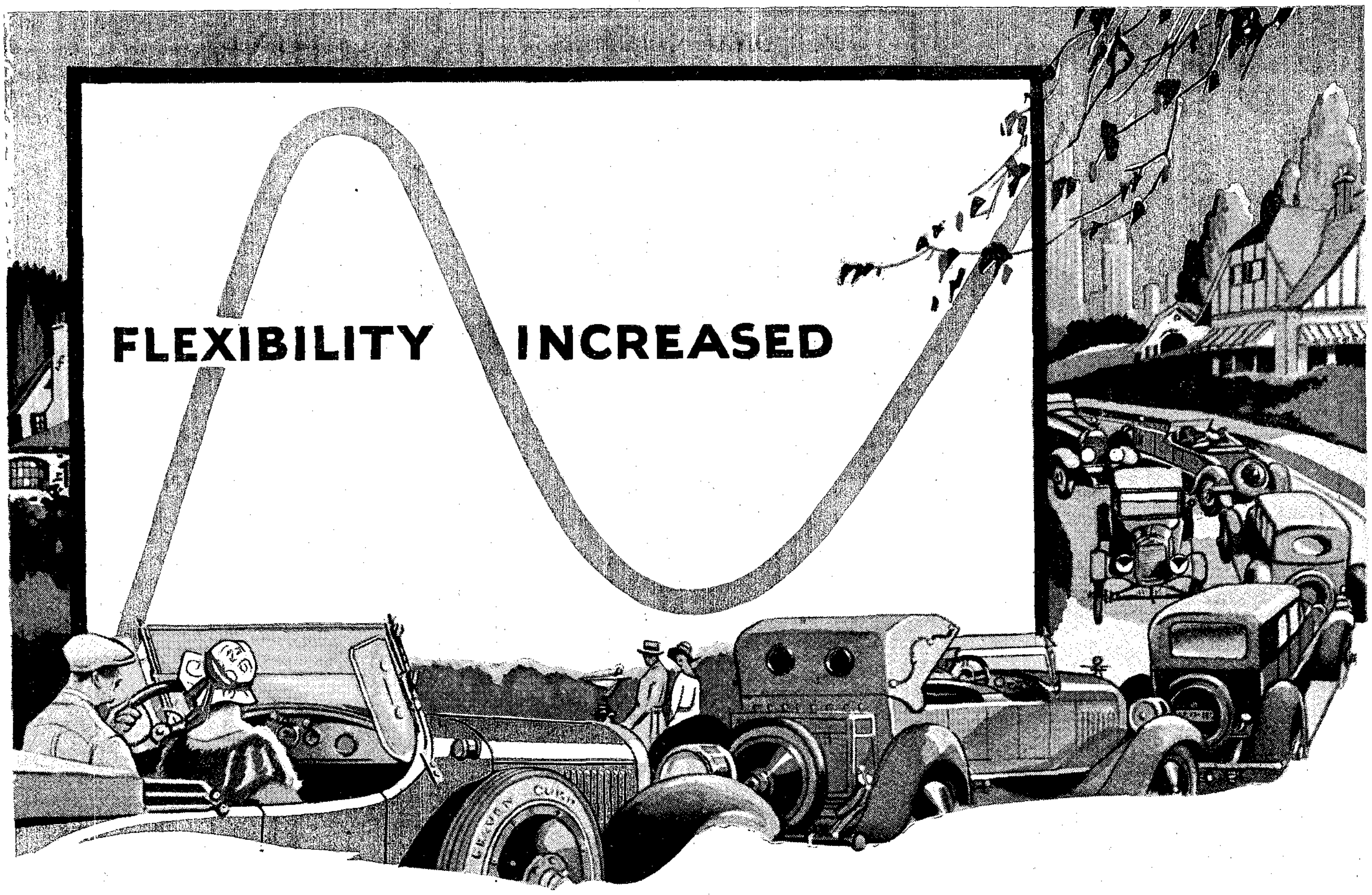
BELATED HONORS TO A MODEST INVENTOR

Christopher Latham Sholes received $12,000 as payment in full for his invention of the first practical typewriter, and died without knowing how important his achievement had been. This tablet was unveiled to his memory during the recent semi-centennial celebration at Ilion, New York. Elizabeth and Christopher Latham Sholes, great-grandchildren of the inventor, are shown at the left. Next to them is Henry Harper Benedict, a director of E. Remington & Sons when they undertook the manufacture of the first typewriter. Standing beside the monument, on the left, is Charles E. Weller, of La Porte, Indiana, the original typist, an intimate friend of Sholes. Mrs. Charles L. Fortier of Milwaukee, daughter of Sholes, the first woman typewriter operator, and Mrs. C. D. Sholes, of Chicago, daughter-in-law of the inventor, are on the right.

> Few have had more provocation than the Golden Jubilee of the invention of the typewriter. Fifty years ago Christopher L. Sholes turned over to E. Remington & Sons his contraption of keys, bars, ribbon, cylinder, and levers, and this week a special train filled with prominent bankers and business men journeyed to Ilion, New York, as guests of the Herkimer County Historical Society to do it honor. There is reason for respect. The celebrated "economic independence of women," which is held responsible for two-thirds of the changes in the social order, found its first great field in business through the typewriter. In two decades it has dropt into oblivion a school of florid penmen which took generations to develop, shifted the physiological seat of writing from the wrist to the finger-tips, and remade the business man from one who wrote long letters to a few people into a sender of a thousand curt and hasty notes a day. The reporter clicks off stories; the high-school student turns out themes in double-spaced regularity; and the bishop, framing his next sermon, bangs away at his portable and tries not to swear while changing the ribbon. How many of the traits of the "new" school of writers, we wonder, may be charged to the new way of writing?

Much of the story of the typewriter's birth and growth is related in the little booklet, "The Story of the Typewriter—1873–1923," published "in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the invention of the writing-machine" by the Herkimer County Historical Society of Herkimer, New York. There had been a good many attempts to make a writing-machine, records the writer, before Mr. Sholes, in the winter of 1866–1867, in his little machine-shop on the outskirts of Milwaukee, decided to invent a typewriter. With the assistance of Carlos Glidden, son of a successful ironmonger of Ohio, and Samuel W. Soule, a printer by trade, the first machine was produced by the autumn of the year 1867. This first machine, says the Herkimer County historian, "was a crude affair in every way." Nevertheless:

> It wrote accurately and rapidly, and that was the main point. Moreover, as a self-advertiser, it soon scored a notable triumph. A number of letters were written with it and sent to friends, among these one to James Densmore, then of Meadville, Pennsylvania. Densmore was immediately interested. Like Sholes and Soule, he had been both editor and printer, and could well realize the importance of such a machine. Densmore was a practical man of affairs, with imagination, foresight, energy and courage unbounded. Instantly he saw the possibilities of the new invention, and shortly afterwards he purchased, by the payment of all expenses already incurred, an interest in the new machine before he had so much as seen it. Densmore did not actually see the typewriter until March of the following year (1868). He then pronounced it good for nothing save to show that the idea was feasible, and pointed out many defects that would need to be remedied before it would be available for practical uses. Shortly afterwards Soule dropt out of the enterprise, leaving it to Sholes, Glidden and Densmore.
>
> The relationship which then began between Sholes and Densmore was a strange meeting of opposites, for two men more unlike could hardly be imagined. Densmore is described as bold, aggressive and arrogant. If Sholes was a dreamer and an idealist, Densmore in some respects was a plain "crank." He was a vegetarian of the militant type, and did not hesitate to remonstrate with meat-eaters, even total strangers in public restaurants. His own diet consisted mainly of raw apples, a reminder of the raw turnips of Colonel Sellers. He was always impervious to the shafts of ridicule and insensible to slights. Indomitable and resolute, in the pursuit of any object, he could not be discouraged or repulsed. But Densmore, in his own rough way, was usually kind to the gentle Sholes, and it may be set down to his credit that more than once, during the years of inventive struggle from 1867 to 1873, when difficulties thickened and Sholes, if left to his own devices, would have become discouraged, Densmore's unquenchable faith was the salvation of the infant enterprise.
>
> The relationship between Densmore and Sholes reminds us in some respects of the similar relationship in the eighteenth century between Boulton and James Watt. During these years Densmore consistently played the part of Boulton to Sholes, who, under his urging, continued to build model after model, until twenty-five or thirty had been made. Each one of these marked some improvement over the last, but in the hands of practical users each one showed some defect and broke down



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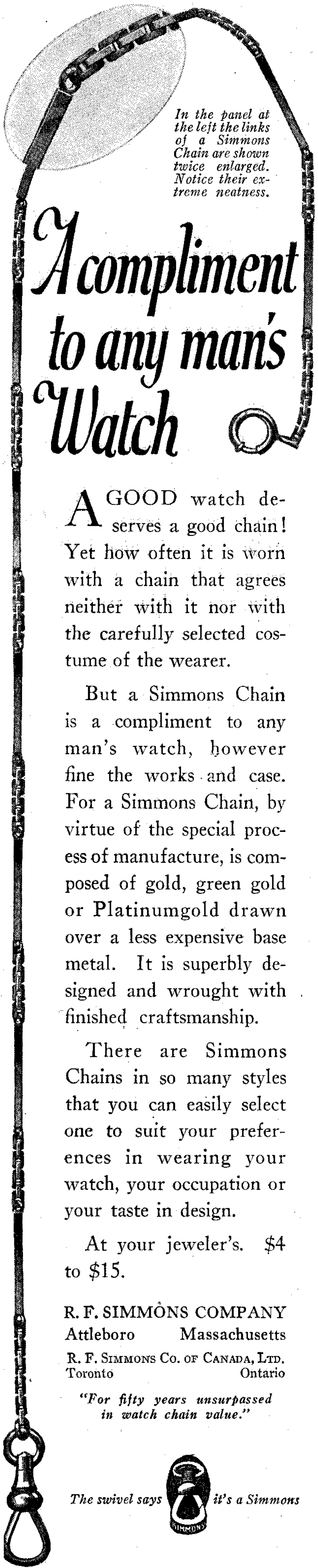

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under the strain of actual use. It was not until early in the year 1873 that the machine was deemed sufficiently perfected for actual manufacture.

In the meantime other men had entered the typewriter story. One of these was James Ogilvie Clephane, of Washington, D. C., who, years after, became closely identified with Ottmer Mergenthaler, the inventor of the linotype. It was thus the unusual distinction of Clephane to place his name in intimate association with two of the greatest inventions of our times.

Clephane's rôle in the case of the typewriter was that of practical tester. As an official shorthand reporter, he had a complete and instant appreciation of the boon that the new machine would confer on his own profession, and he faithfully and gladly tried out one model after another sent to him by the inventors. He was severe in his criticisms of the defects of these models, as they revealed themselves in actual service, so much so that Sholes frequently became disheartened. But it was all in a good cause, and Densmore kept assuring Sholes that such tests were just what were needed to reveal the weak points. Thus by slow degrees the original conceptions of the inventors were modified by their growing knowledge of practical requirements.

Mr. Charles E. Weller, during this period, says the writer, also began to play an important rôle in typewriter development. Mr. Weller, who now lives at La Porte, Indiana, and is called "the only present-day survivor of the many friends of Sholes," was a shorthand reporter, and he tested out the new models of the machine as fast as Sholes completed them. For two years models were developed and discarded; and now, puts in the writer parenthetically, Mr. Weller shows his devotion to the memory of his friend by being chiefly responsible for the memorial to Sholes unveiled at the recent celebration in Ilion, New York.

Going back to the growing-pains of the original typewriter, we are told that after testing out twenty-five or thirty models, the inventor and his friend Densmore cast about for a manufacturer of the new product. It was late in the month of February, 1873, we read, when—

> Densmore came to the Remington Works at Ilion, bringing with him the precious model that was the culmination of six years of effort and struggle. Sholes, it appears, did not accompany Densmore on this journey, which perhaps was just as well, for he was far too modest a man to make a good pleader of his own cause. But Densmore did not go alone. He was accompanied by G. W. N. Yost, with whom Densmore had formerly been associated in the oil transportation business in Pennsylvania. The story of how Densmore came to invite Yost to join him is curious. It seems that he wanted the assistance of Yost's well-known fluency, in persuading the Remingtons. Evidently Densmore must have felt keenly the fatefulness of his errand, for this is the only case on record where he failed to show the most complete confidence in himself.
>
> George Washington Newton Yost—to give him the full benefit of his sonorous name—was a salesman par excellence. He had proved it in the oil business. He was destined to prove it again in after years, when he sold more typewriters through his own personal powers of persuasion than any other man in the early days of the business. Had Yost possest equal ability as an organizer and sales director he might have written his name into this story as the man who made the typewriter a commercial success, for fortune gave him every opportunity Fate, however, had reserved this achievement for other men.
>
> It is now fifty years since the signing of the history-making contract between the owners of the typewriter and the Remingtons, and all but one of the actors in these scenes have long since gone to their rest It is fortunate, however, that there is one man now living who was present and an active participator in the conferences which resulted in the signing of the contract, and his memory of them is as vivid as tho they were the events of yesterday. This man is Henry Harper Benedict, who afterwards became one of the founders of the commercial success of the writing machine.
>
> The story of the typewriter contract, and the events leading up to it, is thus told in Mr. Benedict's own words:
>
> "Mr. Philo Remington's office and mine communicated. One day I saw on the mantelpiece in his office an envelop addrest to him in something that looked like print. I asked him what it was. He said, 'Read it.' It proved to be a letter from one James Densmore (unknown to us all) setting forth at considerable length the facts in connection with the invention of a machine to take the place of the pen, that is, to write by manipulation of keys. He told who were the inventors, and said that after many years of effort they had finally produced a working model, and they wanted to find some one to undertake the manufacture of the machine. He wished to bring the model to Ilion to see whether the Remingtons would care to take it up.
>
> "I said to Mr. Remington, 'Have you done anything about this?' He said, 'No, what do you think we had better do?' 'Why,' I said, 'of course we want to see the machine; it is a wonderful invention if it's anything, and we should not neglect the opportunity offered us to examine it' The result was that the model was brought to Ilion early in 1873 by Mr. James Densmore and another man, whom Mr. Densmore introduced as Mr. Yost. Densmore, as we soon saw, was not much of a talker, and he had brought Yost to serve, as he himself exprest it, as 'Aaron to his Moses' He did well, for Yost was one of the most persuasive talkers I ever listened to, and his tongue never tired.
>
> "Densmore and Yost opened up the model, and exhibited it to us in a room at the Osgood House, then known as Small's Hotel. There were present at the meeting, Mr. Philo Remington, Mr. Jefferson M Clough, Superintendent of the Remington Works, Mr. William K. Jenne, Assistant Superintendent, Mr. Densmore, Mr. Yost and myself. We examined and discust the machine for perhaps an hour and a half or two hours, and then adjourned for lunch or dinner. As we left the room, Mr. Remington said to me, 'What do you think of it?' I replied, 'That machine is very crude, but there is an idea there that will revolutionize business.' Mr. Remington asked, 'Do you think we ought to take it up?' I said, 'We must on no account let it get away. It isn't necessary to tell these people that we are crazy over the invention, but I'm afraid I am pretty nearly so.'"
>
> The party met again later in the day and

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AUTOMOBILE TOPS AND SEATS	***S-W Auto Top and S-W Auto Seat Dressing***			
BRICK	***SWP House Paint:*** a full oil gloss ***S-W Concrete Wall Finish:*** dull finish			***Old Dutch Enamel:*** full gloss for outside exposure
CEILINGS, Interior	***Flat-Tone:*** the washable, flat oil paint	***Scar-Not Varnish:*** for woodwork only; such as beamed ceilings, etc	***S-W Handcraft Stain:*** Penetrating spirit stain for new hard wood ***Floorlac:*** varnish and stain combined, new or old wood	***Enameloid:*** assorted colors
Exterior	***SWP House Paint:***	***Rexpar Varnish:*** weather resisting, for porch ceilings, etc	***S-W Oil Stain:*** for new wood	***Old Dutch Enamel:*** white, gray, ivory, gloss or rubbed effect
CONCRETE	***S-W Concrete Wall Finish:*** a paint, resists weather			
DOORS, Interior	***SWP House Paint:***	***Scar-Not Varnish:*** gloss ***Velvet Finish Varnish No. 1044:*** dries to a dull finish without rubbing	***Floorlac:*** a varnish and stain combined ***S-W Handcraft Stain:*** penetrating spirit stain for new wood only	***Enameloid:*** assorted colors
Exterior	***SWP House Paint:***	***Rexpar Varnish:*** weather resisting spar varnish	***S-W Oil Stain:*** for new wood	***Old Dutch Enamel:*** white, gray, ivory For interior and exterior use
FENCES	***SWP House Paint:*** ***Metalastic*** (iron or wire only) ***S-W Roof and Bridge Paint:*** for rough work		***S-W Preservative Shingle Stain***	
FLOORS, Interior (wood)	***S-W Inside Floor Paint:*** stands repeated scrubbing	***Mar-Not Varnish:*** water resisting, heel-proof	***Floorlac:*** a varnish and stain combined	***S-W Inside Floor Paint:*** the enamel-like finish
Concrete	***S-W Concrete Floor Finish:*** wears well; washes well			***S-W Concrete Floor Finish:*** high-gloss; durable
Porch	***S-W Porch and Deck Paint:***			
FURNITURE, Indoors	***Enameloid:*** the decorative enamel	***Scar-Not Varnish:*** stands hard usage	***Floorlac:*** a varnish and stain combined	***Old Dutch Enamel:*** white, gray, ivory, gloss or rubbed effect ***Enameloid:*** assorted colors
Porch	***Enameloid:*** assorted colors	***Rexpar Varnish:*** weather resisting	***S-W Oil Stain:*** for new wood	
HOUSE OR GARAGE Exterior	***SWP House Paint:***	***Rexpar Varnish:*** weather resisting	***S-W Preservative Shingle Stain:***	***Old Dutch Enamel:*** enduring gloss
LINOLEUM	***S-W Inside Floor Paint:*** stands repeated scrubbing	***Mar-Not Varnish:*** protects the pattern		***S-W Inside Floor Paint.*** the enamel-like finish
RADIATORS	***Flat-Tone:*** flat oil paint ***S-W Aluminum*** or ***Gold Paint***			***Enameloid:*** assorted colors
ROOFS, Shingle Metal Composition	***S-W Roof and Bridge Paint:*** ***Metalastic:*** ***Ebonol:*** black coal tar paint		***S-W Preservative Shingle Stain:***	
SCREENS	***S-W Screen Enamel:***			***S-W Screen Enamel***
TOYS	***S-W Family Paint:*** assorted color	***Rexpar Varnish:***	***Floorlac:*** (inside use) a varnish and stain combined	***Enameloid:*** assorted colors
WALLS, Interior (Plaster or Wallboard)	***Flat-Tone:*** the washable, flat oil paint ***SWP House Paint:*** a full oil gloss			***Old Dutch Enamel:*** white, gray, ivory, gloss or rubbed effect ***Enameloid:*** assorted colors
WOODWORK, Interior	***SWP House Paint:*** gloss ***Flat-Tone:*** flat oil paint	***Scar-Not Varnish:*** high gloss but can be rubbed to a dull finish ***Velvet Finish Varnish No. 1044:*** dries dull without rubbing	***S-W Handcraft Stain:*** penetrating spirit stain for new hardwood ***S-W Oil Stain:*** for new soft wood ***Floorlac:*** for new or old wood; a varnish and stain combined	***Old Dutch Enamel:*** white, gray, ivory; dull or gloss, aristocrat of enamels, specified by leading architects ***Enameloid:*** assorted colors

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COVER THE EARTH

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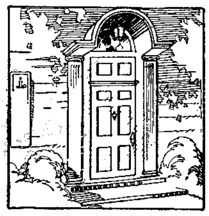
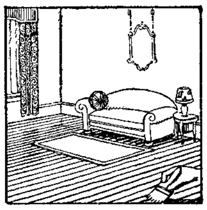
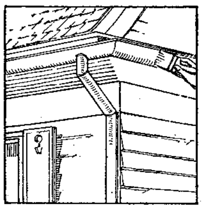
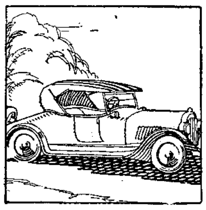

To protect its beauty

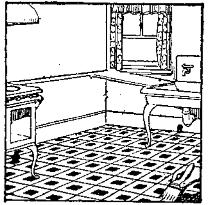
For permanence and beauty


To enrich hardwood

To keep attractive


To "insure" your roof


To "renew" your car

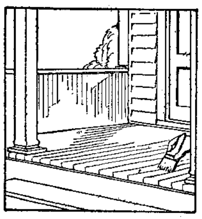

To keep linoleum like new

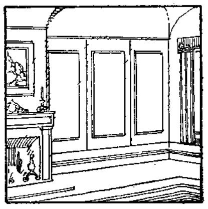
Mark on the "Household Guide" the particular surface or article you have in mind to finish. The Guide covers the more common problems. If you have some painting, varnishing, enameling or staining problems in your home, not covered by the Guide, write us. A more extensive Guide will be found at the store of your Sherwin-Williams dealer—prominently displayed—a part of his service.

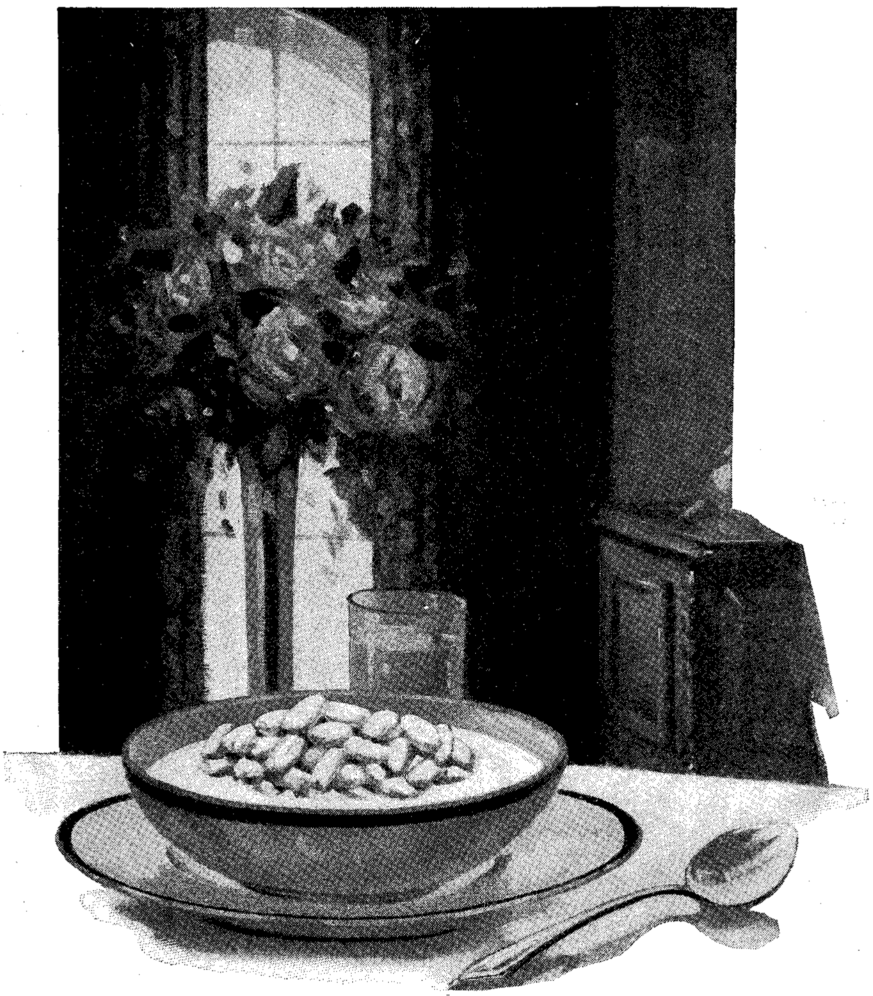
Write for free booklet B-450 with complete Household Guide and helpful information on all painting, varnishing, staining and enameling. Valuable whether you do the work yourself or employ a master painter.

Send 50c (65c in Canada) for Home Painting Manual. 177 pages handsome full color plates. Most complete book on the subject ever published. Address Dept. B. 435.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO.
601 Canal Rd., Cleveland, O.


To properly finish woodwork


For cheerful satisfactory walls



Look

Look at a Puffed Grain — Quaker Puffed Rice or Quaker Puffed Wheat—and you see grains puffed to airy globules, 8 times normal size.

They are porous, thin and toasted—like snowflakes in their texture. Very fascinating puffs.

Over 125 million steam explosions have been caused in every kernel. The food cells have been broken for easy digestion.

No cereal dainty ever looked more tempting.

Quaker Puffed Rice

Taste

Taste Quaker Puffed Grains and you find a food confection. The flavor is like toasted nuts.

Never were whole grains made so inviting, in texture or in taste.

Professor Anderson's creations

These are Professor Anderson's scientific foods. Let people eat them to their hearts' content, morning, noon and night.

Not for breakfast only. Consider what a matchless night dish is Puffed Wheat in milk.

Whole wheat supplies 12 needed minerals, also the essential bran. Milk supplies the vitamines.

These foods have brought to millions more whole-grain nutrition than they would get without them.

They serve with cream and sugar; or mixed with any fruit.

They serve with melted butter for hungry children after school.

They serve at suppers and at bedtime, so every day brings its supply of whole-grain nutriment.

If you keep Puffed Grains ever ready, your people will be better fed.

The Quaker Oats Company

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

a tentative agreement was entered into which developed into the contract which opened a new chapter in the story of human progress.

The actual date of this contract was March 1, 1873. The original contract was for manufacture only, but in due course of time the Remingtons acquired complete ownership. Densmore was unsuccessful as selling agent and made little money in this rôle, but when the ownership passed to the Remingtons, he accepted a royalty, by which he was subsequently enriched. Sholes, either at this time or shortly after, is said to have sold out his royalty rights to Densmore for $12,000, a goodly sum in those days, but the only reward, so far as we know, that he ever received for his priceless invention and the years of labor he had bestowed upon it.

Other inventors, especially William K. Jenne of the Remington firm, improved on Sholes's crude model. Salesmen and advertising experts were called in, and the American typewriter started on its career of conquest of the business world. Machines were sold in England as early as 1874. Offices were opened in Paris in 1884, in Belgium in 1888, Italy in 1889, Holland in 1890, Denmark in 1892, and Greece in 1896. The German market was entered in 1883 and the Russian, with a special machine equipped to write the Russian characters, in 1885. Later inventors added changes and improvements, chief among which was visible writing, by making the type bars strike on the front of the cylinder. The writer brings the fifty-year-old typewriter up to date with these concluding paragraphs:

The front-stroke principle proved to be a satisfactory solution of the problem of visible writing, and all of the leading standard machines are now of the front-stroke type. Prominent among these machines to-day are the Underwood, the front-stroke Remington, which was largely the work of Oscar Woodward, followed by later improvements; the "L. C. Smith," brought out by Lyman C. Smith, the original manufacturer of the Smith Premier, and the Royal, followed some years after its first appearance by a new model.

Visible writing is an old story to-day, the last non-visible machines having disappeared from the market many years ago Doubtless, when this problem had been solved, it seemed to some as tho the typewriter had attained finality. But there is nothing final on this earth, and a new demand has been growing of recent years until it has become as strong and insistent as the demand for visible writing of twenty years ago. The familiar "clicking" noise of the typewriter has been with us as long as the machine itself, and in the early days people did not seem to mind it. But when the use of the typewriter had grown until whole batteries of them had invaded every department of business, the accumulated noise became a disturbance, and users began to wish that the machine would imitate, if it could, the one and only virtue admittedly possest by the pen—that of silence. The development of quiet typewriting brings us to the present-day stage of typewriter progress, which hardly belongs to this story. It is sufficient to say that the writing-machine, which has always been equal to any demand made upon it, has run true to form in this case. During recent years one typewriter has appeared, the Noiseless, built around this central idea, also quiet models of at least three of the standard makes.

It seems a far cry from the first typewriter of 1873 to the shift-key, front-stroke, visible-writing, quiet machine of 1923.

It is a far cry, admits the New York *Tribune* editorially, but the really astonishing thing is that the first man and the first woman who ever operated a typewriter are still alive. "The typewriter has become so familiar, so universal and so indispensable a device," continues the editor, that—

> It is not easy to realize that persons not yet grown old can remember the time when it was yet unknown. The first practicable machine was invented only fifty-five years ago, and it was just fifty years ago to-day that the manufacture of it for business use began.
>
> There were earlier essays in that direction. Nobody knows just what sort of machine it was that Henry Mills patented in England in 1714, or that William Burt patented in America in 1829. But Xavier Progrin, of Marseilles, in 1833 produced a type-bar machine, and Charles Thurber, in this country, in 1843 one with a type wheel. Thereafter other devices of each of these kinds followed. But none seems to have been successful, until Christopher Latham Sholes in 1868 patented a type-bar machine and, with the assistance of C. Glidden, developed it into what was known as the Sholes and Glidden typewriter.
>
> There are those who can remember that primitive, but practicable contrivance, as it was displayed in a show window on Broadway near Washington Place, with a pretty girl "demonstrating" it—a cumbersome machine printing only capital letters, mounted on an iron-legged table like that of an old-fashioned sewing-machine, and with a pedal attachment for turning the cylinder and throwing it back for a new line. Between that and the latest model of to-day the contrast is almost as great as between the first typewriter and the goose-quill pen.
>
> The jubilee of to-day is well worth celebrating. Few inventions of our time have done so much as the typewriter to facilitate social and business intercourse, which is to say the general progress of civilization.

The early typewriter, recalls a writer in the Ithaca *News*, had to fight not only against the skepticism and amusement of prospective users, but also against the common argument against labor-saving machinery, that it would throw many people out of employment. There were thousands of copyists in those days, trained writers who wrote from dictation. A trained business man could keep three copyists busy at one time, dictating consecutively. However the writer concludes:

> But in New York State in 1920 there were 113,564 professional stenographers and typists, to say nothing of the uncounted thousands who use the machine in their daily work, and the thousands of private homes in which it is a useful servant of perhaps all the members of the household.

Brain fatigue now known to come from two causes

Both causes are corrected through the roughage and food-iron in Pillsbury's Health Bran.

IT is common knowledge today that intestinal putrefaction causes brain fatigue, often reducing efficiency 50 per cent and more.

Doctors know that to secure full brain efficiency, constipation must be permanently corrected *at the source*, which is our diet. The normal person each day requires nearly an ounce of cellulose, or roughage, in his food. Our modern diet is dangerously deficient in this laxative food essential. What is the result?

Instead of passing through the system in 24 hours, food is retained 50 to 60 hours. Putrefaction sets in. Auto-intoxication, headache, reduced energy and impaired efficiency quickly follow. All too often the health itself is undermined; 85% of all sickness follows constipation.

Doctors today widely recommend that Pillsbury's Health Bran, the natural *cellulose* food, be made a part of each day's diet. The large, coarse, crisp Pillsbury flakes supply exactly the needed bulk and roughage.

Pillsbury's Health Bran also supplies iron—organic iron which makes rich blood. It is second only to egg yolks in its iron content!

One-fifth of the blood supply of the body goes to the brain, where it carries away the poisons produced by brain activity. If the blood flow is insufficient, brain fatigue is intensified.

Pillsbury's Health Bran is rich in lime, which strengthens the bones and teeth. And it contains important vitamines. Enjoy this natural food-laxative with every meal—eat at least three large tablespoonfuls each day, and in stubborn constipation as much with each meal. Your grocer will supply you with the large 20 ounce package—fully 50% more for your money than any other package of flaked bran.

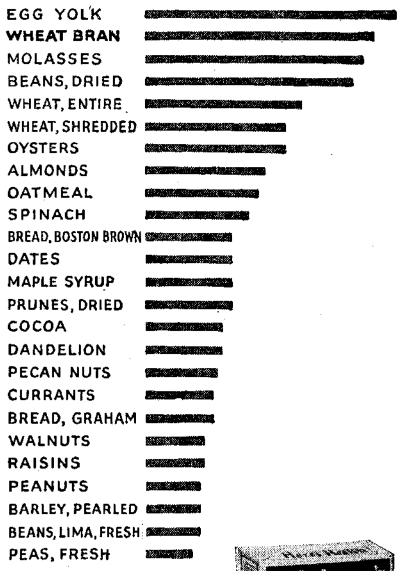
Special Pillsbury recipes on package

Send for a copy of our new Pillsbury's Health Bran recipe book. Pillsbury Flour Mills Co., Minneapolis, U. S. A.

Eat More Wheat

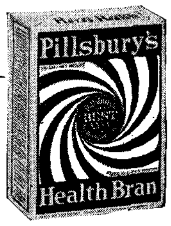
FOOD-IRON

Note in the official chart below that natural bran holds second place among all these foods in its food-iron content.

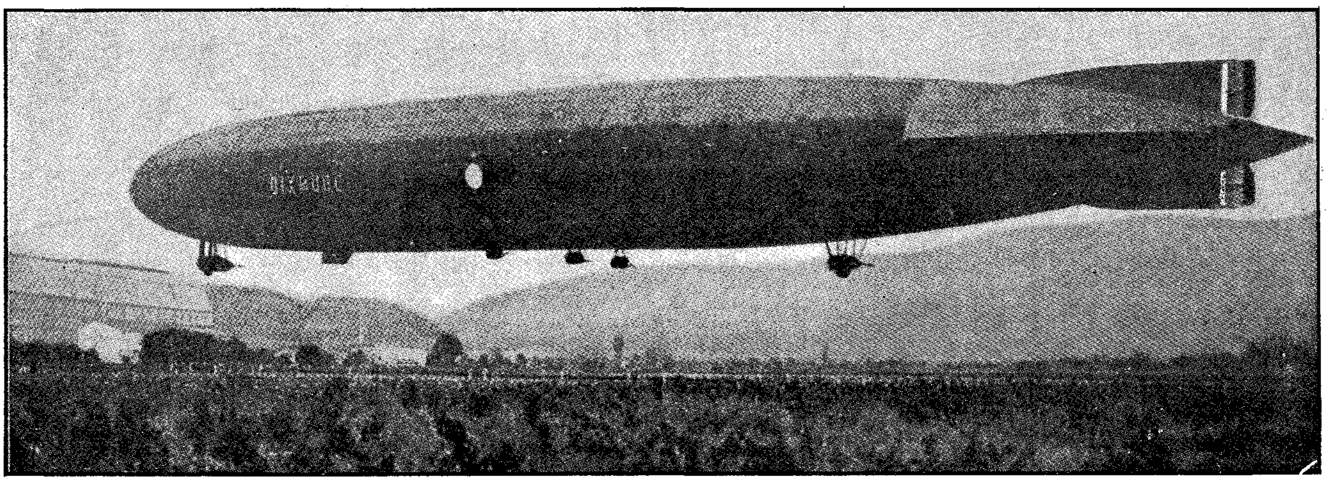


Pillsbury's
Health Bran
One of the family

FAMILY OF FOODS
Pillsbury's Best Flour
Pancake Flour
Buckwheat Pancake Flour
Health Bran
Wheat Cereal
Rye Flour
Graham Flour
Farina



MOTORING AND AVIATION



Photograph from "L'Illustration" (Paris)

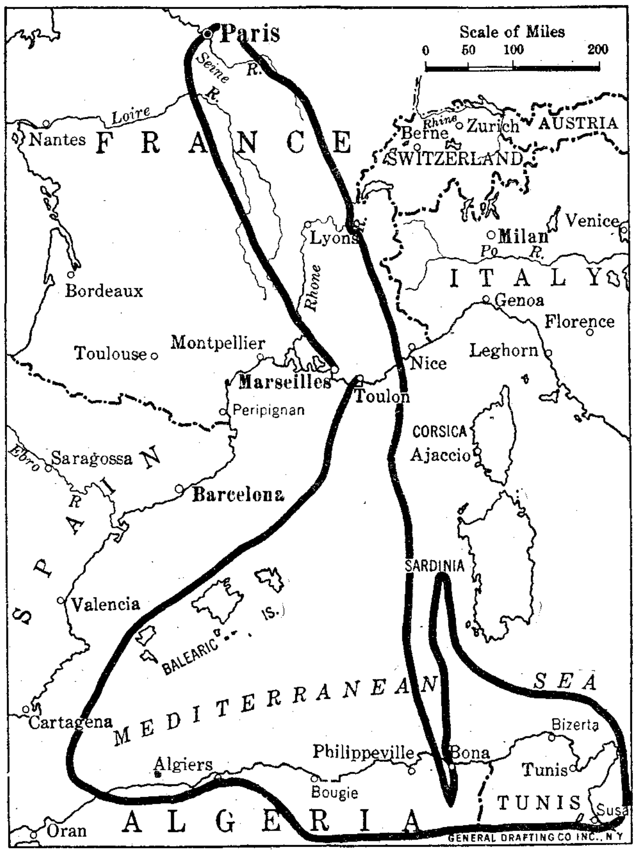
THE GERMAN SHIP, WITH THE FRENCH NAME, WHICH HOLDS THE DISTANCE RECORD

It greatly resembles our own American-built Zeppelin, the *ZR-1*. Its French crew had a good deal of trouble managing it, both on the recent record-making flight, and on a previous cruise, details of which are quoted herewith from a French report.

OVER LAND AND SEA FOR A 4,500-MILE RECORD

THE LATEST WORLD-RECORD dirigible flight would have taken the flyers from Toulon, France, to St. Louis, Missouri, in four and half days. This comparison of time and distance sums up one aspect of the great cruise of the German-French dirigible, *Dixmude*, which lately smashed all world air records for distance by traveling some 4,500 miles, without landing, in 118 hours. The flight of our own American-built Zeppelin, the *ZR-1*, from Lakehurst to St. Louis, at about the time when the French record was announced, created some stir in this country, but it does not compare with the astonishing record set by the Frenchmen in their German-built ship. The only other air-cruise comparable to it is that which was made by a German ship during the war. The Zeppelin traveled from Bulgaria, in unbroken flight over North Africa, and back again, a distance of some 4,000 miles. This ship, in common with the French-manned flyer which has just established a world record, was inflated with hydrogen gas. The hydrogen gives an advantage in lifting power of about 10 per cent. over the helium gas with which our own big rigid is filled, but the advantage is offset by the continual danger from fire in a hydrogen-filled ship.

A cable dispatch from Marseilles briefly describes the route of the record-breaking flight as follows:


Paris
Seine R.
Scale of Miles
0 50 100 200
Loire R.
Nantes
F R A N C E
Rhine
Berne
Zurich
AUSTRIA
SWITZERLAND
Lyons
Rhone
Venice
Milan
Po R.
I T A L Y
Bordeaux
Genoa
Florence
Toulouse
Montpellier
Leghorn
Nice
Marseilles
Toulon
Peripignan
CORSICA
Ajaccio
Ebro R.
Saragossa
S P A I N
Barcelona
SARDINIA
Valencia
BALEARIC IS.
M E D I T E R R A N E A N S E A
Cartagena
Bizerta
Philippeville
Bona
Tunis
Algiers
Bougie
T U N I S
Susa
Oran
A L G E R I A
GENERAL DRAFTING CO. INC., N.Y.

From a map in "L'Illustration"

THE BIG AIR-LOOP OF THE *DIXMUDE*

This record bears witness, in the double turn in the lower right-hand corner, to the uncertainties of air-cruising. The ship was on its way back to France, when a tempest forced it to return to Africa. This accident, it appears, contributed several miles to its record.

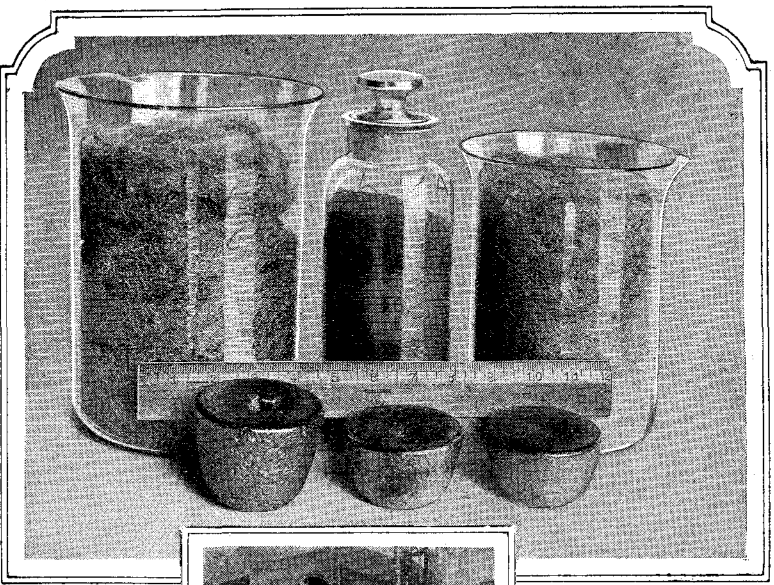
Leaving Cuers-Pierrefeu Tuesday morning at 7:55 o'clock, the giant dirigible made straight across the Mediterranean, flying over Algeria and Tunisia to the outskirts of the Sahara Desert on Wednesday. Starting back home Thursday and meeting with a hurricane over Sardinia, the airship was compelled to turn back to Africa.

On Friday the *Dixmude* started across the Mediterranean northward, flying over Sicily and Corsica. Sighting Toulon, it then shifted its course northwestward to Bordeaux, and then, steering a northeasterly course, flew over Paris Saturday morning at 7 o'clock.

Heading southward once more, the *Dixmude* passed over Moulins, where it dropt a wreath on the monument to the aviators killed when the dirigible *Republique* collapsed and crashed there some years ago. The airship was over Nice and Monte Carlo at 11:30 o'clock last night. Skirting the Mediterranean during the night, it landed at its starting-point this morning at daybreak.

The ship which made the record was formerly the Zeppelin *L-72*, and the French crew has had some difficulty in learning to handle it, we gather from an article on the airship in a recent number of *L'Illustration* of Paris. The *Dixmude*, as it is now called, has been "in training" in its French home for the past three years. "On July 10, 1920," to translate from the French paper's account:

> Germany delivered to France, conforming to the terms of the Treaty of Versailles, one of her finest Zeppelins, the *L-72*, then



GOLDEN CUP CAKES: Nothing light about these cakes of solid gold. The jars contain precious metal too—gold in the central jar and gold and platinum particles in the other two—salvaged from old telephones at a saving of many thousand dollars a year.

PRETTY COSTLY VOICE CULTURE: Pouring the mixture of platinum, gold and silver which is to play a part in telephone conversations.

Gold!

– in your telephone

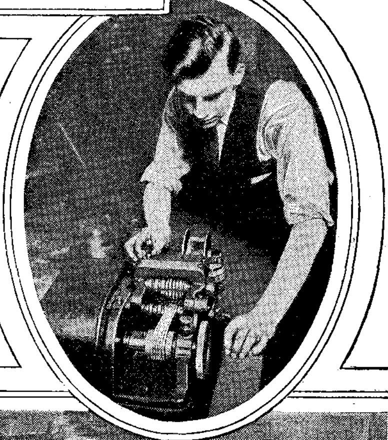
"SPEECH is silvern, silence is golden," says the adage—but you can't get the men who made your telephone to believe it. They know that gold in the telephone assists in the perfect transmission of speech.

It is a fact that a mixture of gold, silver and platinum is used in this instrument. So fine are the materials and careful the workmanship that you would think a telephone some masterpiece of the jeweler's art.

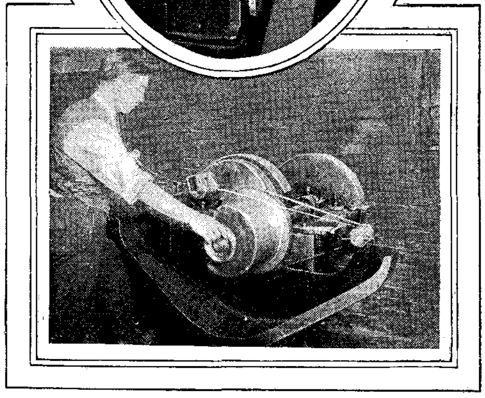
But if you consider its strength of construction and remarkable lasting quality, your telephone seems as though hammered out on a blacksmith's forge!

Western Electric

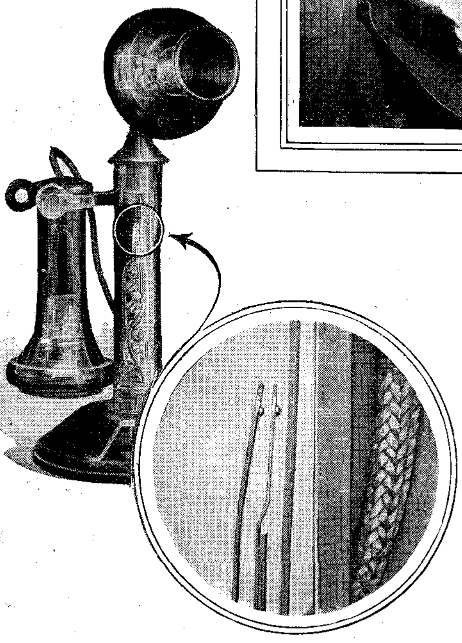
Since 1869 makers of electrical equipment



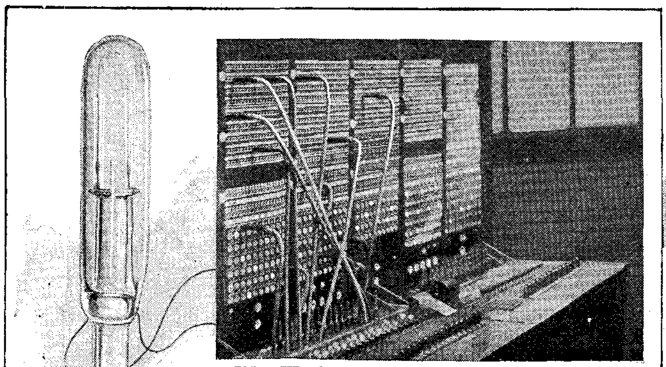
RIBBONS OF PRECIOUS METAL: A feature of this metal valuable to the telephone is its power to resist corrosion and wear—and so keep smooth the path of the voice currents.



DRAWING THE METAL INTO WIRE: This process is helped by the high degree of ductility of platinum—an inch cube of which could be drawn into a thread encircling the globe twice at the equator.



HERE IT IS! The two points on the upright springs are the precious metal. Every time you take the receiver off the hook, these springs move to the left till the points make contact—a path over which the voice currents travel.



IN SWITCHBOARD LAMPS, TOO. With the help of gold and platinum wires, these tiny lights flash your signal to the operator. The use of platinum means a tight seal between the glass and the lead-in wires.

Four Out of Five Wait Too Long

Make sure your teeth are sound

Tender, bleeding gums herald Pyorrhea's coming.

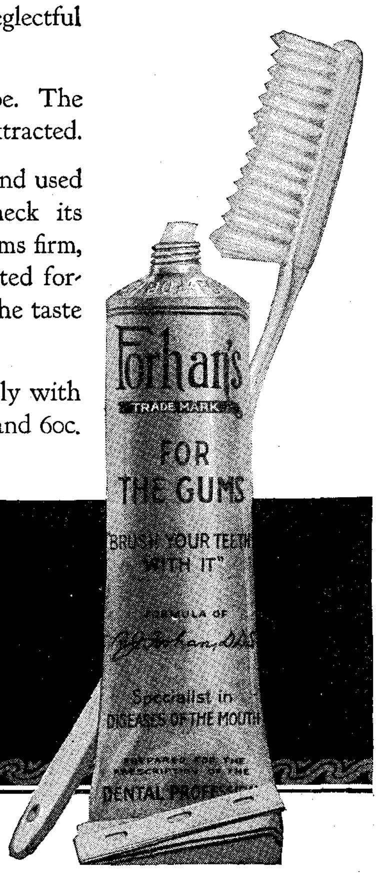
Don't delay. Start the fight at once. First of all, go to your dentist for tooth and gum inspection. Then, brush the teeth, twice daily, with Forhan's For the Gums.

Public dental records show that four persons out of every five past forty, and thousands younger, wait too long. Don't be one of this sorry, neglectful majority.

Pyorrhea, when it starts, is a merciless foe. The gums recede. The teeth loosen or must be extracted.

Forhan's For the Gums, when used in time and used consistently, will prevent Pyorrhea or check its progress. It will keep the teeth clean, the gums firm, the entire mouth healthy. It is the time-tested formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., pleasing to the taste and recommended by the foremost dentists.

Buy a tube today. Brush your teeth regularly with it morning and night. At all druggists, 35c and 60c.



Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York
Forhan's, Limited, Montreal

MOTORING AND AVIATION
Continued

in course of construction at Friedrichshafen. A French naval lieutenant on that day went to take possession of it and, assisted by the Chief Pilot of the Zeppelin company, Otto Heinen, brought it to France by way of the air—from Friedrichshafen to Maubeuge, from Maubeuge to Paris, from Paris to Cuers-Pierrefeu, in the vicinity of Toulon, where an immense hangar had been constructed for it. The French naval authorities immediately changed the name of the dirigible. The *L-72*, with a volume of 68,500 cubic meters, with a "ceiling" (or highest navigable range) of 7,000 meters, with a radius of action of 13,000 kilometers without descent, and a cruising speed of 35 knots, became the *Dixmude*.

For the last two years, working over its carcass 225 meters long, upon its six motors of 250 horse-power each, upon its nacelles, five officers and 35 men had been studying the big ship. On the second of last August, for the first time, and then only for a few hours, it left its hangar at Toulon. The ship proved itself in good condition and, seven days later, it was sailed across the sea to Corsica. This second experience necessitated new arrangements and delicate adjustments, which took three months. At length, Admiral Fatou decided to give the vessel another trial. Naval Lieutenant du Plessis was ordered to equip the ship for a cruise of 3,000 kilometers. In place of giving him a fixt itinerary, it was thought better to indicate to him simply a general course. I was the only civil passenger aboard. On August 30 I watched from the nacelle the impressive departure of the Zeppelin, piloted by French sailors.

This previous voyage, while not establishing a record, also was accomplished despite the interference by storms which, on the record-making voyage, forced the ship to double on its course. The writer, Maxime Baze, goes on to give this account of the cruise:

At the ordered moment, the big rigid balloon, without confusion or difficulty, glided out upon the cars placed parallel the length of the hangar. It rose a little, then stopt. Balancing in the breeze, it seemed still more majestic and full of life. Groups of sailors, holding ropes, still held it. A whistle sounded, and the first motor started; another followed it; and then, from three megaphones shot forth, in response to a signal, the decisive "Cast off!" The men who held the dirigible obeyed, and the *Dixmude* turned toward the east, its six propellers beating the air together. Houses and trees fell away, and the men scattered about the field soon seemed no larger to us than little black dots, comparable to ants. The altimeter showed a height of 700 meters. We were on a level with the surrounding mountaintops. In order to try a new kind of parachute we threw a manikin out of one of the manholes. The descent was violent for the first 150 meters. Then the umbrella of the parachute opened and the manikin completed his trip, floating gently down to the earth.

Night fell. The harbor of Toulon, in which a squadron was anchored, showed in magnificent outline, with all its lights burning. Searchlights reached for us and discovered us in the sky. I had the impression, over that illuminated harbor surrounded by the mists of the city, of an immense casket suddenly opened to show a glittering cluster of pearls.

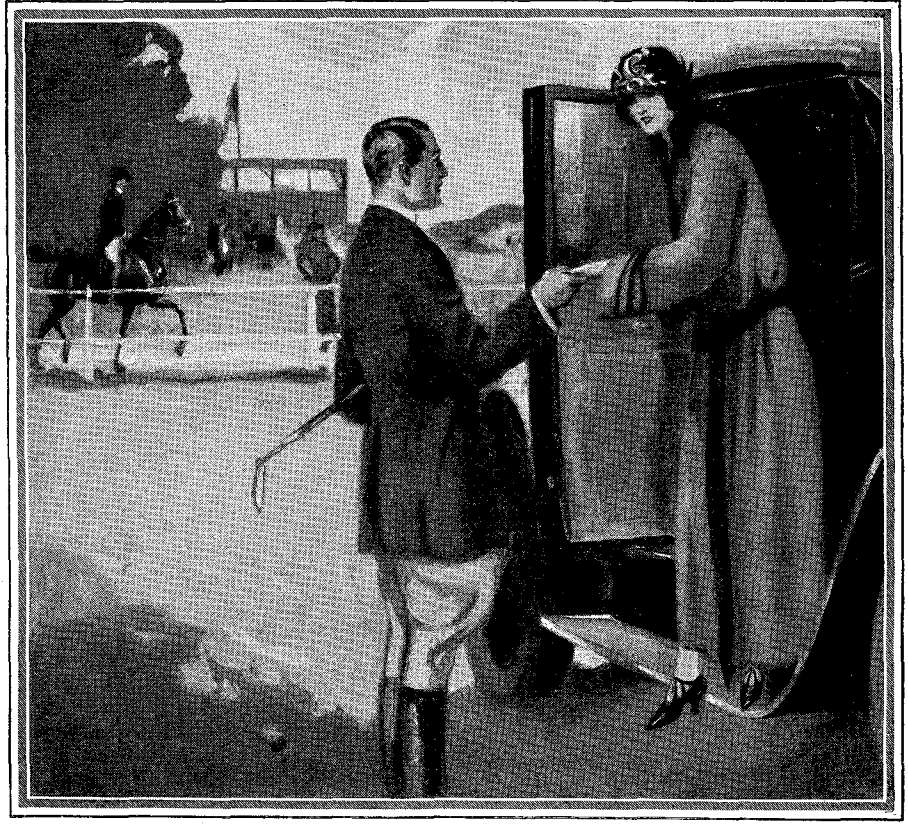
We gained the open sea. One by one the lighthouses appeared. The one near Planier, which sailors ordinarily can not see more than 70 miles, followed us for almost 36 hours.

The *Dixmude* pointed toward Barcelona. In the midst of the sky, a tempest suddenly arises, a clattering storm. Our wireless telegraph apparatus was put out of commission. With admirable coolness and presence of mind, the officer-aeronauts fought against the elements. Rain beat on the ship. A motor stopt, the most important, that one in the bow nacelle; a second stopt, also, then a third. No one was discouraged. The mechanicians, suspended in the void, made necessary repairs. Officers, tied in their places, regulated the equilibrium. By transferring six men from one end of the fuselage to the other, the *Dixmude* was saved, and, at daybreak we looked down on the Balearic Islands.

The crisis, however, had been severe, as inspection showed. For, records the reporter of the voyage:

> One of the gas balloonets had been smashed, and one of the "water-pockets" used for ballast had been emptied into the ship, soaking several electrical connections. Precautions were taken. All lights were cut off in order to prevent a possible short-circuit, with its danger from fire, explosion, and catastrophe. No longer were the pretty rose-colored globes glowing in our elegantly fitted and comfortable nacelle.
>
> The Island of Iviza is passed. We fly on toward Oran. In the course of the journey, a motor gets into new difficulty: it loses oil in such quantities that our passage is traced upon the surface of the sea by a curious wake. A terrific southeast wind rises, and makes it impossible for us to reach Oran.
>
> The commander, with hair blowing in the wind, his hands black with grime—he has been 20 hours on the go without having thought of a moment's rest—orders our course changed, and, by three o'clock in the afternoon, we are over Algiers.
>
> The "White City," extending below our feet presents an unforgetable picture. The *Dixmude*, once more under control, is obedient to those who sail her. The dirigible rises, dips its prow, turns upward again, maneuvers to the right, performs evolutions to the left. The Algierians look up at us, entranced. The citizens have climbed upon their terraces, have filled the squares, and are spread out over all the roads. The tramways are blocked, and no vehicle can move anywhere in the city. Thousands of admiring looks, and some possibly a little anxious, are fixt upon the *Dixmude*.
>
> The dirigible departs, following the African coast: Dellys Bougie, Djidjelli, Philippeville, pass in single file under our eyes. Twilight falls. We pass over Bona, and, with less apprehension than the evening before, we prepare to pass the second night of the voyage on board.
>
> The big ship behaves itself perfectly, and Lieutenant du Plessis consents to take some hours sleep. The *Dixmude* is now traveling over South Tunis. The six motors are in action. The whole ship seems in tune, and the officers rejoice. We pass over Sousa, and the following morning we look down upon the awakening of Carthage, of Tunis and Bizerta.
>
> At a height of between 600 and 3,000

THE
FOOT ARISTOCRATIC



Satisfaction ~ in footwear

There are three distinct pleasures that come with the purchase of a satisfactory pair of shoes. There is the satisfaction of knowing your shoes meet every point of correct style. There is the further enjoyment of finding a shoe that contributes a final note of individuality to your costume. And there is the added delight that comes with the wearing of perfectly fitting footwear.

For more than thirty years shoes of Vici kid have been the embodiment of fashion, the utmost expression of individuality and the best assurance of perfect fit.

Ask your dealer for shoes of Vici kid. No other leather combines ALL the advantages of Vici kid.

"Woodchuck"—is one of the latest Vici kid color creations. Sample clipping will be mailed upon request to anyone interested in fine footwear.

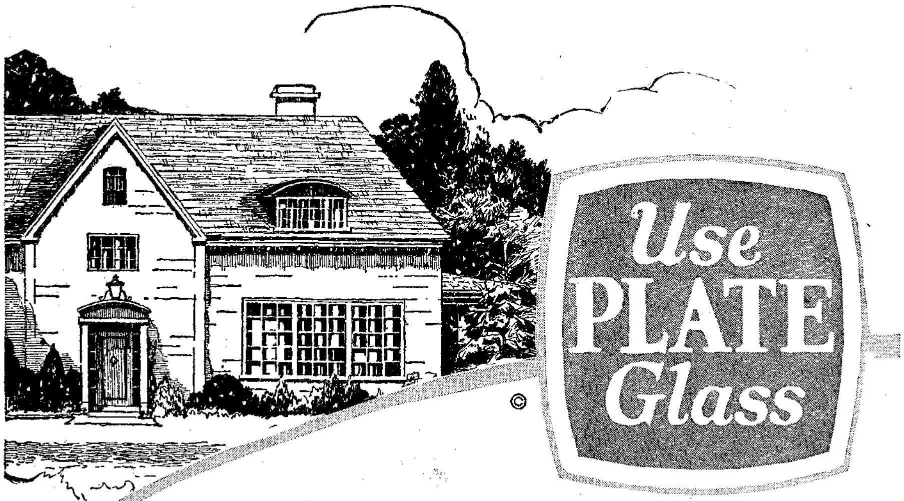
ROBERT H. FOERDERER, INC.
PHILADELPHIA

Selling Agents: LUCIUS BEEBE & SONS, Boston
Selling Agencies in all parts of the world

VICI kid
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

TRADE MARK ROBT H. FOERDERER PHILADELPHIA VICI KID

THERE IS ONLY ONE VICI KID ••• THERE NEVER HAS BEEN ANY OTHER



Like plates of crystal

CONSIDER the æsthetic value of Plate Glass windows. They are like gleaming plates of crystal, like jewels in their setting. They are a beautifying feature of the house.

Unlike common sheet glass, Plate Glass does not distort objects. Its smooth, polished surfaces and crystal-clear body afford a perfect view from the inside, without the annoying imperfections of sheet glass. From the outside, it gives back perfect reflections of lights and shadows. It is this property of reflection that makes Plate Glass the æsthetically proper glass for windows.

When building a home, apartment house, hotel or business building, Plate Glass should be in the specifications. It is worth far more in its artistic effect than the slight extra cost.

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MOTORING AND AVIATION
Continued

meters, we sailed northward across the sea to Sardinia, along its shores, and then to Corsica, Isle of Beauty. Toward evening, in the golden splendor of the most beautiful sunset possible to imagine, the *Dixmude* poised itself above Ajaccio, whence mounted toward us the enthusiasm of all Corsica

Ajaccio, it seemed, was to be the last stage of our voyage, for, at the moment when we were considering the idea of crossing France and flying over Paris, a telegram inexplicable at the time, and which remains unexplained to-day, orders the *Dixmude* to return to its hangar at dawn. The dirigible had, in less than sixty hours made, without landing, a voyage of nearly 3,000 kilometers, about 1,800 miles. It had thus beaten by twenty hours the French record for flight without landing. One regret was mixed with our joy: we had not taken from England the world record which she then held.

SOME THOUGHTS ON COLD WEATHER AND THE STARTER

ANTICIPATE a little, and imagine yourself in the midst of a bitter cold morning, with the temperature, say, about 10 below. A railroad train bearing an important person—such as somebody's mother-in-law, or rich and aged great-uncle—is due at 8.17. The trusted chauffeur, otherwise and in general old *pater familias*, digs his way, as Dr. Solomon Jessurun sagely observes in *Motor Life*, "to the reformed cow-barn now called the garage," and begins a passionate endeavor to "enlist the cooperation of a thoroughly chilled, acutely dissatisfied and mulish automobile." Then, to continue the painful, if instructive narrative:

The self-starter emits a growling, grinding or scraping noise, according to what kind of a starter it is. By and by the garage begins to smell keroseny, and the gyrations of the starter become more feeble; then they quit, and by the time father has spent ten minutes or so belaboring the engine from in front, via the starting-crank handle, the whiffs of gasoline as well as Pa's language have grown noticeably stronger.

What ails the pesky thing?

Nothing very wonderful. Temperature. She's cold.

Even in the palmy days when gasoline was gasoline of 72 Baumé, winter starting had its difficulties. In the year of Grace nineteen twenty-three, when gasoline is exactly what people call it, first-aid and sundry restoratives are often needed before the patient will even breathe.

Later the 8:17 arrives, as it always does, and a thoroughly chilled, acutely dissatisfied mother-in-law appears on the scene, and the breakfast conversation, instead of busying itself with the latest scandal of the old home town, turns about the aversion of the modern automobile to low temperatures.

"I can't see any reason for it," says the wife. "I remember distinctly the agent was very emphatic about that—that—what did he call it?—Oh, yes—hot-spot and goat's horn that burns even the poorest gasoline."

"Ram's horn," corrects the lord of the

household—"hot-spot and ram's horn! The agent didn't lie to us, either. No automobile agent ever lies. The trouble with these devices is—and I wish some people would get that into their non-mechanical noodles—that they are very much like savings banks or fireless cookers: You can't get anything out of them until after you have put something in. Right now that car out there has about the coldest hot-spot you ever saw, and it will take more than the hot-air capacity of an automobile salesman to make 'er go."

"Well," retorted the lady, "if you know so much about it, why don't you go and heat that thing, whatever it is? Do you want poor mother to spend all her visiting time in the house, while that car stands in the barn—in the garage, I mean—just because it is cold?"

"Down South, where I come from," said the husband, "they have a cute way with balky mules. You see, when a mule has made up his mind not to start, he is a sort of favored first cousin to a very cold engine. So they build a little fire under his muleship; that always does the trick. Want me to try that on our automobile? Are you trying to kid me? You know that before we put that automobile into it all you could say of our garage was that it was a first-class, self-respecting barn. There may be steam-heated barns, but not in these parts, and there isn't enough heating apparatus out there to warm a brick!"

"Well, there you are!" This triumphantly from the wife. "Why don't you put a hot brick on that—whatever you call the thing that needs heating?"

"Brick?"

"Yes; hot brick. Why not? When you were a little boy, on the farm where they probably didn't have janitor service and steam-heat, how did your mother manage to heat your bed on cold January nights? Wasn't it a hot rock or a brick? And if your mother could keep you alive with a hot brick, why wouldn't a hot brick put the breath of life into that engine of yours—provided that's what ails it? The fact that you will have to make several trips from the house to the barn—I mean the garage—each time loaded with a couple of hot bricks might be a good thing for you. It might even improve the poor opinion Doc Smith has of your liver."

Thus primed with feminine logic, Mr. Man betook himself to the cellar, ostensibly to have a look at the furnace, but in reality to conceal his discomfiture.

"Durned if the old girl isn't right, after all," he mused. "Mental laziness, that's what it is. Now that I come to think of it, there are all kinds of things with which a fellow could warm up his cold engine. For instance, there is the hot-water kettle. What is the matter with drawing off the water-and-alcohol mixture and filling her innards with piping-hot water. I could even load up that patent foot-warmer and put it under the hood; the thing certainly does give a lot of heat. Of course, there is ether; a few drops of that used to start our first car in no time. Oh, and, by cracky, what's the matter with electricity? I'm glad Mary didn't think of that, too. A large lamp bulb gives off a respectable heat; anybody who ever tried to unscrew a lighted bulb knows that. Why wouldn't that work? And, oh, by Jupiter, there is the electric-iron. Fool that I was! The barn has an electric-light socket. That electric-iron put near the carbureter should make things nice and comfortable. I'll try it, anyway."

And so it happened that when luncheon was over and father lifted the hood of the faithful boat a pleasant warmth greeted

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MOTORING AND AVIATION

Continued

him, and when he prest his foot on the starter-button, which had failed to produce any excitement in the works earlier in the day, there was an instant response. A little later the car turned its nose toward the country road where traffic had worn a lane into the snow.

Every winter, continues the writer of this little parable, thousands of motorists lose their patience and dignity and much of their chance of going to heaven when cold weather and low-grade gasoline conspire to make things hot for them, as it were. One fact is, says the writer:

The failure of the carbureter to furnish an easily exploded mixture when low temperatures prevail is not due so much to the poverty of the fuel as to the fact that the engine is cold. Even high-proof gasoline does not enter the motor's intake manifold in the form of a gas, but as finely divided spray or vapor. When this vapor comes in contact with a cold surface, such as the wall of the intake pipe, it condenses—becomes again a liquid in which form it can not unite with the correct proportion of air. Hence it remains non-explosive.

There are quite a number of devices designed to heat the gasoline for starting; as a rule these heaters are connected with the storage battery whose current is made to warm a coil or similar unit which, in turn, heats a small quantity of fuel from which a prompt start may be secured. When the engine takes up its operation, the fuel-heating current is switched off. Fuel-heaters of this description—generally called electric primers—usually become a permanent installation. Others remain separate and are used either with the storage battery or in connection with the house lighting current, the latter arrangement having the advantage that it does not drain the storage battery, which in cold weather is not at its highest efficiency and is, moreover, called upon to furnish considerable current for early lighting and in unsuccessful attempts at starting.

For the motorist who dislikes to waste time and labor on a sluggish, cold motor, or who, like the physician, must be ready to start out at a moment's notice, the obvious solution of the problem is heating—either the orthodox method of warming the garage by means of steam-heat or stove, or the equally effective scheme of warming the car's radiator and cylinder jackets with a heater designed specially for the purpose.

Whatever misgivings the motorist may have about the fire danger involved in the proximity of a flame-heated radiator warmer or kerosene stove are largely unfounded. In the case of most devices of this character the flame is guarded by a wire screen similar to that employed in the miner's safety lamp, which makes it impossible for the flame to ignite stray gasoline vapors with which it may come in contact.

But even the old-fashioned coal or wood stove offers practically no danger since the draft created by the fire within it acts as a ventilator which draws all vapors from the floor of the garage and sends them up and out of the chimney.

If heating means such as these are not available, then the motorist has recourse to a number of makeshifts, any one of which, when properly applied, will make it unnecessary for the owner to spend the day moping at home when he is inclined to take the family for a sprint through the crisp, health-giving winter air. Leaving out of consideration the hot-water kettle, the use of which would make it necessary to draw off the non-freezing radiator solution every time a start was to be made, a handy and exceedingly efficient carbureter and intake heater is found in the electrically heated flatiron found in many city households. Connected to a convenient socket in the garage and laid where it will do the most good, an iron of this sort applies itself very capably to the job of warming things under the hood.

A point that may have a tendency to reassure timid souls, says the doctor, is that the heating coils of the electric flatiron usually are completely enclosed, thus making it impossible for explosive or inflammable vapors to come in contact with them. He goes on:

One motorist who attempted the electric-iron method of preparing his carbureter for action in the morning achieved the acme of convenience by placing the iron in position after stabling the car for the day, shutting the current off by means of a switch located in his residence. In the morning, upon sitting down to his breakfast, he turned this switch on, and when he reached the garage a bit later his carbureter was ready for him, and started the motor without the slightest trouble. A precaution which this owner observed was that he placed the flatiron with the handle below the iron proper. In that way there was little danger of the handle catching fire from becoming overheated.

But the great winter stand-by of the motorist is ether. Possessing the advantage of easy portability, the ether bottle offers its aid wherever starting help is needed, and as long as the ignition current holds out, a shot of the fluid that usually puts folks to sleep generally puts instant life into a motor that otherwise hasn't the faintest inclination to start. In many cars the carbureter is so located and constructed that the float-bowl cover may be taken off without difficulty. If a shut-off cock is provided by means of which the flow of fuel to the bowl may be stopt temporarily, a quick start may be had by adding a small quantity of ether to the gasoline that is in the bowl. Where it becomes necessary to introduce the ether through engine pet-cocks or priming-cups, a priming mixture consisting of half ether and half benzin is found very useful. And there also are motorists who obtain very satisfactory results from adding about three ounces of ether to each five gallons of gasoline in the main tank. The combination gives a good start as well as better running in cold weather. It is not advisable, however, to continue the use of ether when warmer weather makes it possible to dispense with the expedient.

Many motorists are equipped with foot-warmers consisting of a cloth-covered metal container in which a previously heated brick of carbonaceous material glows for hours, giving off considerable heat in the process. Here and there one may see one of these heaters placed behind the radiator, on top of motors, and close to the carbureter for the purpose of keeping these parts at a temperature well above that of the outside air. While devices such as these offer little or no danger when employed in the daytime and in the open, they are less to be recommended during the night, in a closed garage where there is but limited circulation of the air, and where there is at least a remote possibility for vapors to

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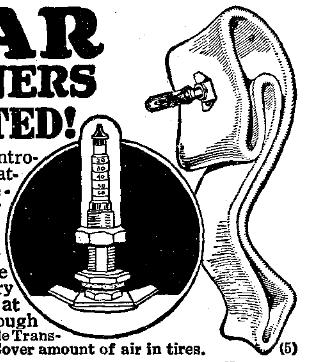

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MOTORING AND AVIATION
Continued

come in contact with the glowing material in the heater.

As with most other things, in caring for one's automobile during winter, an ounce of prevention is worth several pounds of cure, taking the shape of muscular exertion and the administration of sundry remedies. Thus the owner who, after entering his garage, takes the sensible precaution to blanket the hood of his car, taking particular care to keep icy drafts away from the radiator cells, enables the engine to retain a good deal of the heat during part of the night. If in addition he takes pains to close cracks and other openings in and around garage doors and windows, he may go to bed with the clear conscience of one who has neglected no obvious safeguard.

One cause of difficult starting—which appears only in freezing weather, and then may take on all the aspects of a first-class calamity—is the freezing of the carbureter. It is impossible to keep water out of gasoline altogether, even tho every drop of fuel be strained through chamois. Whatever space in the gasoline tank is not taken up by fuel is filled with air. When this air becomes chilled it deposits its moisture on the walls of the tank, whence it finds its way into the pipe-line and finally collects at the bottom of the carbureter.

Consequently one of the first things that should be done after the motor has refused to start is to try to flood the carbureter. If it floods, the passages are clear; if it doesn't, the gasoline pipe is closed.

"AN ELEGY WRITTEN IN A TOURIST CAMPING-GROUND"

The season of the motor-camper is drawing to a close in most of the northern States, but down toward the southern border the honk and quick-rising tent of the tourist-who-sleeps-himself are still abroad in the land. The following thoughtful lines, by an anonymous poet in the Spokane *Spokesman Review*, may serve to cheer present campers, and bring a few sighs, whether of recollection or anticipation, to those who have put away the old tent and frying-pan for this year:

The Klaxon sounds the knell of parting day,
  Some late arrivals through the dust clouds creep
And three hours after we have hit the hay
  The noise calms down so we can get to sleep.

Save where, from yonder pennant-clad sedan
  The radio set emits its raucous squeal,
And underneath a nearby light, a man
  Pounds until daylight on a busted wheel.

Beneath those tattered tops, those patent tents,
  Where falls the dust into each sun-burned pore,
Each on his folding bed of slight expense
  The rude explorers of the highway snore.

Let not ambition mock their creaky cars,
  Their khaki clothes, of vintages obscure,
Nor grandeur view, with hauteur like a czar's,
The short and simple flivvers of the poor.

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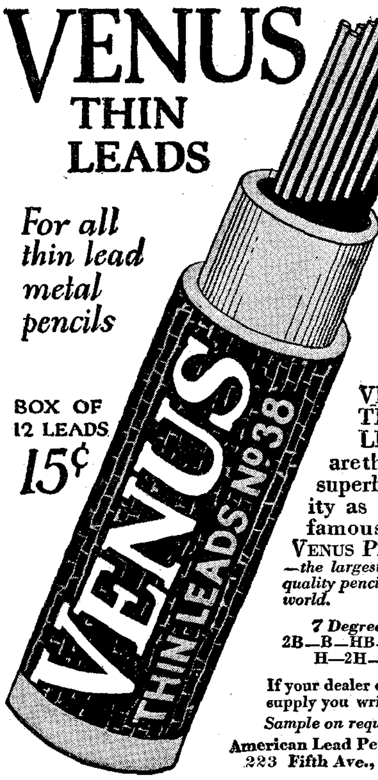

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And all that charms the motoristic fop,
Await alike the inevitable hour—
The paths of touring lead but to the shop.

Can streamline hoods or silver-plated hubs
Back to its mansion call the missing spark?
Can plush upholstery foil the clumsy dubs
Who bang into your fenders in the dark?

Full many a boob of purest ray serene
Succumbs each summer to the touring itch;
Full many a car is doomed to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness in a western ditch.

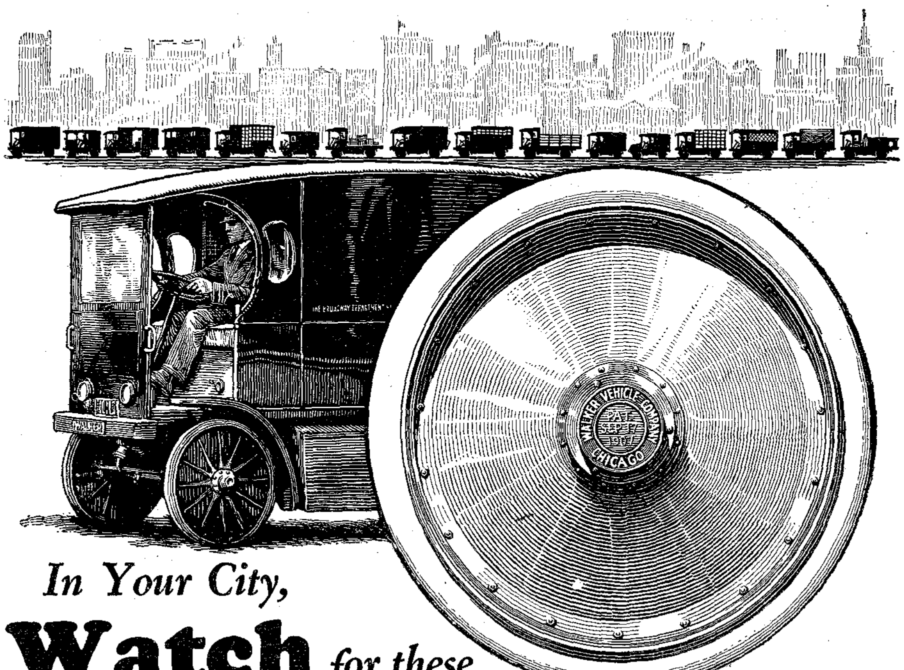
"FALSE PRETENSE" IN SELLING SECOND-HAND CARS

THE remarkable statements made by some second-hand car dealers received a rebuke, not long since, in the course of a Pennsylvania trial which *The Keystone Motorist* (Philadelphia) considers worth calling to the attention of the motoring public. The decision was, in effect, that "a salesman connected with an automobile company is guilty of crime in obtaining a customer's signature to a check on the strength of false representations as to the condition of the car he is selling." Thus, says the Pennsylvania motoring journal:

> Where a salesman represented to a prospective purchaser that the car he was about to sell him had been used only for demonstrating purposes and had gone only 3,000 miles, and these statements proved to be untrue, and on the strength of them the purchaser gave his check for part of the purchase price and signed a contract as for the balance, a conviction of obtaining the purchaser's signature to the check by false pretense will be sustained. It was so decided in the case of Commonwealth *vs.* *Altieri,* 78 Pa. Superior Court 8.
>
> In that case Judge Trexler declared that it was immaterial that the defendant, as a salesman, did not benefit individually by the transaction (as he received no commission on the sale of second-hand cars), but stated that "the obtaining of a signature with criminal intent is sufficient to support a conviction."
>
> It was contended in behalf of the defendant that there was no evidence of criminal intent to defraud shown.

Another legal decision, considered equally worthy of the attention of the motoring world, holds that "it is the duty of the driver of an automobile, when he parks it, to see that it is in such condition that it will remain where it is." *The Motorist* explains:

> Thus, when the owner of a car parked it in front of a saloon and came out three minutes later and found it had proceeded, without any one in it, a distance of about two hundred feet slightly up-grade, across a public square, and had struck a woman and pinned her against a telegraph pole, and there was no positive proof as to how the car started, and altho the owner of the car denied that he had left the engine running, it was held that such circumstances were sufficient to allow the jury to infer that the accident occurred through the owner's negligence.



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Watch *for these*
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By its steel disc wheels—you'll know the truck that hauls at lowest cost on city routes.

You'll meet these trucks every block in America's chief cities where Walkers have been introduced. The Walker Electrics in New York would make a parade more than twice the length of Manhattan Island; in Chicago, a procession more than seven miles long.

Watch for them—notice that nearly all the recognized leaders in American business use them on their city routes—American Railway Express Co., Beech-Nut Packing Co., Commonwealth Edison Co., and so on down the alphabet to Vacuum Oil and Wrigley.

Whatever your business—bakery, dairy, department store, ice cream distributor, laundry, manufacturing, wholesale—leading firms in your line and every line use Walkers.

Ask yourself why Walker Electrics lead with these business leaders. There is only one possible answer—because Walkers give greatest economy and satisfaction on city routes. Write for list of Walker users in your line—ask them.

They'll tell you every Walker saves them hundreds to thousands of dollars every year. They'll tell you horses can't compete with Walkers even on house-to-house deliveries and freight yard hauls. They'll tell you four Walkers operate at the cost of one or two "gas" trucks. They'll sell you the Walker as the leading truck for city routes by virtue of quantity production, experience, quality, economy, tonnage and mileage, prestige building service and freedom from mechanical troubles.

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America's Leading Manufacturer of Electric Street Trucks
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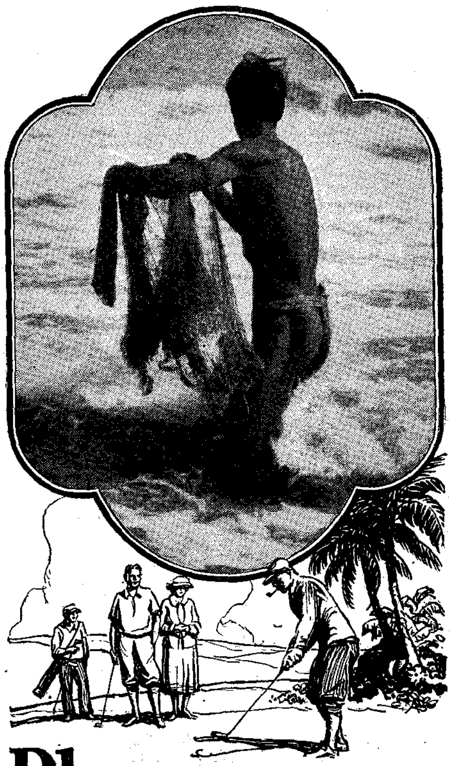

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Play in Waikiki's warm waters. Stand on Volcano Kilauea's rim, watching the fiery lava flowing below. Golf, tennis, deep-sea fishing, motoring and all other outdoor pastimes. Sleeping valleys wrapped in mist and rainbows; color-saturated gardens dreaming in the sun; forests of flowering trees and jungles of giant ferns where reptiles, poisonous insects and fever are unknown.

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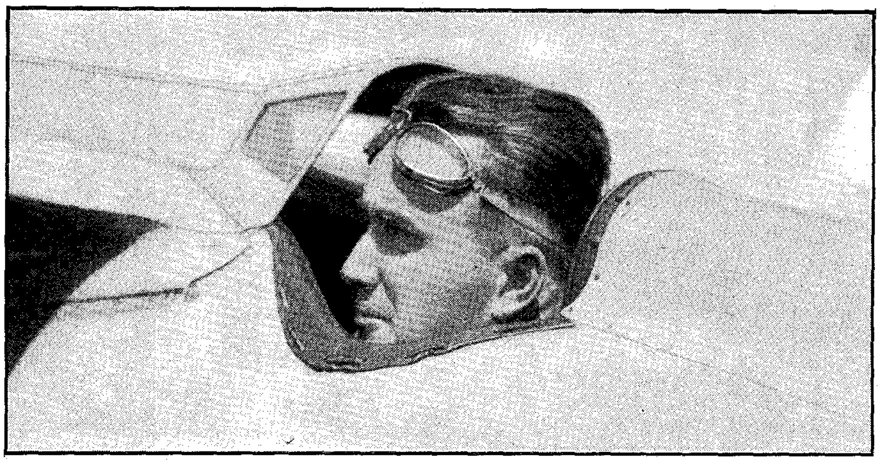
TWO NEW SPEED RECORDS FOR AMERICAN PLANES

A TALL man, "with white teeth flashing from a grease-blackened face," climbed out of the cockpit of a tiny blue airplane at St. Louis, on the afternoon of October 6, and the wires and cables of the world immediately spread the report of a great advance in the world's record for speed. The tall man's Curtiss racer averaged 243.67 miles an hour for the 125 miles of the triangular Pulitzer Trophy course. This speed is an advance of 38 miles an hour over the previous record, also held in this country, made in 1922. The rapid advance in speed, which shows no sign of lessening in spite of the terrific pace now attained, is shown by the following table:

1923—243.67 miles an hour.
1922—205.8 miles an hour.
1921—178 miles an hour.
1920—156.7 miles an hour.



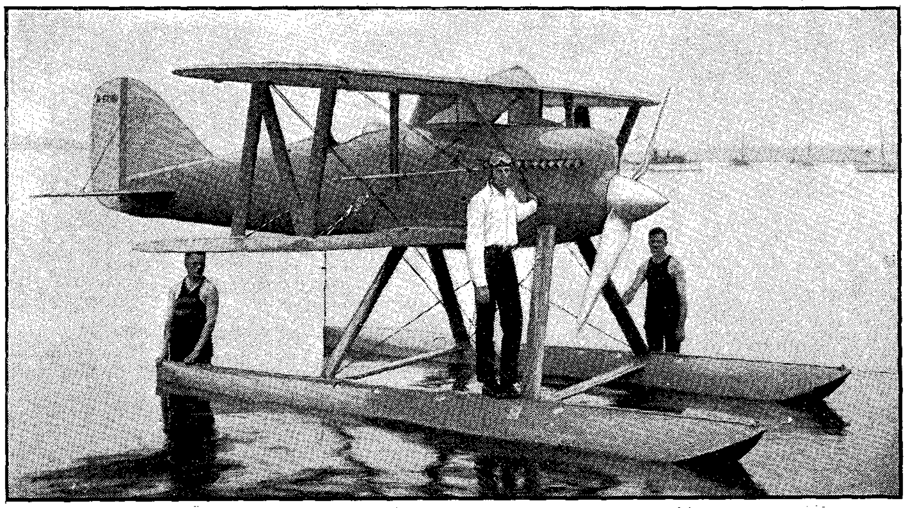
AN OLD-TIME PITCHER IN A NEW "BOX"

Lieutenant A. J. Williams, formerly on the pitching staff of the New York Giants, won the Pulitzer Trophy Race in St Louis, and set a new world's speed record. Unofficially, he has driven his racing-plane at the tremendous speed of 266 miles per hour.

Glenn H. Curtiss, who won one of the first speed prizes in the history of aviation, and whose name is attached to the winning speed machines of to-day, announces that there is practically no limit to the possible pace of the racer, and the technical expert of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology estimates that, at 350 miles an hour, a flying-machine will amount to little more than a huge projectile, practically all engine. The winning plane in the recent record-breaking race at St. Louis, it is reported, has done better than 260 miles an hour in straightaway flights. Photographs of it, together with an account of its record speed on its test flights in Long Island, appeared in the "Motoring and Aviation Department" of THE DIGEST of September 29.

A few days before the Pulitzer Trophy race, an American seaplane, flying at Cowes, England, lifted the Schneider Cup, called "the blue ribbon of marine aviation," held by England for the past two years. The winning plane, a Curtiss Navy racer with pontoons, was some 35 miles ahead in the 200-mile race. A sister ship finished second, with the English competitor far in the rear. A cable to the New York *Herald* from Cowes records that:

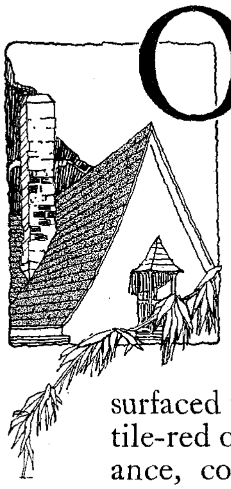
America lifted the Schneider international seaplane trophy in sensational style,



THE PLANE THAT BROUGHT THE SCHNEIDER CUP TO AMERICA

This Navy Curtiss racer, with pontoons, won "the blue ribbon of marine aviation" at Cowes, England, against English and French contestants.

Shingles of the Highest Quality



ONLY two percent of the total cost of a new house is spent on the roof. Why then economize on what is actually one of the most important features of your home—important from the standpoints of protection and appearance?

A roof of Ruberoid Strip-shingles—either Octabs or Square-tabs is the kind of roof *your* home should have. The Ruberoid standard of quality is so high and so firmly established that it has become the yard-stick by which roofing values are measured. You certainly cannot afford to accept a lower standard.

The two styles of Ruberoid Shingles, pictured below, are surfaced with unfading slate granules in soft tones of either sage-green, tile-red or steel-blue. Each makes a roof which is attractive in appearance, colorful, and *permanent*. A distinctive feature of Ruberoid Octabs is their unusual form, which enables you to select one of many attractive patterns, in either a single color or in harmonious blends.

In most communities, there is a reputable dealer who carries a stock of Ruberoid Weatherproofing Products from whom you may secure samples and descriptive folders. Should there be no distributor in your town, write us and we will send them to you, as well as the name of the nearest Ruberoid dealer.

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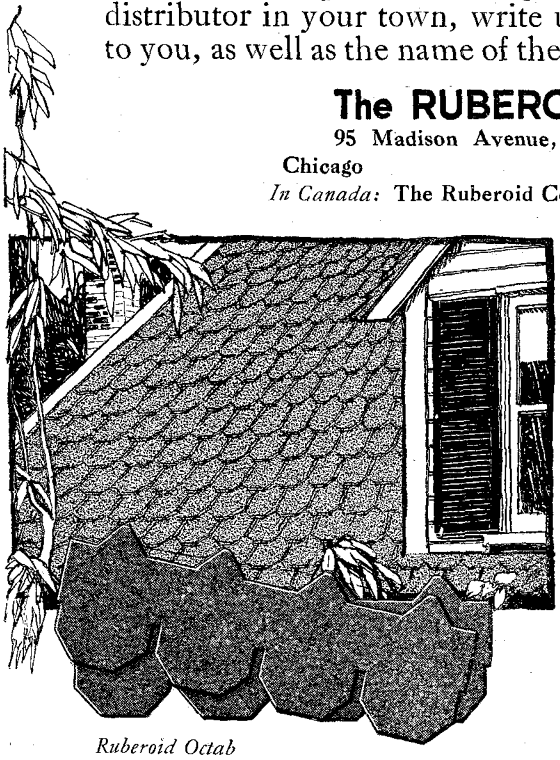
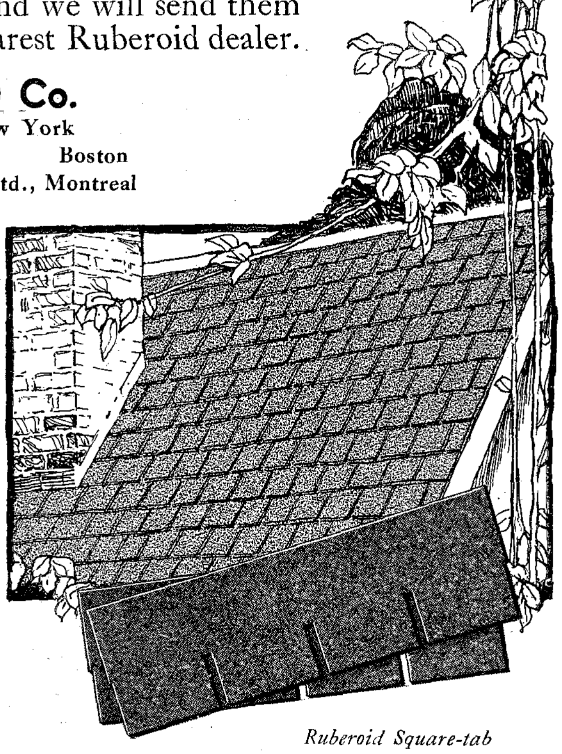


Ruberoid Octab

Ruberoid Octab Strip-shingles have many unusual features beside the saving in cost of application. Due to their patented form they may be laid in any one of many distinctive patterns. The colors may be used singly or combined as you choose.

Warning—*Accept no product as Ruberoid unless the label bears the name and man trade mark. The name "Ruberoid" is often misused. Thus many people are induced to accept inferior products.*



Ruberoid Square-tab

Ruberoid Square-tab Strip-shingles give the roof the appearance of individual shingles, but afford a saving in time and cost of application. They are made in two styles, measuring 12½ in. and 10 in. wide, intended to form a 4½ in. and 2 in. head-lap respectively, depending upon the factor of safety desired.

RU-BER-OID
Shingles and Roofing

Why Postpone Living?

Out on the edge of the sparkling Pacific where the majestic arm of Point Loma separates the blue which is the bay from the blue which is the sea, and shelters the beautiful harbor of San Diego, California, the good things of life you have dreamed of are awaiting you.

From many states and foreign lands have come those who are able to choose their environment from among the favored spots of the earth. Attracted by the mild but invigorating climate—warm in winter, cool in summer—the advantages of a thoroughly modern home city and the cordiality of its *125,000* residents, they have found this to be their ideal background for contentment.

You will find interest and enjoyment unlimited in the pastimes of beach and fairway and mountain passes, always smiled upon by sunny skies, and in the many enterprises of this growing, progressive city of

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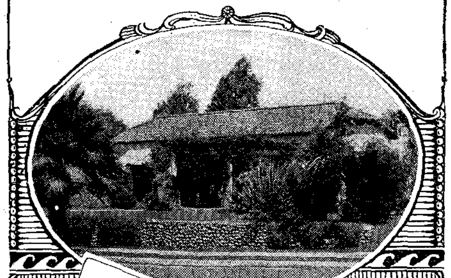
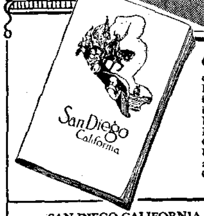
Let us tell you more about it





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over the new San Diego and Arizona Railway, operated in connection with the Southern Pacific, Rock Island and the E. P. & S. W. GOLDEN STATE ROUTE, or by way of the Southern Pacific SUNSET ROUTE, via New Orleans, in connection with the San Diego and Arizona Railway, and enjoy a daylight ride through magnificent Carriso Gorge and Old Mexico.

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MOTORING AND AVIATION
Continued

finishing in both first and second place and establishing a new record for speed. Lieutenant David Rittenhouse, U. S. N., piloted the winner, a No. 4 Curtiss Navy racer, and Lieutenant Rutledge Irvine the machine which finished second, a No. 3 Curtiss. The British entry, Captain H. C. Baird's *Sea Lion II*, winner in the race at Naples last year, was a poor third, tho her time to-day was better than when she won the previous event.

Lieutenant Rittenhouse, in the fifth trip around the triangular course, attained the astonishing speed of more than 181 miles an hour. His average speed over the 186-mile course was 177.38 miles an hour, 30 miles an hour more than the record established by Captain Baird at Naples last year.

Some of the spectators thought he had let out his plane to the limit in the final lap, but he said to the correspondent at the close of the race: "I never once opened the throttle wide. I practically had no trouble from start to finish. Cross-winds hindered me somewhat, and but for them I would have made 195 miles an hour. I had difficulty in pumping gas from the tanks on the pontoons into the main tank, but this seemed to work better in the last lap, and perhaps accounted for the faster time."

Lieutenant Rittenhouse's time was 1 hour, 12 minutes and 26 4-5 seconds. Lieutenant Irvine finished two minutes later and Captain Baird nine minutes behind the leader. Only one of the three French entries started, and this one dropt out after the first lap. It was at first believed that Captain Baird would be disqualified for not taxying over the starting-line, but the judges announced that this would not be counted a violation.

Many Americans were in the throng that watched the race, under perfect weather conditions. Princess Beatrice, Governor of the Isle of Wight, Vice-Admiral Philip C. Andrews of the American Navy, and British and American naval officers were among the spectators.

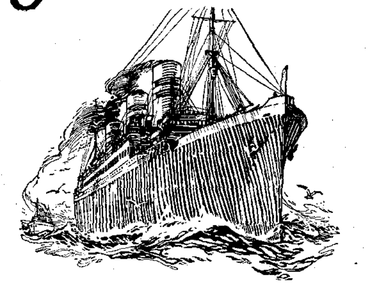
The winning plane, according to a bulletin from the Curtiss Company, made a speed record of 194 miles per hour before it was sent over to the competition in England. The bulletin, which is signed by President C. M. Keys of the Curtiss Company, continues:

"The Schneider Cup has been, for many years, the blue ribbon of marine aviation, and the idea of America competing for it has come forward year by year, but not until this year did we enter this international event, in which England, France, and Italy, have all been winners at various times.

"We are particularly proud that a Curtiss motor and plane, with all the most recent Curtiss developments in radiation, propeller, and motor, and handled with skill and devotion by the Navy flyers, has brought this trophy to America. Through these tough, hard years of the history of aviation in America, through which we must live without profit or the comforts of material success, the one incentive that has kept the Curtiss Company going forward to one engineering triumph after another has been to reply, in a very definite and unmistakable way, to the often repeated taunt that America is backward in aviation development.

"We think that a margin of victory of

TO EUROPE
The Way to Go—



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via Cherbourg
ENGLAND *via Southampton*
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Passage to meet the requirements of every traveler—

The beautiful and luxurious new steamers *Resolute, Reliance, Albert Ballin,* and *Deutschland,* offer every travel comfort, including spacious and attractive public rooms, dancing floor, verandah cafe, gymnasium, swimming pool, elevators. The splendid one-class cabin steamers *Cleveland, Mount Clay, Hansa, Thuringia* and *Westphalia,* less elaborate but no less comfortable and complete in their equipment, provide excellent accommodations at moderate rates. A world-famous service insures prompt and courteous attention to the travelers' needs. The cuisine is unsurpassed.

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The palatial, new Red Star Liner, *Belgenland*, has quickly gained a splendid reputation among discriminating travellers. They are the first to comment on her vibrationless speed, Continental dining service à la carte, and spacious and beautiful accommodations. They appreciate the intelligent attention to detail, which is the result of long Red Star experience.

The worthy team-mate of the *Belgenland* is the famous *Lapland*, offering first, second and third class accommodations.

Regular sailings from
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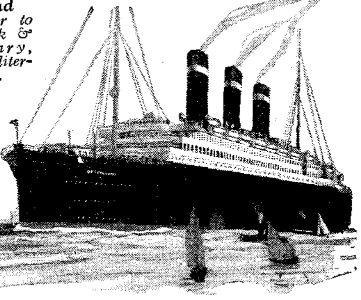
Send for our new book, "Belgium, the Country and Its People," with beautiful colored illustrations and map—No. 1 Broadway, New York, or any authorized steamship agent.

Belgenland
under charter to Thomas Cook & Son, January, 1924, for Mediterranean cruise.

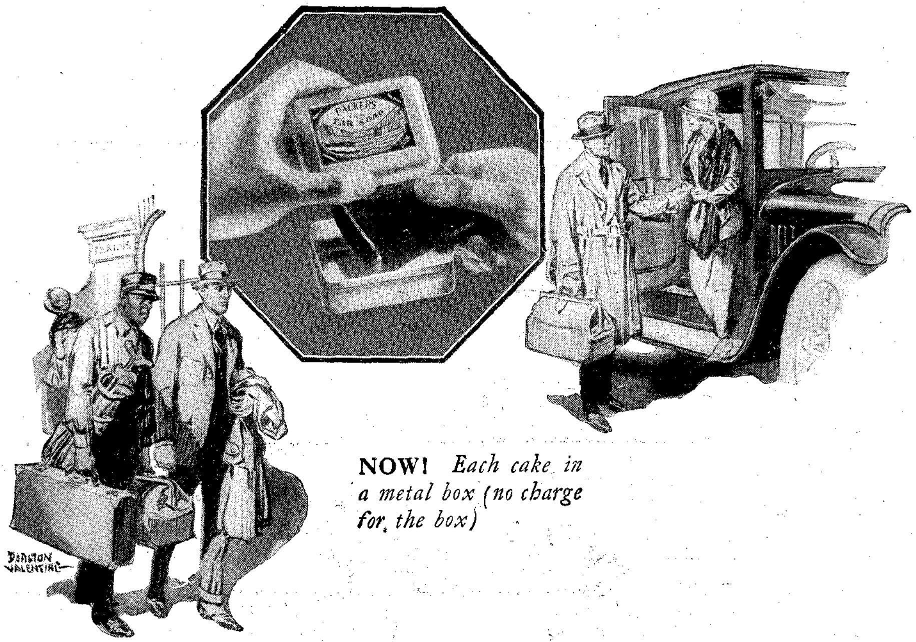


THE LUXURY LINER OF 1923
BELGENLAND

35 miles or so, in a 200-mile race, over the best that Europe can produce in seaplanes, and a margin almost as wide in high-speed development for land planes, justifies us for all our expenditures of our very scanty money, of our energy, and of our time, in carrying forward this branch of development. Other lines of development equally important, or perhaps more important in the long run, must stand still until conditions change in aviation."

The leading plane in the Pulitzer Trophy Race at St. Louis, where the new world speed record for land machines was established, was driven by Lieutenant A. J. Williams, once a pitcher for the New York Giants, and now a junior-grade lieutenant in the United States Navy. The turns in the triangular course were not so abrupt as when Army Lieutenant Maughan won the race last year at a speed averaging some 37 miles less per hour. Lieutenant Maughan lost consciousness at several of the turns during his race, and Lieutenant Williams, in spite of the easier corners, told a correspondent of the New York *Times* that he lost consciousness several times. Oliver H. P. Garrett, a staff correspondent of the New York *World*, continues the story of the race:

> Brow, who raced around the course after Williams had landed, came within less than two miles an hour of equaling Williams's record. His average speed was 241.78 miles an hour. This gave Brow second place. He was racing a blue Navy Curtiss machine, as was Williams.
>
> Lieutenant L. H. Sanderson of the U. S. Marine Corps was third, with an average of 230.06 miles an hour. This gave to the Navy all of the winners in the Pulitzer race, which has become the speed classic of the modern world.
>
> Some idea of the speed made by Williams may be appreciated when it is recalled that he was flying more than four miles a minute. At that speed he would fly from the Battery to 44th Street in one minute.
>
> At that speed, given a 100-yard start, Williams would have run away from a bullet fired from an old black powdered gun. The bullet, losing speed as it traveled, would be unable to catch up with him.
>
> Williams got away in the second heat. He was going so fast that in turning the three pylons marking the triangular course he was unconscious that his ship turned sharply upon its side, vertically with the dizzy ground below.
>
> Williams taxied up to the judges' stand. Rear Admiral W. A. Moffett was among the first to greet him.
>
> "My legs are asleep," he said, slapping them.
>
> "You did all right," Moffett said, "It'll do you good." And later:
>
> "Anybody got a drink for my boy, here?"
>
> "I got terribly sleepy," said Williams. "I kept nodding and went out cold around the pylons. I think my goggles were too tight."
>
> When Williams appeared before the photographers, who crowded about him, Moffett took off his Admiral's hat, with its thick gold stripe, and put it on Williams's head.
>
> "You deserve it," he said.
>
> Williams had put chalk-marks on his cockpit to mark the laps, intending to rub one off as he passed the judges' stand each time. Watching the oil-pressure, he failed



NOW! *Each cake in a metal box (no charge for the box)*

What veteran travelers say

about this new soap convenience

EVER since we recently put each cake of Packer's Tar Soap in a bright new metal box the postman has been bringing us friendly congratulations from seasoned travelers, from veteran motorists.

A *veteran traveling salesman* comments as follows: "When traveling I am always a little timid about using public soap. That's why I always carry Packer's in the new metal box. Before you put Packer's in this new package I used to buy a new cake of soap in every town I hit. But now I always carry the metal box of Packer's in my grip."

An *automobilist* from California reports that on his tour last summer he carried Packer's in the new metal box and so was able to enjoy pleasant shampoos in streams all along the route. He further says, "After the soap is gone I use the empty box to hold extra dash and tail bulbs and fuses."

A *European* fresh from the boat had grown to know Packer's on the other side, but was delighted to find his old friend packed in a new, convenient way.

A *physician* who is always on the go reports: "For 20 years I have used Packer's and nothing else for washing my hair and scalp. I find the new metal box ideal for my first aid bag. The soap is germicidal and antiseptic—of absolute purity. I find it an able adjunct in treating the skin and use it daily for general toilet purposes."

A *graduate nurse* (a nurse, you know, is constantly moving about) says that she used Packer's all during her training and in thanking us for putting Packer's in the new metal box remarks that it is now a standard part of her emergency kit.

A *druggist* in Portsmouth, Virginia, writes of five sailors who recently dropped into his store. One of them picked up a cake of Packer's and remarked about the new metal box: "Packer's has sure done a service for the sailorman." Each of the five bought a package and within a few days practically the whole battleship crew were enjoying piney Packer shampoos and invigorating Packer showers.

A *railroad detective*, subject to hurry calls to distant points, always keeps his bag ready with Packer's in the new metal box—and a few other necessities of comfortable travel.

THE *comforts of your own home bath room in Pullmans and in strange hotels! Invigorating shampoos that lead your hair and scalp toward glowing health. Tingling showers and tubs that leave you feeling fit as all outdoors! Packer's Tar Soap—a man's soap with the zip and the go of the pine forests. And now—for added comfort and convenience—each cake in a metal box. Today at any drug or department store.*

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Liquid! Packer's also comes in convenient liquid form.

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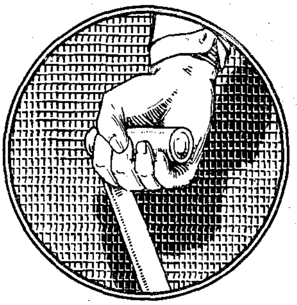
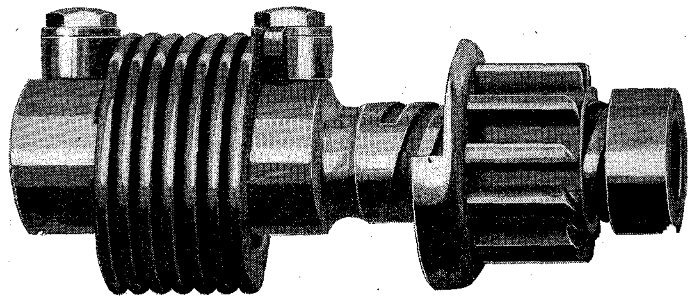


and now—

The Bendix Drive



The "Mechanical Hand"

that cranks your car

In the old days when your engine stalled—on crowded streets—on muddy highways—anywhere—you got out and "cranked". Remember? Today you merely press the button of your electric starter, and on you go! With the electric starter came a new era of convenience, ease and safety for all motorists—and in this *The Bendix Drive* has an important part.

The Bendix Drive is a "mechanical arm and hand", for which your starting motor supplies the "muscle".

The Bendix Drive is attached to the armature shaft of your electric starting motor where it functions automatically as the connecting link between your starting motor and engine.

The Bendix Drive automatically takes hold of your fly wheel—turns your engine over—starts it—then automatically "lets go", and waits until you need it again.

The fact that the Bendix Drive is standard equipment on the electric starters of a majority of the world's automobiles and trucks is evidence of the need which existed and the efficient way the Bendix Drive has met it.

More than 4,000 dealers and garages supply genuine service parts for Bendix Drive: Look for the name "Bendix" on each genuine part.

The BENDIX DRIVE

Manufactured By

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WALKERVILLE, ONT.

MOTORING AND AVIATION
Continued

once to do it, so he made an extra lap unknowing. This gave to him the world's record for 250 kilometers as well as that for 200 kilometers. The crowd gave Williams a roar of approval as he climbed out. Mrs. Moffett wept as she shook his hand.

Every plane that finished beat the record set by Lieutenant Maughan for the Pulitzer race last year. Both Williams and Brow far exceeded the three-kilometer record set by Maughan, which was 236 miles an hour.

Major-General Mason M. Patrick, head of the Army Air Service, greeted Williams directly after Admiral Moffett.

"Fine, fine, boy," he said; "I congratulate you with all my heart, and I'm glad you won, even if I wanted my boys to get it."

Lieutenant W. S. Callaway, the fourth Navy flyer, flying a Wright fighter, came within 6-100 of a mile an hour of getting third place. His average speed was 230.07 miles an hour.

Lieutenant W. Miller of the Army got fifth place, with 218.91 miles an hour. Lieutenant J. D. Corkville came in sixth, with 216.45 miles an hour.

Two planes did not finish. They were both Army planes. The Verville-Sperry came down in the first lap, having sprung its crank-shaft. Its pilot, Lieutenant Alexander Pearson, brought her down in the field. Lieutenant Sanderson's plane was disabled when his wing struck a haystack. He was unhurt.

General Patrick, in a formal statement, said:

"The Navy is to be congratulated. The Army always does its best. We hope to do better next year. This is certainly the most successful meet ever held. Possibly 300,000 miles were flown, many at speeds never before attained. There was not a single casualty. This shows aviation is not only more efficient but safer than ever."

Two of the donors of the Pulitzer trophy, Ralph and Joseph Pulitzer, publishers of the New York *World* and the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, greeted Williams at the judges' stand. The prize is a cash prize of $2,000 for the winner and the trophy itself, showing an airy creature holding aloft a plane. The second prize is $1,500. Third prize is $500.

Chicago would be brought almost within commuting distance of Manhattan, remarks *The World* editorially, if the speed shown by the two winners could be applied to the general transit. Also:

The Golden Gate would be but half a day from the Statue of Liberty. The Empire State Express would become as the tortoise to the hare in comparison with the scorching airplane.

Readily enough the eyes of the crowd at St. Louis followed the flyers in their terrific flights. The speed of the plane is a thing as impossible for the mind to define clearly to itself as is the sum of a billion dollars It seems probable that man's fastest mile has come very close to being recorded. As to the marvelous potentialities behind that fact, we can only speculate at the moment. The records of the four races for the Pulitzer Trophy contain the story and promise of developments in aviation

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
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to rank for long years among the wonders of the world in action.

In 1920 the winner of the competition averaged a speed of 156.5 miles per hour. In 1921 the figure was raised to 176.7. Last year the rate jumped to 205.8. Gain is seen here both in mechanical improvements and in the skill and daring of flying-men. When the winner of Saturday's race complained that his legs went asleep in the air, he left no room for the impression that he got "cold feet" in the face of his job. His reference was to a physiological phenomenon familiar to all those who dare the heights at high speed in the air.

The speed made at the first airplane races in the history of the world, held on the Plain of Betheny, near Rheims, on August 29, 1909, is recalled by the New York *Times*. By comparing this speed with the present records, *The Times* believes that Colonel H. H. Hartney's prediction "that airplanes soon will be flying 500 miles an hour" can not be dismissed as fantastic. But it must be noted, continues the *Times'* writer, that:

be added a qualification: "Ultimate speed s not a question of planes and motors, but a question of what the human being an stand." On the Plain of Betheny, ourteen years ago, Henry Farman flew 12½ miles in 3 hours 4 minutes 56 seconds, r at a speed of about thirty-eight miles an our. He made a world's record for time nd distance. At the same meeting Glenn urtiss, in a machine of his own construcion, won the first Gordon Bennett aviation ace, a distance of 12½ miles, in 15 minutes 0 3-5 seconds. The winner's average peed was 45½ miles an hour. The course as two laps. There was an altitude conest, in which Latham got up as high as 08 feet. Men now fly far higher than the eak of Everest.

At St. Louis, on Saturday, Lieutenant . J. Williams of the Navy maintained over triangular course of 200 kilometers an verage speed of 243.67 miles an hour. He ew more than six times as fast as Farman d fourteen years ago. There were three urns in the course at St. Louis, and at the peed traveled by Lieutenant Williams it as necessary to bank round them at a crilous angle. The effect of the strain pon him he thus describes:

"I never felt so sleepy in my life. It emed to me as if I could not keep awake ng enough to finish the race. Going und the pylons I simply went cold. It as several seconds before my brain funconed again."

It would appear that the limit of human durance was almost reached in his case.

Colonel Hartney's prediction is to be lfilled, the aviator must fly more than ice as fast as Lieutenant Williams did. was admitted at the St. Louis meeting at such a speed as was attained involves ave danger—at least when turns have be made. The planes and connections, well as the nervous system of the aviar, are subjected to severe strains. A eater velocity could be achieved on a aightaway flight, no doubt. But an airne does not travel with the directness an arrow shot from the bow. It can not flown in a straight line, and on what ay be called an even keel. When the eed rises into the hundreds of miles an ur there must be all the time a strain on fabric that is not equally strong in every rt, not to speak of the pressure upon the iator's brain, nerves and heart.

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The Mark of Superiority!

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you will experience the economy of quality. It lasts longer; time and weather have proved it. Architects, builders and property owners—in fact, every one interested in securing better and more enduring construction from Black and Galvanized Sheets and Roofing Tin Plates, should insist upon Keystone Copper Steel.

For roofing, siding, gutters, spouting, culverts, tanks, flumes, and all uses to which sheet metal is adapted, Keystone Copper Steel is unexcelled. Sold by leading metal merchants. Read the reports of weather tests of American Society for Testing Materials—or send for our booklet *The Testimony of a Decade*, which will give you the facts in condensed form. Buyers and users of sheet metal should read it.

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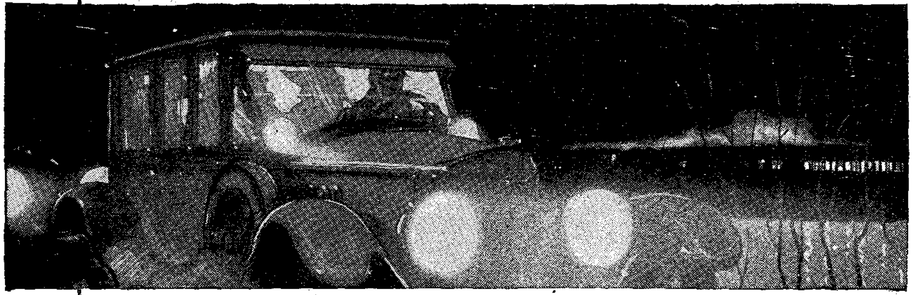

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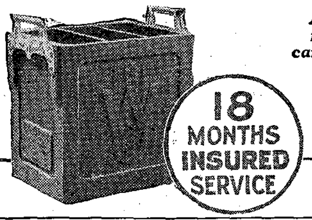

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

GROWING BANANAS IN FLORIDA

YES! they grow bananas on a commercial scale in Florida, we are assured in a press bulletin by W. E. Bolles, of Oldsmar, Florida, secretary of the Florida Banana-Growers' Association. It is the easiest fruit to grow that Mr. Bolles knows, and he tells us that "heavy, money-making crops" may be produced in the second year after planting, giving results up to $400 to $1,000 per acre when properly handled. The plants are practically free from insects and diseases. They will stand more moisture than most fruit-trees, and do their best when they have plenty of it. Bananas, he says, have stood the tests of thirty years in Florida, Louisiana and Texas. The experimental stage was passed long ago. He continues:

> Banana-growing is to-day a practical, profitable business proposition, and they are being planted commercially by money-making men and women. The acreage is increasing every year. Every famil in Florida can have bananas in thei yards, and grow their own. A plant wil bear in 14 to 18 months from the time o setting. The cities and towns in Florid consume much more than we have bee able to produce so far. After we suppl this home demand, we will ship into othe States where there is an enormous marke waiting for us, because about 43,000,00 bunches of bananas are imported into th United States every year.
>
> Florida-grown bananas sell by the bunc at wholesale at the same prices as the im ported article, six to eight cents a pound Usually the retail price in Florida is 1 to 12 cents a pound. Bunches weigh u to 50 or 100 pounds or more. Fifty pound at six cents per pound means $3 per bunch By setting 400 plants to the acre, which i customary, that means 400 bunches o more per acre, when properly handled; an at $3 per bunch, it makes a total of $1,20 per acre when they get going good in th second and third years.
>
> When well-grown and properly cared for bananas grow large bunches, which ar called standard, or full bunches, when the have nine "hands" or clusters on one ster and generally 13 "fingers" on each hand Often they will have more or less than nin hands, but they are usually sold by th pound, both at wholesale and retail. Th better you feed and care for your banana the more likely you are to grow larg commercial-size bunches; and the mor bunches you will harvest per acre.
>
> Many uninformed people have the wron impression that you get a crop of banan only once in a while on account of co weather. One grower told me he harveste eight crops in ten years in middle Florid which is as good if not better than the re ords of truck farmers and orange-grower Bananas have been grown commerciall in Florida for about 30 years. In Februar 1923, there was a frost and a short free in some parts of Florida, the mercury goin down to around 28 or 30 above zero. I different places the banana-leaves we frozen and turned brown, but the stal and the roots were unhurt. The leav came out again in about two weeks, an

the stalks produced fruit as usual in the summer of 1923.

Irrigation is not necessary in order to grow bananas, especially if you select a somewhat moist or damp location, with drainage. Irrigation is a very good advantage, however, for any grower, because it enables him to get water to his plants in the unusual dry spells; and in the event of predictions of frost by the weather bureau, it is a good precaution to flood your field. The water will be warmer than the air, in the event of a frost, and thus the water will temper or warm the air, and generally prevent damage.

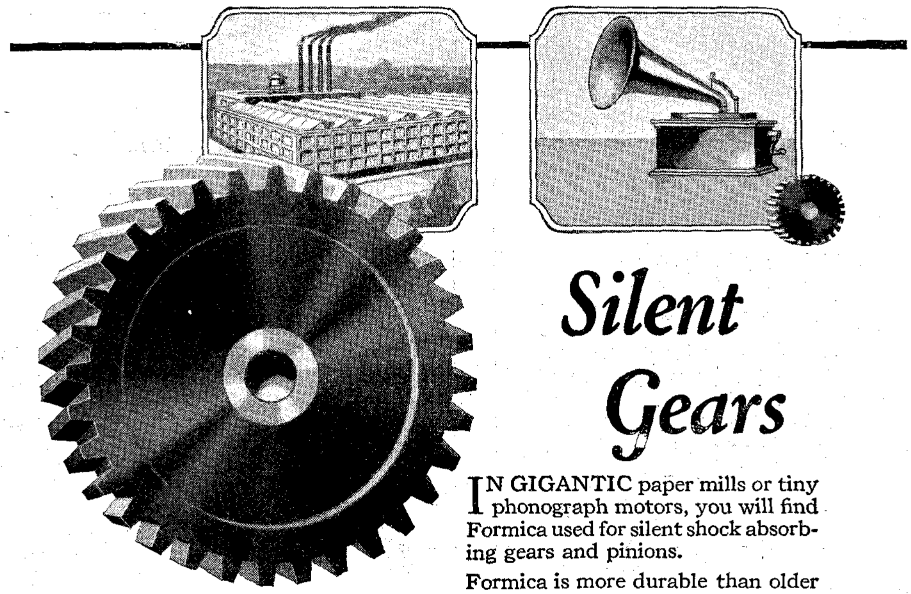
Bananas are practically a continuous crop, maturing fruit in nearly every month in the year. Bunches ripen faster in the spring and summer, but there is no month which is regularly unproductive. The banana is one of the most tropical-looking plants in Florida, and lends an appearance of luxuriance, which no other plant can equal. The banana is in a class with the coconut-tree and the Royal palm as ornamental emblems of the semi-tropical character of our climate.

The banana-fruit comes to you sealed by nature in a germ-proof cover. No worm, blight or insect sting affects the fruit within. The fruit is very nourishing, containing three times the protein of the apple, nearly twice as much carbohydrates, and three times as much fat as the orange, and exceeds even the potato by about 20 per cent. in food value. The banana is considered the most popular food-fruit.

PLANTS THAT EAT AWAY CHURCH WINDOWS

STAINED-GLASS windows would appear to be an unfriendly soil for plant-growth; yet on them flourish no less than 23 species of lichens, some of which alter the substance of the glass to such an extent that it may actually become perforated. Windows, however, are never destroyed directly by this means, but frequently come to grief through chemical alteration of the lead frames, which is hastened, to a considerable degree, by these same lichens. These facts, first brought out by research in France, are assembled by Dr. Ethel Mellor, of University College, Reading, England, in an article contributed to *Nature* (London). Dr. Mellor reminds us that the gradual deterioration and destruction of church windows is a subject of general and scientific interest. She writes:

> The deteriorated glass is scaly and iridescent, or pitted and opaque. Both surfaces are attacked, and tho the outer shows the greater alteration, it is on the inner that the action is sometimes first apparent. The opacity may extend over the whole surface, but more frequently appears as scattered disk-like points; these gradually get bigger and frequently run together. Meanwhile, the glass at the center of the original opaque disks disappears, and so arise the beginnings of the pits, each bordered by opaque glass and later lined by iridescent scales, visible under the binocular lens. As the alteration of the glass continues, the pits increase in diameter and often unite, forming channels of diverse outline and length. Two pits on opposite surfaces will sometimes increase in depth until the separating wall disappears and a perforation of the glass results. Microscopical examination of the opaque



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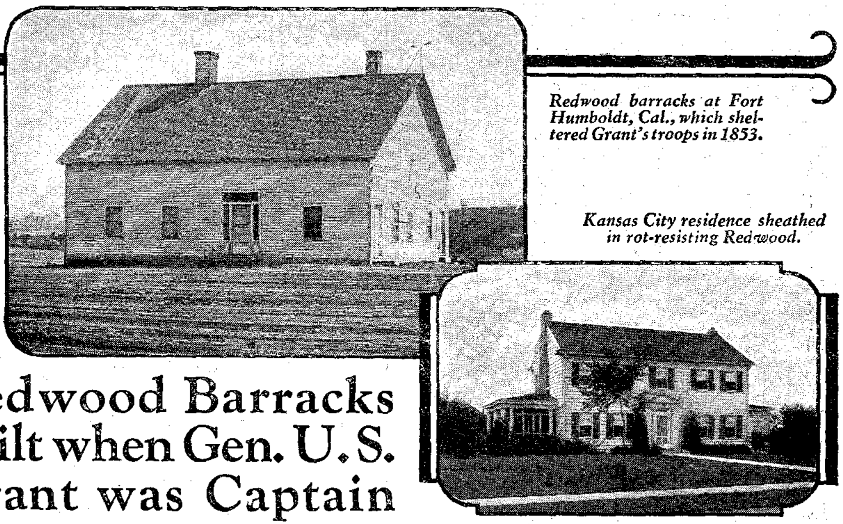

Redwood barracks at Fort Humboldt, Cal., which sheltered Grant's troops in 1853.

Kansas City residence sheathed in rot-resisting Redwood.

Redwood Barracks built when Gen. U. S. Grant was Captain

IN 1853 Lieut. Grant, who later received Gen. Lee's surrender, was promoted to the rank of captain and assigned to command at Fort Humboldt, Cal.

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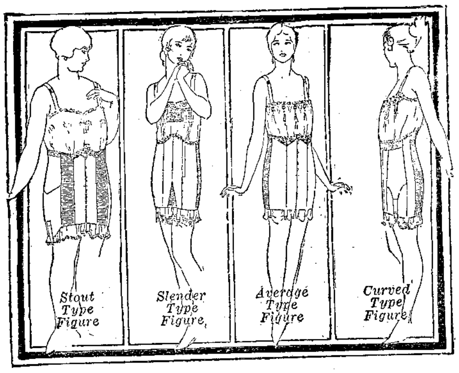

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

glass shows markings and surfaces similar to geographical contours, and the contortions and cleavages of rocks.

In some cases there is no opacity, and there are no pits. The surface is iridescent and may appear slightly irregular over more or less extended areas. The alteration here takes the form of scaling in thin horizontal plates, shown under the miscroscope to consist of several layers variously cleft, and resembling a crazy-tiled garden path.

Unstained and stained glass are similarly deteriorated, but certain colors show more susceptibility to alteration than others. Purple, green, blue, red, amber, and particularly amethyst glasses, are all deeply corroded, while gray tones are less so, and the golden-yellow glass resulting from the vitrification of the silver salts is more or less immune.

There is little reason to believe that the glass of any century is the more frequently or gravely attacked. The extent of the corrosion does not depend upon age—portions of fourteenth-century glass are still unaltered; specimens of nineteenth-century glass are sometimes badly pitted. The corrosion is of considerable importance esthetically, but, tho it continue until perforation occurs, it does not affect the actual duration of the window; this depends upon the leadings.

The lighter lead used since the fifteenth century is liable to conversion into carbonate, friable and unstable, often in less than fifty years. The crucial moment arrives when a gust of wind causes them to disaggregate and allow the glass to fall. It is in this way that so many of the marvelous windows of the last few centuries have perished.

The alteration of the lead is purely chemical; that of the glass is due to two causes, chemical and mechanical. Strange tho it may seem, the windows serve as a substratum for lichens. These plants retain water between their tissues and the glass by capillarity; they also find favorable conditions for growth in proximity to the leadings, which when loose hold water. The amount of carbon dioxid normally dissolved in water is considerably increased by that evolved by the lichens, and the chemical change of glass and lead is thus accelerated.

The mechanical action of the lichens accounts for the disappearance of the opaque glass, and the formation of pits and channels. The minute fissures in the opaque glass are penetrated by the filaments of the lichen, which loosen the particles and eventually incorporate them in their tissue. Says Dr. Mellor:

> The lichen constituents are not associated in a definite tissue, but exist as a thin layer, resembling a cobweb, over more or less the whole surface.
>
> The lichen flora of church windows is practically confined to the exterior, and necessarily limited by the exposed and slippery substratum. Twenty-three species and varieties have been identified. There appears to be a succession in the flora analogous to that of the flora of dunes in so far as there is a preparation of the substratum for subsequent species of lichens.
>
> The lichens are not well developed. Some are not visible to the naked eye. Their determination is difficult, and is often only

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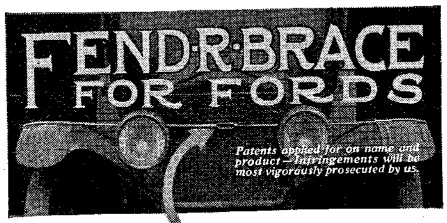
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possible through a prolonged and concentrated study of the gradual change undergone by a species.

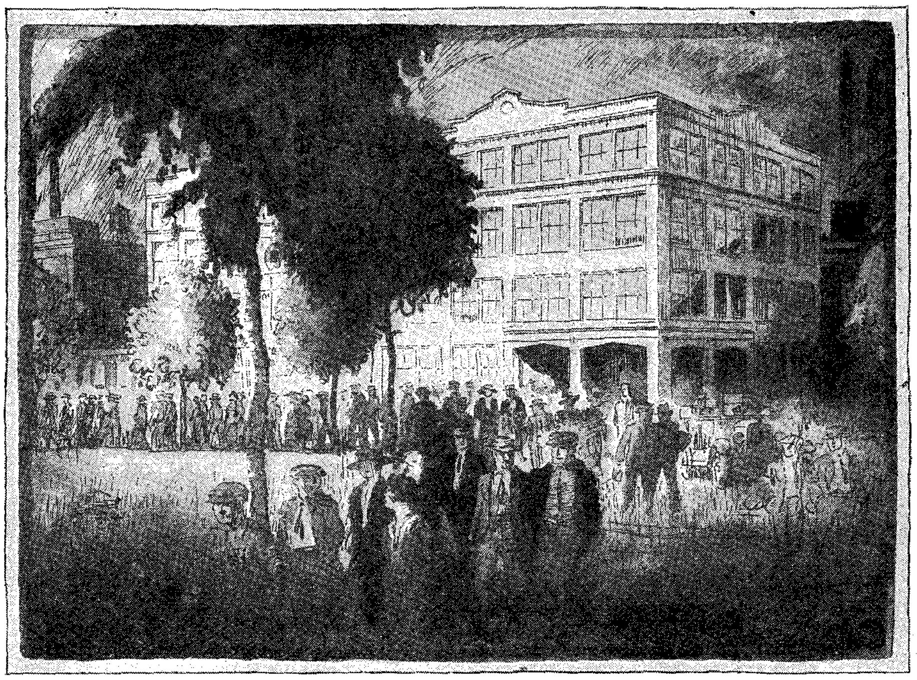
Lichens need plenty of air and a certain humidity, with little wind or sun, for their free growth; consequently, windows with a south aspect in the country and all windows in a crowded neighborhood are unfavorable; they have a scant flora or none at all, and show little deterioration. On windows with a west or north aspect, in humid, calm, but airy surroundings, lichens multiply abundantly and quickly.

Growth of lichens on windows can be prevented by the simple means of regularly brushing and washing the windows, or by the application of a liquid mastic to exclude air and lichen spores. The essential condition for the ultimate preservation of the windows is that the leadings should receive constant attention and periodic renewal.

STOPPING RUST ON RAILWAY TRACKS

THE life of track-fixtures may be greatly extended by the use of a protective coating, we are told by an editorial writer in *The Railway Review* (Chicago). In the days when untreated ties were used on railroads, the writer says, the average life of a good tie was about eight years, and it was expected that the spikes and tie plates, where the latter were used, would have approximately the same life. As the supply of timber dwindled, more expensive track construction became the practise. Treated ties, heavy tie plates, heavier rail, more and better ballast, and better designed joints, were almost universally installed. He goes on:

> With the requirements of a track structure with which would support heavier loads and increased traffic was the obvious effort to eliminate, or at least reduce to a minimum, the mechanical wear of the tie. A few roads adopted the screw-spike for the purpose of more securely fastening the rail, and to eliminate the abuse of the wood-fibers caused by driving the ordinary cut spike. It was also hoped that the life of this type of spike and of the heavy tie-plate would equal the longer life of the treated timber. The results did not meet the expectations, especially on lines which had heavy movements of refrigerator cars, as the salt-drippings from these cars quickly attacked the unprotected metal of the track structure.
>
> The Delaware, Lackawanna & Western R. R., in 1910, adopted what is still an advanced standard of track construction. After four years' time it became evident that such a standard could not be justified unless some means could be found to stop the excessive corrosion of the rail and fixtures. Obviously it was foolish to install steel track-bolts, screw-spikes, tie-plates, costing from 40 cents to 60 cents each, and other fittings of like character, if they would last only one-half to one-third as long as the treated tie. As the result of an effort to stop this corrosion a plan of oiling the rail and fixtures was worked out. The cost of applying the protective coating is merely nominal, and can easily be justified by the saving effected on any one item entering into the track structure. So far as we know, the Lackawanna is the only road which has made an organized effort along this line, but we believe that any railroad could obtain measurably the same results from a like practise.



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EFFECT OF JAPAN'S EARTHQUAKE ON BUSINESS

IT was a noteworthy tribute to the financial strength of the Japanese Empire, says *The Commercial and Financial Chronicle* (New York), when, after regular cable quotations of the exchange rate on Yokohama were resumed after the earthquake, these quotations showed "scarcely any change at all from the quotations ruling before the disaster." Newspaper guesses on the economic effect of the Japanese disaster were not very far from correct, as is shown by the official statement issued by our Department of Commerce in its weekly *Commerce Reports*, and prepared by the Department's experts on commercial affairs in the Far East. The simple fact, as stated by the writer for the department, Emmett A. Chapman, is that "the position of the country, generally speaking, was economically sound and in good condition to withstand the economic shock dealt by the earthquake."

A very important item is Japan's very favorable national debt position. Her total foreign debt, as reported at the end of May last, was less than $2,000,000,000, making a per capita debt of less than $25, which compares most favorably with $211 for the United States, and $733 for Great Britain.

And then, we read, the country's industrial position has been not so greatly affected, since the great industrial centers lay outside the area affected by the earthquake and were practically untouched. "The only major manufacturing industry damaged to any extent was cotton-spinning" and at that, this industry had been overexpanded during the war and was not entirely deflated at the time of the earthquake, so that the destruction will not all be loss.

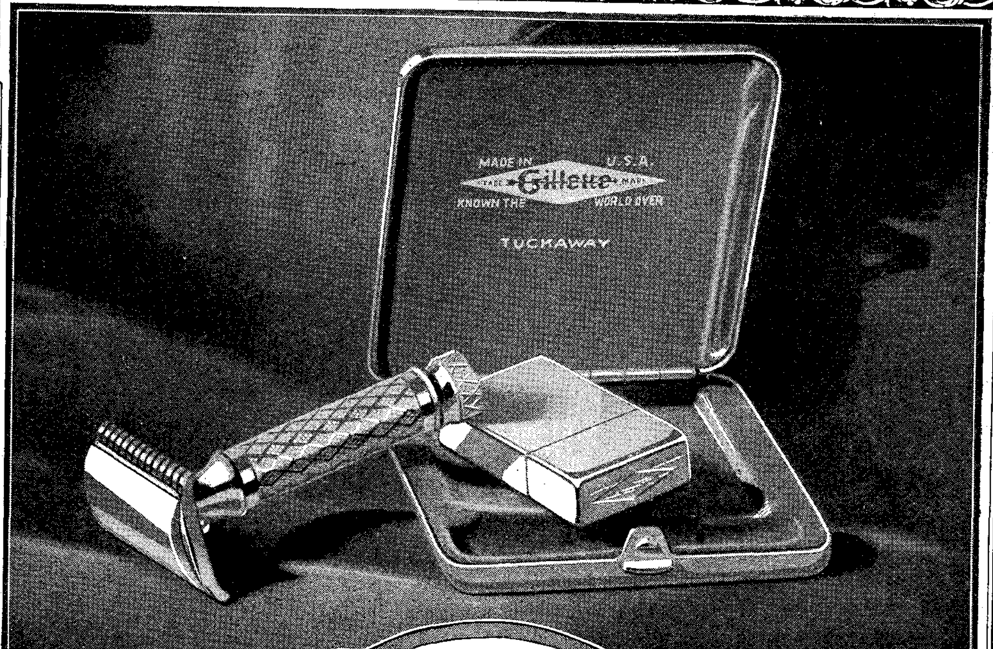
When it comes to food, the earthquake seems to have been timed rather fortunately. "The new rice crop commences coming in around November 1, if not a little earlier, and in anticipation of this, stocks were not great." Moreover, "since the supply on hand was distributed throughout the Empire, only a small part of it suffered."

The situation as to silk is reported as follows:

> With the exception of the loss of about 40,000 bales of raw silk in Yokohama, and the destruction of the machinery used in testing and handling silk shipments, the industry suffered comparatively little. The producing areas, which are to the north and west of the devastated region, were only slightly touched, and the filatures are said to be practically unharmed. The only damage done, therefore, is of a temporary nature. Silk shipments will be resumed in a short time from the port of Kobe, which, with the exception of silk-testing equipment, is said to be almost as well equipped for this work as was Yokohama.
>
> At the time of the disaster stocks of silk in Yokohama were unusually large, amounting to about 50,000 bales, owing to light shipments to the United States during the 90 days preceding the earthquake. Out of this amount between 8,000 and 10,000 bales were saved, leaving the loss at around 40,000 bales, or more than a month's supply for the United States, which used in the neighborhood of 32,000 bales monthly. As a result of the destruction of this part of the visible supply, raw-silk prices in Japan have advanced about 25 per cent., which will tend to repay the industry for its losses. Steps have already been taken to rush the new silk crop, now being reeled, to market, and the net shortage of a little over one month's production may not be fully felt by the consuming market until the end of the present silk year, next June.

And so the greatest economic loss to Japan, aside from the appalling loss of lives, is, we read, "confined more or less to the material losses in and around Tokyo and Yokohama, officially stated to be a little less than $1,000,000,000." *And*—

> This, distributed over the Japanese Empire, will mean a per capita loss of only $13, which, together with the already existing national debt of Japan, will still leave the nation in an enviable position in this respect. As fully 75 per cent. of this insured value will be represented by labor in rebuilding, the increased effort of the Japanese will compensate largely for the loss.
>
> About 75 per cent. of all the buildings in Tokyo were burned or wrecked, while the percentage in Yokohama is estimated to be even greater. The Japanese Government has already signified its intention of creating a Ministry of Reconstruction for rebuilding the devastated area. This bureau will be greatly assisted in its task by taking advantage of France's experiences in rebuilding the area devastated by the war. It is understood that the construction of anything but temporary buildings has been prohibited in Tokyo, pending the completion of plans and specifications for the rebuilding of the new city.
>
> All problems pertaining to the reconstruction program will be administered by the ministry. Such material as will be required from abroad to carry out the work will be imported by large Japanese importing houses that maintain branche in the foreign markets, or may be supplied by large foreign firms with branches in Japan. Building material will necessarily be imported in large quantities, and considerable economy will be effected by the placing of large orders with individual firms having buying organizations in the United States and elsewhere. Until further notice building materials will enter Japan without the payment of the customary duty.
>
> The Reconstruction Ministry will not be faced with any of the old objections and difficulties that handicapped progress before the disaster. The cities have been swept away as if by magic, while the inhabitants remain. The desire for modern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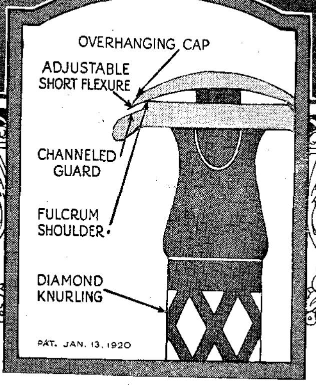
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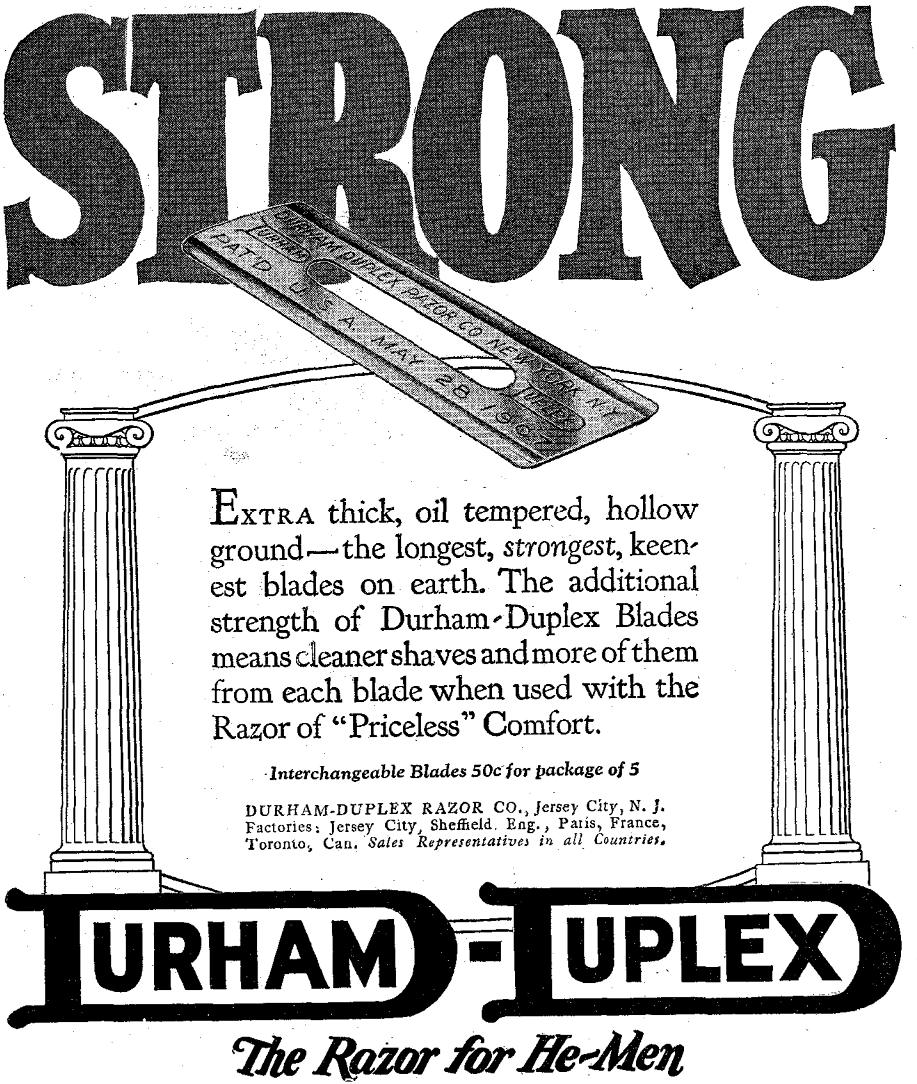

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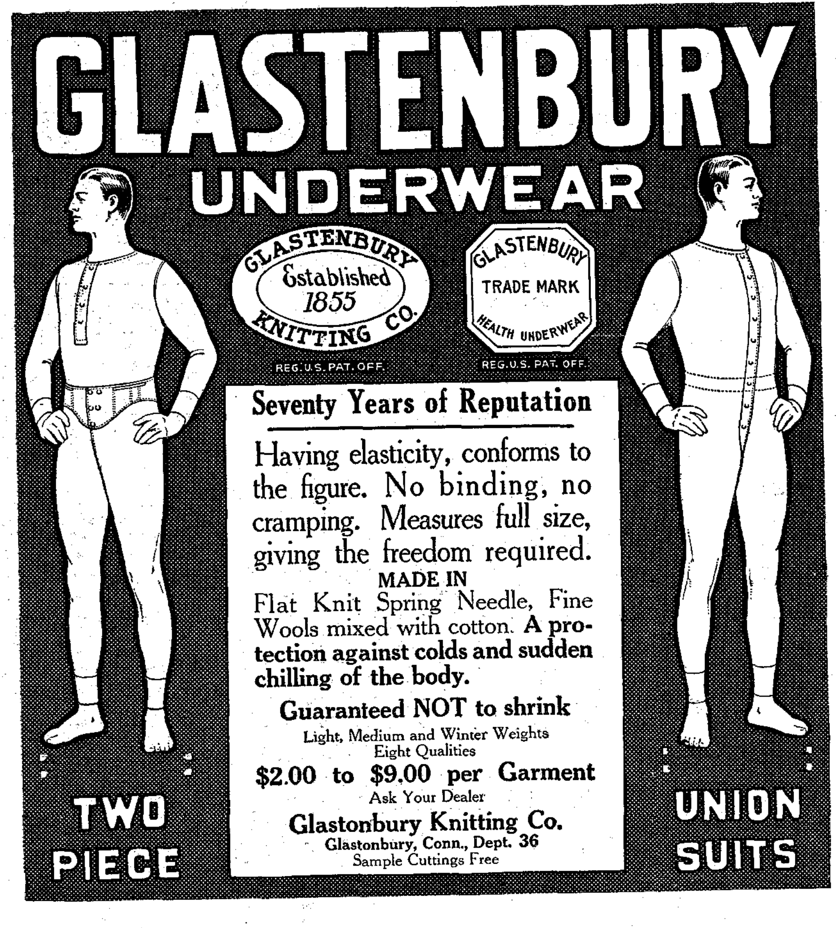

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

cities has been replaced by the necessity of building cities to house the people. Their progressiveness, as well as the rebuilding programs that have been carried out following similar disasters in other countries, makes it certain that within a few years a new Tokyo and Yokohama will be created that will be modern in every respect, and far better equipped to share in the economic progress of the Japanese Empire.

Turning to consider what the earthquake will mean to Japan's foreign trade, the writer for Commerce Department says:

> The immediate effect will be to considerably increase imports, especially of building materials, such as lumber, iron and steel, and foodstuffs. Japan's foreign trade since the first of the year has been generally satisfactory in spite of several adverse factors. Total exports for the first seven months of 1923 amounted to 833,507,000 yen—a slight decrease from the corresponding period of last year, when the total reached 880,613,000 yen. This dropping off in shipments was accounted for by a decline in exports of raw silk and cotton-yarn, the two principal items of Japan's foreign trade. The fall in raw-silk exports is attributed to the high prices demanded.
>
> The reason for the decline in cotton-yarn exports was attributed principally to the boycott in China against goods of Japanese origin. The effect of this boycott is shown very clearly in the trade returns of Japan for the first six months of 1923. During this period exports of cotton-yarn to China amounted to only 236,774 piculs, as compared with 397,554 piculs during the same period of 1922. This condition of trade has been quite serious to the industry, since China takes more than half of Japan's total exports of this commodity. There are indications, however, that the movement in China is losing ground. The decline in exports, moreover, has been partly compensated for by the brisk demand that has developed in Japan's domestic market.
>
> The reaction of the Chinese merchants in Shanghai, upon receiving news of the disaster, may be taken as an indication of further improvement in Sino-Japanese relations, and may have far-reaching effects. As soon as the extent of the disaster was realized in that place, Chinese merchants immediately contributed 125,000 Mexican dollars for the purchase of 200 tons of supplies. The services of a steamer were contributed by a Chinese navigation company and 400 coolies gave their services in loading the steamer. This ship sailed from Shanghai seven days after the disaster, landing at Kobe on September 11, the first relief ship to arrive.
>
> During the last few years the United States has been by far Japan's best customer and has, in turn, supplied more of its needs than any other nation. For the first seven months of this year this country took 50 per cent. of the Japanese exports and sold to them 25 per cent. of their total imports. In view of this fact it is very likely that the United States will be called upon, in the present emergency, to furnish the greater part of the supplies that will be needed to rebuild the devastated area of Japan and, in consequence of this, our trade with the Far East should show a marked increase during the remaining part of this year.

CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

October 3.—The Stresemann coalition government falls when the Socialist members of the cabinet resign, and President Ebert asks the Chancellor to form a new government.

The cities of Duesseldorf, Essen, Dortmund, Witten, Hoerde and Bochum recognize the legality of the Franco-Belgian occupation of the Ruhr by agreeing to furnish their quota of the expense for the sustenance of the occupying Armies.

Raymon Fernandez, an advocate of Philippine independence, and an opponent of Governor-General Wood, is elected to the Philippine Senate to succeed Pedro Guevara, who resigned to become Philippine Commissioner at Washington.

October 4.—After being entombed for nine days, with only half a slice of bread among them, five of the forty-two miners trapt in a coal-mine near Falkirk, Scotland, on September 25, are rescued in good health.

October 5.—Marshal Tsao Kun, chief of the northern militarists, is elected President of China, in succession to Li Yuan Hung, who quit the office.

Revised figures, as of June 30, issued by the Reparations Commission, credit Germany with reparations payments totaling 8,213,670,000 gold marks, of which 1,900,000,000 were in cash, 3,250,000,000 in merchandise, and the remainder in shipping, cables and credits for the Saar Valley mines and ceded territory.

October 6.—Chancellor Stresemann forms a new coalition government, continuing himself as Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Turkish troops reenter Constantinople after four years of Allied occupation.

October 8.—Lloyd George, Prime Minister of Great Britain during the latter part of the war, thanks Canada for the part she played in the war, in a speech at Montreal, before a crowd estimated at from 8,000 to 10,000 people.

The Reichstag passes a vote of confidence in Chancellor Stresemann's government, the German Nationalists, the Bavarian People's party, and the Communists voting in the negative.

October 9.—The German Government instructs her representatives at Paris and Brussels to ask the French and Belgian Governments whether they are ready to enter into negotiations with the German Government for the resumption of work in the occupied territory.

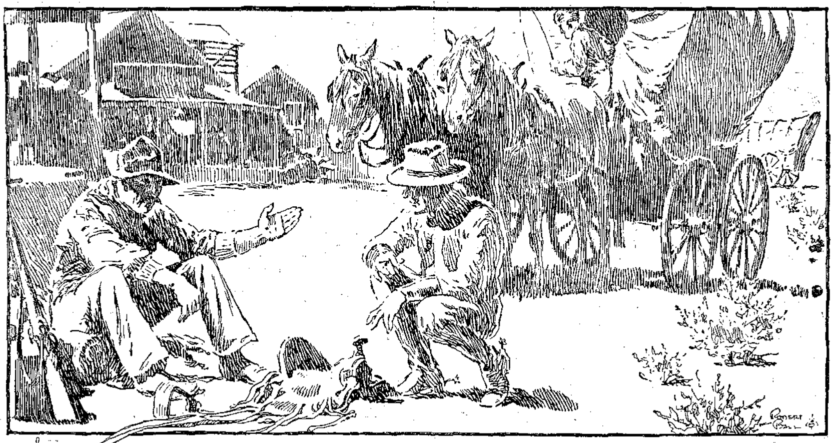
Mr. Lloyd George tells a Canadian audience that it is essential for the peace of the world that the British Empire and the United States should cooperate in support of Secretary Hughes's proposal that an international commission of experts determine the amount of reparations Germany is able to pay.

DOMESTIC

October 3.—After killing one guard and fatally wounding two, three convict murderers, who were attempting to escape from the Kentucky State Penitentiary at Eddyville, are cornered in one of the penitentiary buildings and besieged by guards and police.

Governor Walton of Oklahoma obtains a temporary injunction against the State

PIONEER GENEROSITY



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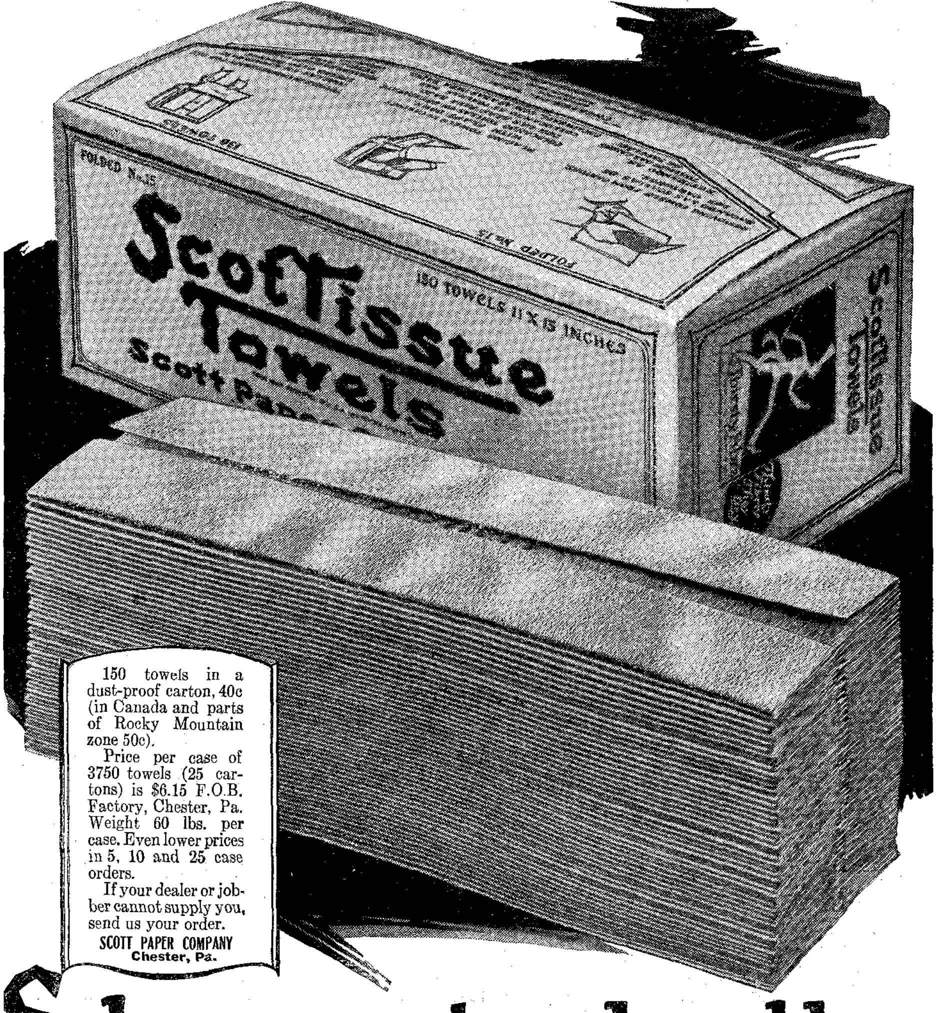

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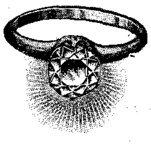

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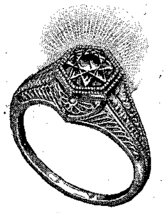

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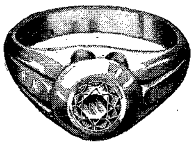

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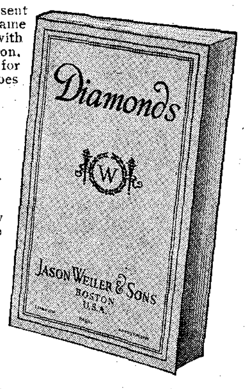

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CURRENT EVENTS

Continued

election board to prevent it from canvassing the vote in the recent election and certifying it to him as Governor.

October 5.—Mr. Lloyd George arrives in New York on a visit to this country, to study its people and learn its methods of government. He is cheered by huge throngs.

October 6.—Lieutenant A. J. Williams, U. S. N., breaks all official world air speed records, and wins the Pulitzer aerial prize race at St. Louis by maintaining an average speed of 243.67 miles an hour over a triangular course of 200 kilometers.

Governor Walton of Oklahoma issues a call for an extraordinary session of the legislature on October 11, "for the purpose of the enactment of a law to protect the people from masked and lawless marauders and secret organizations."

After three days' siege, in which machine-guns and ammonia fumes were used against them, the three convicts whose attempt to escape from the Kentucky State Penitentiary at Eddyville cost the lives of three guards are found dead.

October 7.—A severe earthquake approximately 5,000 miles from Washington is recorded at the Georgetown University seismological observatory in Washington. The tremors continued for two hours.

October 8.—The American Federation of Labor, in convention at Portland, Oregon, revokes the credentials as delegate of William F. Dunne, of Butte, Montana, because of his alleged activities as a Communist.

October 9.—The American Federation of Labor, meeting in Portland, Oregon, approves the report of the resolutions committee recommending rejection of the four resolutions proposing that the Federation enter politics as an independent party.

Governor Walton of Oklahoma offers to resign if the legislature at its forthcoming special session will enact an anti-Klan law submitted by him.

The Customer Had One.—"Yes, sir," said the barber, "my poor brother Jim has been sent to an asylum. He got to broodin' over the hard times, and it finally drove him crazy. He and I worked side by side, and we both brooded a great deal. No money in this business now, you know. Prices too low. Unless a customer has a shampoo, it doesn't pay to shave or hair-cut. I caught Jim trying to cut a chap's throat because he declined a shampoo, so I had to have the poor fellow locked up. Makes me sad. Sometimes I feel sorry I didn't let him slash. It would have been our revenge. Shampoo, sir?"—*Sydney (Australia) Sun.*

Generous.—BOOTLEGGER—"Try a sample of this stuff before you buy it."

CUSTOMER—"But suppose it kills me?"

BOOTLEGGER—"Well, it's my loss then, ain't it?"—*Johns Hopkins Black and Blue Jay.*

More Self-Control Needed.—"Oh, I've shot the wrong man," exclaimed a Rhode Island damsel. This worrying over trifles is what's making a nervous wreck of the American woman.—*Dallas Times Herald.*

A "quick turn" beats a "slow poke" anytime

Ask for shoes with shoe hooks—insist on having what you want.

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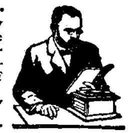

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That Settled It.—"What does she want a divorce for? Isn't Billy good to her?"

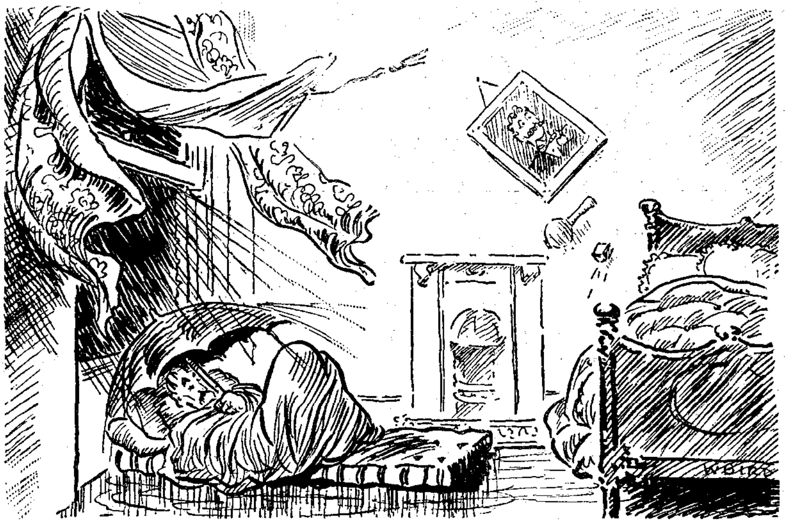
"Oh, yes; but her cook doesn't like him."—*The Sydney Bulletin.*

Put Salt on Their Tails.—COCA—"Have you read 'To a Field Mouse'?"

COLA—"No, how do you get 'em to listen?"—*Purple Cow.*

Pay As You Go.—PAUL—"I'd go through anything for you."

PAULINE—"Let's start on your banking account."—*Melbourne Punch.*



NOW THAT THE CAMPING SEASON IS OVER, THE CAMPER SHOULD BE CAREFUL NOT TO GO BACK TOO SUDDENLY TO THE COMFORTS OF CIVILIZATION. THERE SHOULD BE A TRANSITION PERIOD.

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It Was Changed in the Next Edition.—LLOYD GEORGE LEAVES AMID CHEERS OF CITY

—*Headline in New York Sun.*

The Snowshoe Glide.—"Are you from the Far North?"

"No, why do you ask?"

"You dance as if you had snowshoes on."—*Dartmouth Jack O'Lantern.*

Not Guilty.—FIRST STENO—"The idea of your working steady eight hours a day! I would not think of such a thing!"

SECOND STENO—"Neither would I. It was the boss that thought of it."—*Town Topics.*

Advancement.—"To-day I have been twenty-five years in your service, sir."

"Yes. And look how you have risen. When you began you only got 100 marks a month—and now you get 1,000,000!"—*Meggendorfer Blaetter (Munich).*

Poor Fish!—WIFE—"How many fish was it you caught on Saturday, George?"

HUSBAND—"Six, darling—all beauties."

WIFE—"I thought so. That fish market has made a mistake again. They've charged us for eight."—*Good Hardware.*

Too Great a Risk.—LIFE INSURANCE AGENT—"One moment, sir, before I fill in your application. What make of car do you drive?"

CLIENT—"I don't drive any—I hate them!"

LIFE INSURANCE AGENT—"Sorry, but our company no longer insures pedestrians!"—*The Passing Show (London).*

Open Too Long.—Some so-called open minds should be closed for repairs.—*Arkansaw Thomas Cat (Hot Springs).*

That Kind of a Tire.—If the party who took the auto tire from 380 E. Piccadilly Street will call, he can get the five blowout patches that belong with the tire.—*Classified ad in the Winchester (Va.) Evening Star.*

Qualified.—"We want a man for our information bureau," said the manager. "He must be a wide-awake fellow and accustomed to complaints."

"That's me," replied the applicant. "I'm the father of twins."—*Cornell Widow.*

A Great Chance.—Wanted—Pipe organist, who can also fill the position of auto mechanic or steno. and typist or bldg. custodian or handy mechanic or undertaker; a good steady position. Box M-110200.—*Classified ad in the Oakland (Cal.) Tribune.*

The Victim.—"Yes, my 'usband's laid up, a victim of football."

"But I didn't know 'e even played the game."

"'E doesn't. 'E sprained 'is larynx at the match last Saturday!"—*The Passing Show (London).*

Liquid, All Right.—The Mississippi banker asked a man who was trying to borrow money: "How much have you in the way of immediate liquid assets?"

To which the customer cautiously replied: "About a case and a half."—*Southern Lawyer and Banker.*